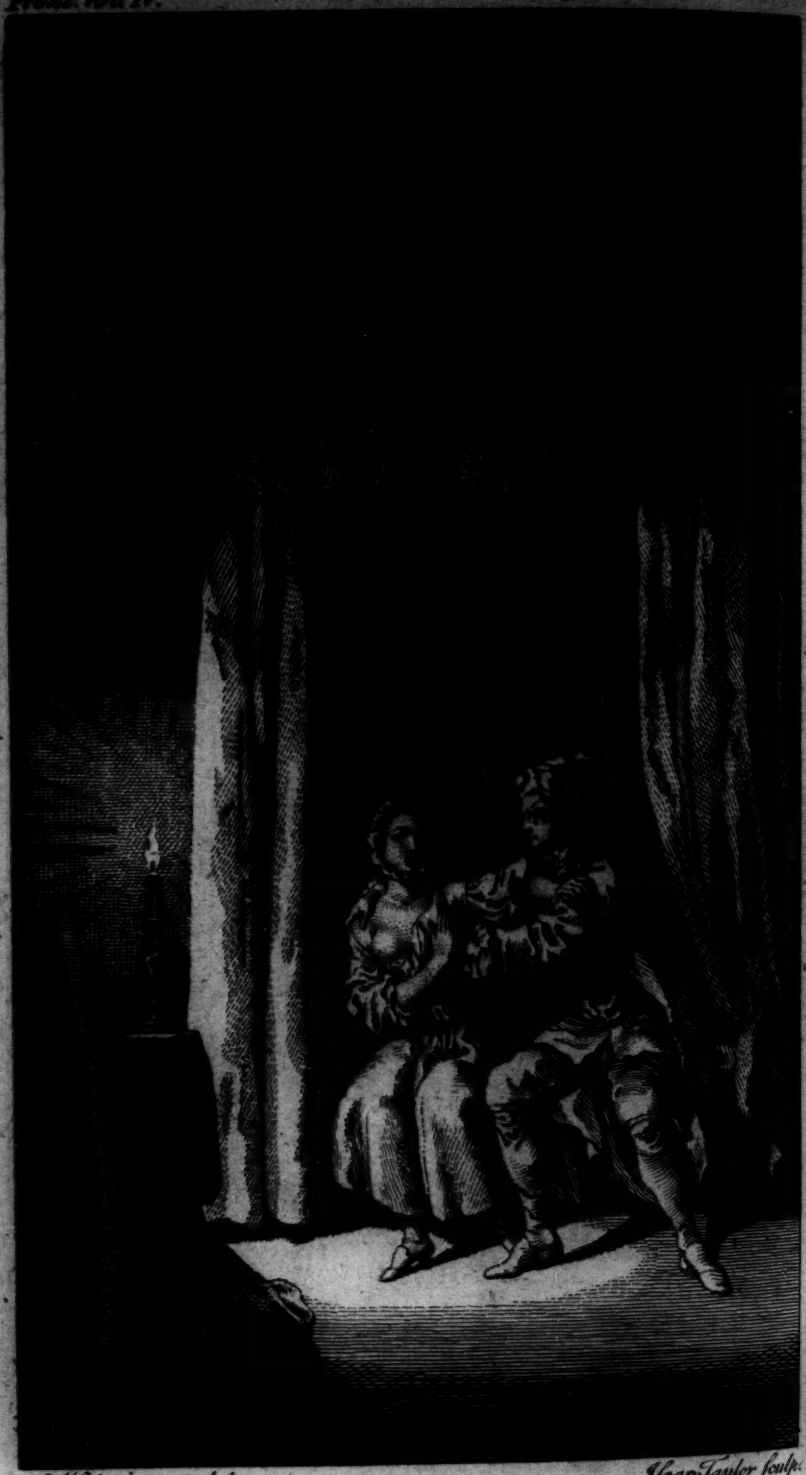
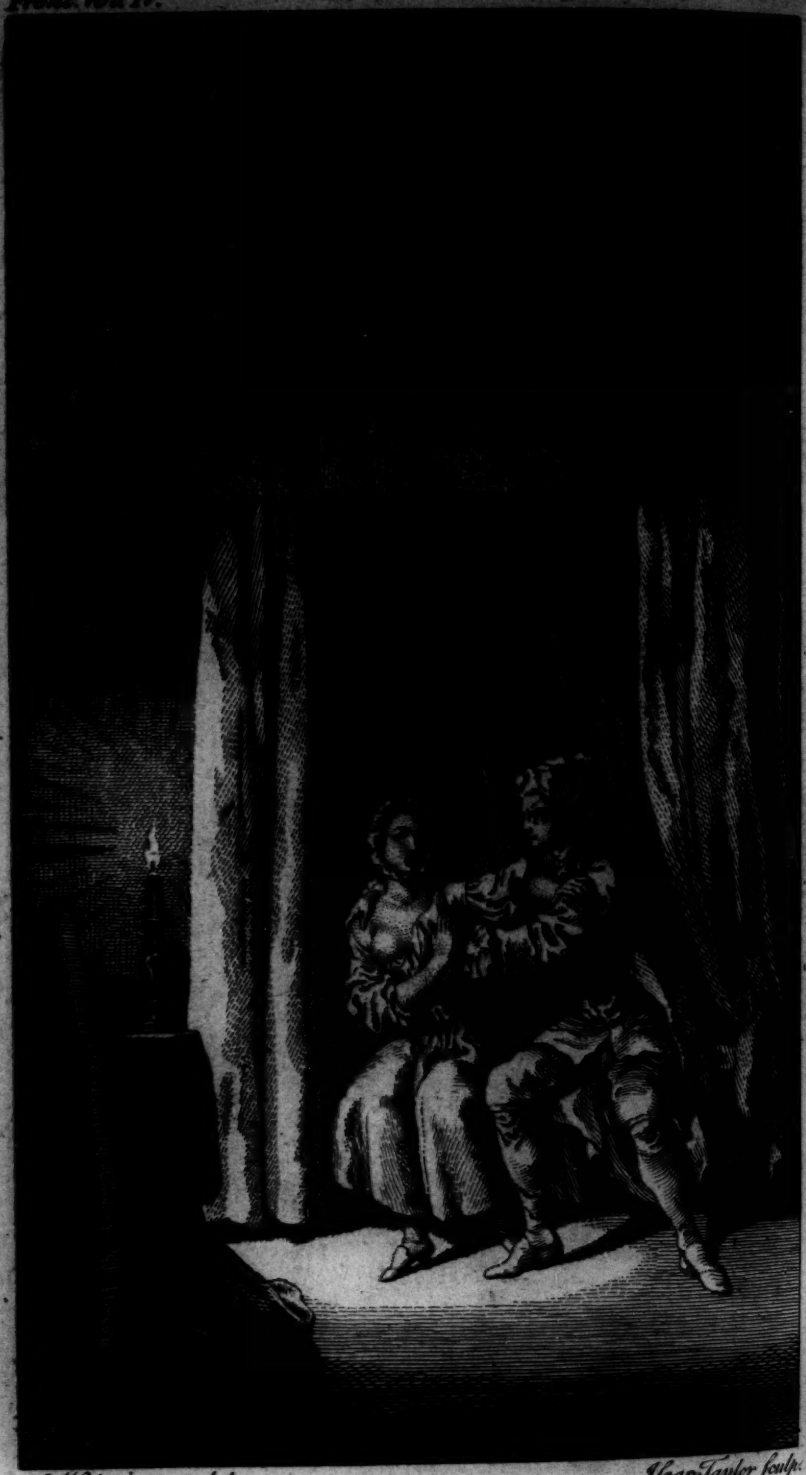
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CLARISSA.

OR, THE

HISTORY

OF A

YOUNG LADY:

Comprehending

The moſt Important Concerns *of* PRIVATE LIFE.

And particularly ſhewing,

The Diſtreſſes that may attend the MISCONDUCT
Both of PARENTS and CHILDREN,

In Relation to MARRIAGE.

VOL. IV.

The SIXTH EDITION.

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MDCCLXVIII.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

THE HISTORY OF CLARISSA HARLOWE.

VOL. IV.

LETTER I.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq;*

Tueſday, May 2.

MERCURY, as the Fabuliſt tells us, having the curioſity to know the eſtimation he ſtood in among mortals, deſcended in diſguiſe, and, in a Statuary's ſhop, cheapened a Jupiter, then a Juno, then one, then another, of the *Dii majores*; and, at laſt, aſked, What price that ſame Statue of *Mercury* bore? O Sir, ſays the Artiſt, buy one of the others, and I'll throw you in that for nothing.

How ſheepiſh muſt the god of thieves look, upon this rebuff to his vanity!

So thou!—A thouſand pounds wouldſt thou give for the good opinion of this ſingle Lady—To be only thought tolerably of, and not quite unworthy of her converſation, would make thee happy. And at parting laſt night, or rather this morning, thou madeſt

me promiſe a few lines to Edgware, to let thee know what ſhe thinks of thee, and of thy Brethren.

Thy thouſand pounds, Jack, is all thy own: For moſt heartily does ſhe diſlike ye all—Thee as much as any of the reſt.

I am ſorry for it too, as to thy part; for two reaſons—*One*, that I think thy motive for thy curioſity was Fear or Conſciouſneſs: Whereas that of the Arch-thief was Vanity, intolerable Vanity: And he was therefore juſtly ſent away with a bluſh upon his cheeks to heaven, and could not brag—The *other*, that I am afraid, if ſhe diſlikes *thee*, ſhe diſlikes *me*: For we are not birds of a feather?

I muſt never talk of Reformation, ſhe told me, having ſuch companions, and taking ſuch delight as I ſeemed to take, in their frothy converſation.

I, no more than you, Jack, imagined ſhe could poſſibly like ye: But then, as *my* friends, I thought a perſon of her education would have been more ſparing of her cenſures.

I don't know how it is, Belford; but women think themſelves entitled to take any freedoms with us, while we are unpolite, forſooth, and I can't tell what, if we don't tell a pack of curſed lyes, and make black white, in *their* favour—teaching us to be hypocrites, yet ſtigmatizing us, at other times, for deceivers.

I defended ye all as well as I could: But you know there was no attempting ought but a palliative defence, to one of her principles.

I will ſummarily give thee a few of my pleas.

'To the *pure*, every little deviation ſeemed offen-
'ſive: Yet I ſaw not, that there was any-thing amiſs
'the whole evening, either in the words or beha-
'viour of any of my friends. Some people could
'talk but upon *one* or *two* ſubjects: She upon *every*
'*one*: No wonder, therefore, *they* talked to what
'they underſtood beſt; and to mere objects of ſenſe.

'Had

'Had ſhe honoured us with more of *her* converſa-
'tion, ſhe would have been leſs diſguſted with *ours*;
'for ſhe ſaw how every one was prepared to admire
'her, whenever ſhe opened her lips. You, in par-
'ticular, had ſaid, when ſhe retired, that Virtue it-
'ſelf ſpoke, when ſhe ſpoke: But that you had ſuch
'an awe upon you, after ſhe had favoured us with
'an obſervation or two on a ſubject ſtarted, that
'you ſhould ever be afraid in her company, to be
'found *moſt* exceptionable, when you intended to be
'*leaſt* ſo.'

Plainly, ſhe ſaid, ſhe neither liked my companions, nor the houſe ſhe was in.

I liked not the houſe any more than ſhe: Tho' the people were very obliging, and ſhe had owned they were leſs exceptionable to herſelf, than at firſt: And were we not about another of our own?

She did not like Miſs Partington—Let her fortune be what it would, and ſhe had heard a great deal ſaid of her fortune, ſhe ſhould not chuſe an intimacy with her. She thought it was a hardſhip to be put upon ſuch a difficulty, as ſhe was put upon the preceding night, when there were lodgers in the front-houſe, whom they had reaſon to be freer with, than, upon ſo ſhort an acquaintance, with her.

I pretended to be an utter ſtranger as to this particular; and, when ſhe explained herſelf upon it, condemned Mrs. Sinclair's requeſt, and called it a confident one.

She, *artfully*, made lighter of her denial of the girl for a bedfellow, than ſhe *thought* of it, I could ſee that; for it was plain, ſhe ſuppoſed there was room for me to think ſhe had been either *over-nice*, or *over-cautious*.

I offered to reſent Mrs. Sinclair's freedom.

No; there was no great matter in it. It was beſt to let it paſs. It might be thought more particular in her to deny ſuch a requeſt, than in Mrs. Sinclair

to make it, or in Miſs Partington to expect it to be complied with. But as the people below had a large acquaintance, ſhe did not know how often ſhe might have her retirements invaded, if ſhe gave way. And indeed, there were Levities in the behaviour of that young Lady, which ſhe could not ſo far paſs over as to wiſh an intimacy with her.

I ſaid, I liked Miſs Partington as little as *ſhe* could. Miſs Partington was a ſilly young creature; who ſeemed too likely to juſtify the watchfulneſs of her guardians over her.—But, nevertheleſs, as to her general converſation and behaviour laſt night, I muſt own, that I thought the girl (for *girl* ſhe was, as to diſcretion) not exceptionable; only carrying herſelf like a free good-natured creature who believed herſelf ſecure in the honour of her company.

It was very well ſaid of me, ſhe replied: But, if that young Lady were ſo well ſatisfied with her company, ſhe muſt needs ſay, that I was very kind to ſuppoſe her ſuch an *innocent*—For her own part, ſhe had ſeen nothing of the London world: But thought, ſhe muſt tell me plainly, that ſhe never was in ſuch company in her life; nor ever again wiſhed to be in ſuch.

There, Belford!—Worſe off than Mercury!—Art thou not?

I was nettled. Hard would be the lot of *more* diſcreet women, as far as I knew, than Miſs Partington, were they to be judged by ſo rigid a virtue as hers.

Not ſo, ſhe ſaid: But if I really ſaw nothing exceptionable to a virtuous mind, in that young perſon's behaviour, my ignorance of *better* behaviour was, ſhe muſt needs tell me, as pitiable as *hers:* And it were to be wiſhed, that minds *ſo* paired, for their own ſakes, ſhould never be ſeparated.

See, Jack, what I get by my charity!

I thanked her heartily. But ſaid, that I muſt take the liberty to obſerve, that good folks were generally ſo uncharitable, that, devil take me, if I would chuſe

to

to be good, were the conſequence to be, that I muſt think hardly of the whole world beſides.

She congratulated me upon my charity: But told me, that to *enlarge her own*, ſhe hoped it would not be expected of her to approve of the *low company* I had brought her into laſt night.

No exception for thee, Belford!—Safe is thy thouſand pounds.

I ſaw not, I ſaid, begging her pardon, that ſhe liked *any-body* [*Plain-dealing for plain-dealing, Jack! —Why then did ſhe abuſe my friends?*] However, let me but know whom and what ſhe did or did not like; and, if poſſible, I would like and diſlike the very ſame perſons and things.

She bid me then, in a pet, *diſlike myſelf.*

Curſed ſevere!—Does ſhe think ſhe muſt not pay for it one day, or one night?—And if one, many; *that's my comfort.*

I was in ſuch a train of being happy, I ſaid, before my earneſtneſs to procure her to favour my friends with her company, that I wiſhed the devil had had as well my friends as Miſs Partington—And yet I muſt ſay, that I ſaw not how good people could anſwer half their end, which is to reform the wicked by precept as well as example, were they to accompany *only* with the good.

I had like to have been blaſted by two or three flaſhes of lightning from her indignant eyes; and ſhe turned ſcornfully from me, and retired to her own apartment.

Once more, Jack, ſafe, as thou ſeeſt, is thy thouſand pounds.

She ſays, I am not a polite man: But is ſhe, in the inſtance before us, more polite for a woman?

And now, doſt thou not think, that I owe my Charmer ſome revenge for her cruelty in obliging ſuch a fine young creature, and ſo vaſt a fortune, as Miſs Partington, to croud into a preſs-bed with Dorcas the

maid-ſervant of the proud refuſer?—Miſs Partington too (with tears) declared by Mrs. Sinclair, that would Mrs. Lovelace do her the honour of a viſit at Barnet, the beſt bed and beſt room in her guardian's houſe ſhould be at her ſervice. Thinkeſt thou, that I could not gueſs at her diſhonourable fears of me?—That ſhe apprehended, that the ſuppoſed *huſband* would endeavour to take poſſeſſion of *his own?*—And that Miſs Partington would be willing to contribute to ſuch a piece of juſtice?

Thus, then thou both remindeſt, and defieſt me, Charmer!—And ſince thou relieſt more on thy own precaution than upon my honour; be it unto thee, Fair-one, as thou apprehendeſt!

And now, Jack, let me know, what thy opinion, and the opinions of thy brother varlets, are of my Gloriana.

I have juſt now heard, that Hannah hopes to be ſoon well enough to attend her young Lady, when in London. It ſeems the girl has had no phyſician. I muſt ſend her one, out of pure love and reſpect to her miſtreſs. Who knows but medicine may *weaken* nature, and *ſtrengthen* the diſeaſe?—As her malady is not a *fever*, very likely it may do ſo.—But perhaps the wench's hopes are too forward. *Bluſtering weather in this month yet.*—And that is bad for rheumatic complaints.

LETTER II.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq;*

Tueſday, May 2.

JUST as I had ſealed up the incloſed, comes a Letter to my Beloved, in a cover to me, directed to Lord M's. From whom, thinkeſt thou?—From Mrs. Howe!—

And what the contents?

How ſhould I know, unleſs the dear creature had com-

communicated them to me? But a very cruel Letter I believe it is, *by the effect it had upon her.* The tears ran down her cheeks as ſhe read it; and her colour changed ſeveral times. No end of her perſecutions, I think!

'What a cruelty in my fate!' ſaid the ſweet lamenter.—'Now the *only* comfort of my life muſt be 'given up!'

Miſs Howe's correſpondence, no doubt.

But *ſhould* ſhe be ſo much grieved at this? This correſpondence was prohibited before, and that, to the *Daughter*, in the ſtrongeſt terms: But yet carried on by *both*; altho' a *brace of impeccables*, an't pleaſe ye. Could they expect, that a Mother would not vindicate her authority?—And finding her prohibition ineffectual with her perverſe *Daughter*, was it not reaſonable to ſuppoſe ſhe would try what effect it would have upon her *Daughter's friend?*—And now I believe the end will be effectually anſwered: For my Beloved, I dare ſay, will make a point of conſcience of it.

I hate cruelty, eſpecially in *women*; and ſhould have been more concerned for this inſtance of it in Mrs. Howe, had I not had a ſtronger inſtance of the ſame in my Beloved to Miſs Partington; for how did ſhe know, ſince ſhe was ſo much afraid for *herſelf*, whom Dorcas might let in to that innocent and *leſs watchful* young Lady? But nevertheleſs I muſt needs own, that I am not very ſorry for this prohibition, let it *originally* come from the *Harlowes*, or *from whom it will*; becauſe I make no doubt, that it is owing to Miſs Howe, in a great meaſure, that my Beloved is ſo much upon her guard, and thinks ſo hardly of me. And who can tell, *as characters here are ſo tender*, and *ſome diſguiſes ſo flimſy*, what conſequences might follow this undutiful correſpondence?—I ſay, therefore, I am not ſorry for it: Now will ſhe not have any-body to compare notes with: Any-body to alarm

her: And I may be ſaved the guilt and diſobligation of inſpecting into a correſpondence that has long made me uneaſy.

How every-thing works for me!—Why will this charming Creature make *ſuch contrivances* neceſſary, as will encreaſe my trouble, and my guilt too, as ſome would account it? But why, rather I ſhould aſk, will ſhe fight againſt her Stars?

LETTER III.

Mr. BELFORD, *To* ROBERT LOVELACE, *Eſq*;

Edgware, Tueſday Night, May 2.

WIthout ſtaying for the promiſed Letter from you to inform us what the Lady ſays of *us*, I write to tell you, That we are all of *one* opinion with regard to *her*; which is, that there is not of her age a finer woman in the world, as to her Underſtanding. As for her perſon, ſhe is at the age of bloom, and an admirable creature; a perfect Beauty: But this *poorer* praiſe, a man, who has been honoured with her converſation, can hardly deſcend to give; and yet ſhe was brought amongſt us contrary to her will.

Permit me, dear Lovelace, to be a means of ſaving this excellent creature from the dangers ſhe hourly runs from the moſt plotting heart in the world. In a former, I pleaded your own family, Lord M.'s wiſhes particularly; and then I had not ſeen her: But, now, I join *her* ſake, *honour*'s ſake, motives of juſtice, generoſity, gratitude, and humanity, which are all concerned in the preſervation of ſo fine a woman. Thou knoweſt not the anguiſh I ſhould have had (whence ariſing, I cannot deviſe) had I not known before I ſet out this morning, that the incomparable creature had diſappointed thee in thy curſed view of getting her to admit the ſpecious Partington for a bedfellow.

I have done nothing but talk of this Lady ever ſince I ſaw

I ſaw her. There is ſomething *ſo awful*, and yet *ſo ſweet*, in her aſpect, that were I to have the Virtues and the Graces all drawn in one piece, they ſhould be taken, every one of them, from different airs and attributes in her. She was born to adorn the age ſhe was given to, and would be an ornament to the firſt dignity. What a piercing, yet gentle eye; every glance, I thought, mingled with Love and Fear of you! What a ſweet ſmile darting through the cloud that overſpread her fair face, demonſtrating that ſhe had more apprehenſions and grief at her heart, than ſhe cared to expreſs!

You may think what I am going to write too flighty; but, by my faith, I have conceived ſuch a profound reverence for her ſenſe and judgment, that, far from thinking the man excuſeable who ſhould treat her baſely, I am ready to regret that ſuch an angel of a woman ſhould even marry. She is in my eye all mind: And were ſhe to meet with a man all mind likewiſe, why ſhould the charming qualities ſhe is miſtreſs of, be endangered? Why ſhould ſuch an angel be plunged ſo low as into the vulgar offices of domeſtic life? Were ſhe mine, I ſhould hardly wiſh to ſee her a Mother, unleſs there were a kind of moral certainty, that Minds like hers could be propagated. For why, in ſhort, ſhould not the work of Bodies be left to *mere* Bodies? I know, that you yourſelf have an opinion of her little leſs exalted. Belton, Mowbray, Tourville, are all of my mind; are full of her praiſes; and ſwear, it would be a million of pities to ruin a woman in whoſe fall none but devils can rejoice.

What muſt that merit and excellence be which can extort this from *us*, free livers, like yourſelf, and all of us your partial friends, who have joined with you in your juſt reſentments againſt the reſt of her family, and offered our aſſiſtance to execute your vengeance on them? But we cannot think it reaſonable, that

ſhould puniſh an innocent creature, who loves you ſo well, and who is in your protection, and has ſuffered ſo much for you, for the faults of her relations.

And here, let me put a ſerious queſtion or two. Thinkeſt thou, truly admirable as this Lady is, that the *end* thou propoſeſt to thyſelf, if obtained, is anſwerable to the *means*, to the trouble thou giveſt thyſelf, and to the perfidies, tricks, ſtratagems, and contrivances thou haſt already been guilty of, and ſtill meditateſt? In every real excellence ſhe ſurpaſſes all her Sex. But in the article thou ſeekeſt to ſubdue her for, a mere Senſualiſt, a Partington, a Horton, a Martin, would make a Senſualiſt, a thouſand times happier than ſhe either will or can.

Sweet are the joys that come with willingneſs.

And wouldſt thou make *her* unhappy for her whole life, and *thyſelf* not happy for a ſingle moment?

Hitherto, it is not too late; and that perhaps is as much as can be ſaid, if thou meaneſt to preſerve her eſteem and good opinion, as well as perſon; for I think it is impoſſible ſhe can get out of thy hands now ſhe is in this curſed houſe. O that damned hypocritical *Sinclair*, as thou calleſt her! How was it poſſible ſhe ſhould behave ſo ſpeciouſly as ſhe did all the time the Lady ſtaid with us!—Be honeſt, and marry; and be thankful, that ſhe will condeſcend to have thee. If thou doſt not, thou wilt be the worſt of men; and wilt be condemned in this world and the next: As I am ſure thou oughteſt, and ſhouldeſt too, wert thou to be judged by one, who never before was ſo much touched in a woman's favor: And whom thou knoweſt to be

Thy partial friend,

J. BELFORD.

Our companions conſented, that I ſhould withdraw to write to the above effect. They can make nothing

nothing of the characters we write in; ſo I read this to them. They approve of it; and of their own motion each man would ſet his name to it. I would not delay ſending it, for fear of ſome deteſtable ſcheme taking place.

THOMAS BELTON.
RICHARD MOWBRAY.
JAMES TOURVILLE.

Juſt now are brought me both yours. I vary not my opinion, nor forbear my earneſt prayers to you in her behalf, notwithſtanding her diſlike of me.

LETTER IV.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq*;

Wedneſday, May 3.

WHEN I have already taken pains to acquaint thee in full with regard to my views, deſigns, and reſolutions, with regard to this admirable woman, it is very extraordinary, that thou ſhouldſt vapour as thou doſt in her behalf, when I have made no trial, no attempt: And yet, giveſt it as thy opinion in a former Letter, that advantage *may be* taken of the ſituation ſhe is in; and that ſhe *may be* overcome.

Moſt of thy reflections, particularly that which reſpects the difference as to the joys to be given by the Virtuous and the Libertine of the Sex, are fitter to come in as after-reflections, than as *antecedencies*.

I own with thee, and with the poet, *That ſweet are the joys that come with willingneſs*—But is it to be expected, that a *woman of education*, and a *lover of forms*, will yield before ſhe is attacked? And have I ſo much as ſummoned This to ſurrender? I doubt not but I ſhall meet with difficulty. I muſt therefore make my firſt effort by ſurprize. There may poſſibly be ſome *cruelty* neceſſary: But there may be *conſent*

in

in ſtruggle; there may be *yielding in reſiſtance*. But the firſt conflict over, whether the following may not be weaker and weaker, till *willingneſs* enſue, is the point to be tried. I will illuſtrate what I have ſaid by the Simile of a Bird new-caught. We begin, when Boys, with Birds; and, when grown up, go on to Women; and both, perhaps, in turn, experience our ſportive cruelty.

Haſt thou not obſerved the charming gradations by which the enſnared Volatile has been brought to bear with its new condition? How, at firſt, refuſing all ſuſtenance, it beats and bruiſes itſelf againſt its wires, till it makes its gay plumage fly about, and over-ſpread its well-ſecured cage. Now it gets out its head; ſticking only at its beautiful ſhoulders: Then, with difficulty, drawing back its head, it gaſps for breath, and, erectly perched, with meditating eyes, firſt ſurveys, and then attempts, its wired canopy. As it gets breath, with renewed rage, it beats and bruiſes again its pretty head and ſides, bites the wires, and pecks at the fingers of its delighted tamer. Till at laſt, finding its efforts ineffectual, quite tired and breathleſs, it lays itſelf down, and pants at the bottom of the cage, ſeeming to bemoan its cruel fate, and forfeited liberty. And after a few days its ſtruggles to eſcape ſtill diminiſhing as it finds it to no purpoſe to attempt it, its new habitation becomes familiar; and it hops about from perch to perch, reſumes its wonted chearfulneſs, and every day ſings a ſong to amuſe itſelf, and reward its keeper.

Now, let me tell thee, that I have known a Bird actually ſtarve itſelf, and die with grief, at its being caught and caged. But never did I meet with a Woman, who was ſo ſilly.—Yet have I heard the dear ſouls moſt vehemently threaten their own lives on ſuch an occaſion. But it is ſaying nothing in a Woman's favour, if we do not allow her to have *more ſenſe than a Bird*. And yet we muſt all own, that it is more difficult to catch a *Bird* than a *Lady*.

To purſue the compariſon—If the diſappointment of the captivated Lady be very great, ſhe will threaten, indeed, as I ſaid: She will even refuſe her ſuſtenance for ſome time, eſpecially if you entreat her much, and ſhe thinks ſhe gives you concern by her refuſal. But then the ſtomach of the dear ſullen one will ſoon return. 'Tis pretty to ſee how ſhe comes to by degrees: Preſſed by appetite, ſhe will firſt ſteal, perhaps, a weeping morſel by herſelf; then be brought to piddle and ſigh, and ſigh and piddle, before you; now-and-then, if her viands be unſavoury, ſwallowing with them a reliſhing tear or two: Then ſhe comes to eat and drink, to oblige you: Then reſolves to live for your ſake: Her exclamations will, in the next place, be turned into blandiſhments; her vehement upbraidings into gentle murmuring—How *dare* you, Traitor!—into How *could* you, Deareſt! She will draw you to her, inſtead of puſhing you from her: No longer, with unſheathed claws, will ſhe reſiſt you; but, like a pretty, playful, wanton Kitten, with gentle paws, and concealed talons, tap your cheek, and with intermingled ſmiles, and tears, and careſſes, implore your conſideration for her, and your *conſtancy:* All the favour ſhe then has to aſk of you!—And this is the time, were it given to man to confine himſelf to one object, to be happier every day than other.

Now, Belford, were I to go no further than I have gone with my beloved Miſs Harlowe, how ſhall I know the difference between *her* and *another* bird? To let her fly now, what a pretty jeſt would that be!—How do I know, except I try, whether ſhe may not be brought to ſing me a fine ſong, and to be as well contented as I have brought other birds to be, and very ſhy ones too?

But now let us reflect a little upon the confounded partiality of us human creatures. I can give two

or three familiar, and, if they were *not familiar*, they would be *ſhocking*, inſtances of the cruelty both of men and women, with reſpect to other creatures, perhaps as worthy as (at leaſt more innocent than) themſelves. By my Soul, Jack, there is more of the Savage in human nature than we are commonly aware of. Nor is it, after all, ſo much amiſs, that we ſometimes avenge the more innocent animals upon our own ſpecies.

To particulars:

How uſual a thing is it for women as well as men, without the leaſt remorſe, to enſnare, to cage, and torment, and even with burning knitting-needles to put out the eyes of the poor feather'd ſongſter [Thou ſeeſt I have not yet done with birds]; which however, in proportion to its bulk, has more life than themſelves (for a bird is all ſoul); and of conſequence has as much feeling as the human creature! When at the ſame time, if an honeſt fellow, by the gentleſt perſuaſion, and the ſofteſt arts, has the good luck to prevail upon a mew'd-up Lady, to countenance her own eſcape, and ſhe conſents to break cage, and be ſet a flying into the all-chearing air of liberty, Mercy on us! what an Outcry is generally raiſed againſt him!

Juſt like what you and I once ſaw raiſed in a paltry village near Chelmsford, after a poor hungry fox, who, watching his opportunity, had ſeized by the neck, and ſhouldered, a ſleek-feathered gooſe: At what time we beheld the whole vicinage of boys and girls, old men, and old women, all the furrows and wrinkles of the latter filled up with malice for the time; the old men armed with prongs, pitch-forks, clubs, and catſticks; the old women with mops, brooms, fire-ſhovels, tongs, and pokers; and the younger fry with dirt, ſtones, and brick-bats, gathering as they ran like a ſnowball, in purſuit of the wind-outſtripping prowler; all the mongrel

grel curs of the *circumjacencies* yelp, yelp, yelp, at their heels, completing the horrid chorus.

Remembreſt thou not this ſcene? Surely thou muſt. My imagination, inflamed by a tender ſympathy for the danger of the adventurous marauder, repreſents it to my eye, as if it were but yeſterday. And doſt thou not recollect how generouſly glad we were, as if our own caſe, that honeſt Reynard, by the help of a lucky ſtile, over which both old and young tumbled upon one another, and a winding courſe, eſcaped their brutal fury, and flying catſticks; and how, in fancy, we followed him to his undiſcovered retreat; and imagined we beheld the intrepid thief enjoying his dear-earned purchaſe with a delight proportioned to his paſt danger?

I once made a charming little ſavage ſeverely repent the delight ſhe took in ſeeing her tabby favourite make cruel ſport with a pretty ſleek bead-eyed mouſe, before ſhe devoured it. Egad, my Love, ſaid I to myſelf, as I ſat meditating the ſcene, I am determined to lie in wait for a fit opportunity to try how *thou* wilt like to be toſt over my head, and be caught again: How *thou* wilt like to be patted from me, and pulled to me. Yet will I rather give life than take it away, as this barbarous quadrupede has at laſt done by her prey. And after all was over between my girl and me, I reminded her of the incident to which my reſolution was owing.

Nor had I at another time any mercy upon the daughter of an old Epicure, who had taught the girl, without the leaſt remorſe, to roaſt Lobſters alive; to cauſe a poor Pig to be whipt to death; to ſcrape Carp the contrary way of the ſcales, making them leap in the ſtew-pan, and dreſſing them in their own blood for ſawce. And this for luxury-ſake, and to provoke an appetite; which I had without ſtimulation, in my way, and that I can tell thee a very ravenous one.

Many

Many more inſtances of the like nature could I give, were I to leave nothing to thyſelf, to ſhew that the beſt take the ſame liberties, and perhaps worſe, with ſome ſort of creatures, that we take with others; all *creatures* ſtill! and creatures too, as I have obſerved above, replete with ſtrong life, and ſenſible feeling!—If therefore people pretend to mercy, let mercy go thro' all their actions. I have read ſomewhere, *That a merciful man is merciful to his beaſt.*

So much at preſent for thoſe parts of thy Letter in which thou urgeſt to me motives of compaſſion for the Lady.

But I gueſs at thy principal motive in this thy earneſtneſs in behalf of this charming creature. I know that thou correſpondeſt with Lord M. who is impatient, and has long been deſirous, to ſee me ſhackled. And thou wanteſt to make a merit with the Uncle, with a view to one of his Nieces. But knoweſt thou not, that *my conſent* will be wanting to complete thy wiſhes?—And what a commendation will it be of thee to ſuch a girl as Charlotte, when I ſhall acquaint her with the affront thou putteſt upon the whole Sex, by aſking, *Whether I think my reward, when I have ſubdued the moſt charming woman in the world, will be equal to my trouble?*—Which, thinkeſt thou, will a woman of ſpirit ſooneſt forgive; the undervaluing varlet who *can put ſuch a queſtion*; or him, who *prefers the purſuit and conqueſt of a fine woman to all the joys of life?* Have I not known even a *virtuous woman*, as ſhe would be thought, vow everlaſting antipathy to a man who gave out, that ſhe was *too old for him to attempt?* And did not Eſſex's perſonal reflection on Queen Elizabeth, that ſhe was *old and crooked*, contribute more to his ruin, than his treaſon?

But another word or two, as to thy objection relating to my Trouble and Reward.

Does

Does not the keen foxhunter endanger his neck and his bones in purſuit of a vermin, which, when killed, is neither fit food for men nor dogs?

Do not the hunters of the noble game value the veniſon leſs than the ſport?

Why then ſhould I be reflected upon, and the Sex affronted, for my patience and perſeverance in the moſt noble of all chaces; and for not being a poacher in Love, as thy queſtion may be *made to imply?*

Learn of thy maſter, for the future, to treat more reſpectfully a Sex that yields us our principal diverſions and delights.

Proceed anon.

LETTER V.

Mr. LOVELACE. *In Continuation.*

WELL ſayeſt thou, that mine is the *moſt plotting heart in the world.* Thou doſt me honour; and I thank thee heartily. Thou art no bad judge. How like Boileau's parſon, I ſtrut behind my double chin! Am I not obliged to deſerve thy compliment? And wouldſt thou have me repent of a murder before I have committed it?

'The Virtues and Graces are this Lady's hand-'maids. She was certainly born to adorn the age 'ſhe was given to.'—Well ſaid, Jack—'And would 'be an ornament to the firſt dignity.' But what praiſe is that, unleſs the firſt dignity were adorned with the firſt merit?—Dignity! gewgaw!—*Firſt dignity!* thou idiot!—Art thou, who knoweſt *me*, ſo taken with Ermine and Tinſel?—I, who have won the gold, am only fit to wear it. For the future therefore correct thy ſtyle, and proclaim her the ornament of the happieſt man, and (reſpecting herſelf and Sex) the greateſt conqueror in the world.

Then, that ſhe *loves me*, as thou imagineſt, by no means appears clear to me. Her conditional offers

to

to renounce me the little confidence ſhe places in me; entitle me to aſk, What merit can ſhe have with a man, who won her in ſpite of herſelf; and who fairly, in ſet and obſtinate battle, took her priſoner?

As to what thou inferreſt from her *Eye* when with us, thou knoweſt nothing of her *Heart* from that, if thou imagineſt there was one glance of Love ſhot from it. Well did I note her eye, and plainly did I ſee, that it was all but juſt civil diſguſt to me and to the company I had brought her into. Her early retiring that night, againſt all entreaty, might have convinced thee, that there was very little of the gentle in her heart for me. And her Eye never knew what it was to contradict her Heart.

She is, thou ſayeſt, *All mind.* So ſay I. But why ſhouldſt thou imagine, that ſuch a mind as hers, meeting with ſuch a one as mine; and, to dwell upon the word, *meeting* with an inclination in hers; ſhould not propagate minds like her own?

Were I to take thy ſtupid advice, and marry; what a figure ſhould I make in Rakiſh annals! The Lady in my power: Yet not having *intended* to put herſelf in my power: Declaring againſt Love, and a Rebel to it: So much open-eyed caution: No confidence in my honour: Her family expecting the worſt *hath* paſſed; herſelf ſeeming to expect, that the worſt *will* be attempted: [Priſcilla Partington for that!] What! wouldſt thou not have me act in character?

But why calleſt thou the Lady *innocent?* And why ſayeſt thou *ſhe loves me?*

By *innocent*, with regard to me, and not taken as a general character, I muſt inſiſt upon it, ſhe is *not* innocent. Can *ſhe* be innocent, who, by wiſhing to ſhackle me in the prime and glory of my youth, with ſuch a capacity as I have for noble miſchief (*a*), would make my perdition more certain,

(*a*) See Vol. III. Letter xix. Paragr. 4.

tain, were I to break, as I doubt I ſhould, the moſt ſolemn vow I could make? I ſay, no man ought to take even a common oath, who thinks he cannot keep it. This is conſcience! This is honour!—And when I think I can keep the Marriage-vow, then will it be time to marry.

No doubt of it, as thou ſayeſt, the devils would rejoice in the fall of ſuch a woman. But this is my confidence, that I ſhall have it in my power to marry when I will. And if I do her this *juſtice*, ſhall I not have a claim to her *gratitude?* And will ſhe not think herſelf the Obliged, rather than the Obliger? Then, let me tell thee, Belford, it is impoſſible ſo far to hurt the *morals of this Lady*, as thou and thy brother-varlets have hurt others of the Sex, who now are caſting about the town firebrands and double death. Take ye that thiſtle to mumble upon.

*** ***

A SHORT interruption. I now reſume.

That the morals of this Lady cannot fail, is a conſideration that will leſſen the guilt on both ſides. And if, when ſubdued, ſhe knows but how to middle the matter between Virtue and Love, then will ſhe be a Wife for me: For already I am convinced, that there is not a woman in the world that is Love-proof and Plot-proof, if ſhe be not the perſon.

And now imagine (the Charmer overcome) thou ſeeſt me ſitting ſupinely croſs-kneed, reclining on my ſoffa, the god of Love dancing in my eyes, and rejoicing in every mantling feature; the ſweet rogue, late ſuch a proud rogue, wholly in my power, moving up ſlowly to me, at my beck, with heaving ſighs, half-pronounced upbraidings from murmuring lips, her finger in her eye, and quickening her pace at my *Come hither, Deareſt!*

One hand ſtuck in my ſide, the other extended to encourage her baſhful approach—*Kiſs me, Love!*

—*Sweet,*

—*Sweet*, as Jack Belford ſays, *are the joys that come with willingneſs.*

She tenders her purple mouth [Her coral lips will be purple then, Jack!]: Sigh not ſo deeply, my Beloved!—Happier hours await thy humble love, than did thy proud reſiſtance.

Once more bent to my ardent lips the ſwanny gloſſineſs of a neck late ſo ſtately.—

There's my precious!—

Again!—

Obliging Lovelineſs!

O my ever-blooming Glory! I have tryed thee enough. To-morrow's Sun—

Then I riſe, and fold to my almoſt-talking heart the throbbing-boſom'd Charmer.

And now ſhall thy humbled pride confeſs its obligation to me!---

To-morrow's Sun---And then I diſengage myſelf from the baſhful Paſſive, and ſtalk about the room---To-morrow's Sun ſhall gild the Altar at which my vows ſhall be paid thee!

Then, Jack, the rapture! then the darted ſunbeams from her gladdened eye, drinking up, at one ſip, the precious diſtillation from the pearl-dropt cheek! Then hands ardently folded, eyes ſeeming to pronounce, God bleſs my Lovelace! to ſupply the joy-locked tongue: Her tranſports too ſtrong, and expreſſion too weak, to give utterance to her grateful meanings!---All---All the ſtudies---All the ſtudies of her future life vowed and devoted (when ſhe can ſpeak) to acknowlege and return the perpetuated obligation!

If I could bring my Charmer to this, would it not be the Eligible of Eligibles?---Is it not worth trying for?---As I ſaid, I can marry her when I will. She *can* be nobody's but mine, neither for ſhame, nor by choice, nor yet by addreſs: For who, that knows my character, believes that the worſt ſhe dreads, is *now* to be dreaded?

I have the higheſt opinion that man can have (thou knoweſt I have) of the merit and perfections of this admirable woman; of her virtue and honour too; altho' thou, in a former, art of opinion, that ſhe *may be overcome* (*a*). Am I not therefore obliged to go further, in order to contradict thee, and, as I have often urged, to be *ſure*, that ſhe is what I really think her to be, and, if I am ever to marry her, hope to find her?

Then this Lady is a miſtreſs of our paſſions: No one ever had to ſo much perfection the Art of moveing. This all her family know, and have equally feared and revered her for it. This I know too; and doubt not more and more to experience. How charmingly muſt this divine creature warble forth (if a proper occaſion be given) her melodious Elegiacs!—Infinite beauties are there in a weeping eye. I firſt taught the two nymphs below to diſtinguiſh the ſeveral accents of the *Lamentable* in a new ſubject, and how admirably ſome, more than others, become their diſtreſſes.

But to return to thy objections—Thou wilt perhaps tell me, in the names of thy Brethren, as well as in thy own name, That among all the objects of your reſpective attempts, there was not one of the rank and merit of my charming Miſs Harlowe.

But let me aſk, Has it not been a conſtant maxim with us, that the greater the *merit* on the woman's ſide, the nobler the victory on the man's? And as to *rank*, ſenſe of honour, ſenſe of ſhame, pride of family, may make rifled rank get up, and ſhake itſelf to rights: And if any thing come of it, ſuch a one may ſuffer only in her pride, by being obliged to take up with a ſecond-rate match inſtead of a firſt; and, as it may fall out, be the *happier*, as well as the more *uſeful*, for the miſadventure; ſince (taken off of her public gaddings, and *domeſticated* by her diſgrace)

(*a*) See Vol. III. Letter xlvii. Paragr. 9.

grace) ſhe will have reaſon to think herſelf obliged to the man who has ſaved her from *further reproach*; while *her* fortune and alliance will lay an obligation upon *him*; and her paſt fall, if ſhe have prudence and conſciouſneſs, will be his preſent and future ſecurity.

But a *poor* girl [Such a one as my *Roſebud* for inſtance] having no recalls from education; being driven out of every family that pretends to reputation; perſecuted moſt perhaps by ſuch as have only kept their ſecret better; and having no refuge to fly to—The Common, the Stews, the Street, is the fate of ſuch a poor wretch; Penury, Want, and Diſeaſe, her ſure attendants; and an untimely End perhaps cloſes the miſerable ſcene.

And will ye not now all join to ſay, that it is more manly to attack a Lion than a Sheep?—Thou knoweſt, that I always illuſtrated my Eagleſhip, by aiming at the nobleſt quarries; and by diſdaining to make a ſtoop at wrens, phyl-tits (*a*), and wag-tails.

The worſt reſpecting myſelf, in the caſe before me, is, that my triumph, when completed, will be ſo glorious a one, that I ſhall never be able to keep up to it. All my future attempts muſt be poor to this. I ſhall be as unhappy, after a while, from my reflections upon this conqueſt, as Don John of Auſtria was, in his, on the renowned victory of Lepanto, when he found that none of his future atchievements could keep pace with his early glory.

I am ſenſible that my pleas and my reaſonings may be eaſily anſwered, and perhaps juſtly cenſured; but by whom cenſured? Not by any of the Confraternity, whoſe conſtant courſe of life, even long before I became your General, to this hour, has juſtified what ye now in a fit of ſqueamiſhneſs, and thro' envy, condemn.

(*a*) *Phyl-tits*, q. d. *Phyllis-tits*, in oppoſition to *Tom-tits*. It needs not now be obſerved, that Mr. Lovelace, in the wanton gaiety of his heart, often takes liberties of coining words and phraſes in his Letters to this his familiar friend. See his ludicrous reaſon for it in Vol. III. Letter xxi. Parag. *antepenult.*

condemn. Having therefore vindicated myſelf and my intentions to YOU, that is all I am at preſent concerned for.

Be convinced then, that *I*, (according to *our* principles) am right, *thou* wrong; or, at leaſt, be ſilent. But I *command thee to be convinced*. And in thy next, be ſure to tell me that thou art.

LETTER VI.

Mr. BELFORD, *To* ROBERT LOVELACE, *Eſq*;

Edgware, Thurſday, May 4.

I KNOW that thou art ſo abandoned a man, that to give thee the beſt reaſons in the world againſt what thou haſt once reſolved upon, will be but acting the madman whom once we ſaw trying to buffet down a hurricane with his hat. I hope, however, that the Lady's merit will ſtill avail her with thee. But if thou perſiſteſt; if thou wilt avenge thyſelf on this ſweet Lamb which thou haſt ſingled out from a flock thou hateſt, for the faults of the Dogs who kept it: If thou art not to be moved by Beauty, by Learning, by Prudence, by Innocence, all ſhineing out in one charming object; but ſhe muſt fall, fall by the man whom ſhe has choſen for her protector; I would not for a thouſand worlds have thy crime to anſwer for.

Upon my faith, Lovelace, the ſubject ſticks with me, notwithſtanding I find I have not the honour of the Lady's good opinion. And the more, when I reflect upon her Father's brutal curſe, and the villainous hard-heartedneſs of all her family. But, nevertheleſs, I ſhould be deſirous to know *(if thou wilt proceed)* by what gradations, arts, and contriveances, thou effecteſt thy ingrateful purpoſe. And, O Lovelace, I conjure thee, if thou art a *man*, let not the ſpecious devils thou has brought her among, be ſuffered to triumph over her; nor make her the

victim of *unmanly artifices*. If ſhe yield to *fair ſeductions*, if I may ſo expreſs myſelf; if thou canſt raiſe a weakneſs in her by Love, or by arts not inhuman; I ſhall the leſs pity her: And ſhall then conclude, that there is not a woman in the world who can reſiſt a bold and reſolute Lover.

A meſſenger is juſt now arrived from my Uncle. The mortification, it ſeems, is got to his knee; and the ſurgeons declare, that he cannot live many days. He therefore ſends for me directly, with theſe ſhocking words, *That I will come and cloſe his eyes*. My ſervant or his muſt of neceſſity be in town every day on his caſe, or on other affairs; and one of them ſhall regularly attend you for any Letter or Commands. It will be charity to write to me as often as you can. For altho' I am likely to be a conſiderable gainer by the poor man's death, yet I cannot ſay, that I at all love theſe ſcenes of Death and the Doctor ſo near me. The *Doctor* and *Death* I ſhould have ſaid; for that's the natural order, and, generally ſpeaking, the one is but the harbinger to the other.

If therefore you decline to oblige me, I ſhall think you are diſpleaſed with my freedom. But let me tell you at the ſame time, that no man has a right to be diſpleaſed at freedoms taken with him for faults he is not aſhamed to be guilty of.

J. BELFORD.

LETTER VII.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

I THANK you and Mr. Hickman for his Letter, ſent me with ſuch kind expedition; and proceed to obey my dear menacing tyranneſs.

She then gives the particulars of what paſſed between herſelf and Mr. Lovelace on Tueſday morning, in relation to his four friends, and to Miſs Partington,

ton, pretty much to the ſame effect as in Mr. Lovelace's Letter, N° i. *And then proceeds:*

He is conſtantly accuſing me of over-ſcrupulouſneſs. He ſays, 'I am always out of humour with him: 'That I could not have behaved more reſervedly to 'Mr. Solmes: And that it is contrary to all his hopes 'and notions, that he ſhould not, in ſo long a time, 'find himſelf able to inſpire the perſon whom he 'hoped ſo ſoon to have the honour to call his, with 'the leaſt diſtinguiſhing tenderneſs for him before-'hand.'

Silly and partial encroacher! not to know *to what to attribute the reſerve I am forced to treat him with!* But his *Pride* has eaten up his *Prudence*. It is indeed a dirty low pride, that has ſwallowed up the *true* pride, which ſhould have ſet him above the vanity that has over-run him.

Yet he pretends, that he has no pride but in obliging me: And is always talking of his reverence and humility, and ſuch ſort of ſtuff: But of this I am ſure, that he has, as I obſerved the firſt time I ſaw him (*a*), too much regard to his own perſon, greatly to value that of his Wife, marry he whom he will: And I muſt be blind, if I did not ſee, that he is exceedingly vain of his external advantages, and of that Addreſs, which, if it has *any* merit in it to an outward eye, is perhaps owing more to his confidence, than to any-thing elſe.

Have you not beheld the man, when I was your happy gueſt, as he walked to his chariot, looking about him, as if to obſerve what eyes his ſpecious perſon and air had attracted?

But indeed we have ſome homely coxcombs as proud as if they had perſons to be proud of; at the ſame time that it was apparent, that the pains they took about themſelves but the more expoſed their defects.

(*a*) See Vol. I. p. 14.

The man who is fond of being thought *more* or *better* than he *is*, as I have often obſerved, but provokes a ſcrutiny into his pretenſions; and that generally produces contempt. For pride, as I believe I have heretofore ſaid, is an infallible ſign of weakneſs; of *ſomething wrong in the head or heart, or in both.* He that exalts himſelf, inſults his neighbour; who is provoked to queſtion in him even that merit, which, were he modeſt, would perhaps be allowed to be his due.

You will ſay, that I am very grave: And ſo I am. Mr. Lovelace is extremely ſunk in my opinion ſince Monday night: Nor ſee I before me any thing that can afford me a pleaſing hope. For what, with a mind ſo *unequal as his*, can be my *beſt* hope?

I think I mentioned to you, in my former, that my cloaths were brought me. You fluttered me ſo, that I am not ſure I did. But I know I deſigned to mention that they were. They were brought me on Thurſday; but neither my few guineas with them, nor any of my books, except a *Drexelius on Eternity*, the good old *Practice of Piety*, and a *Francis Spira*. My Brother's wit, I ſuppoſe. He thinks he does well to point out death and deſpair to me. I wiſh for the one, and every now-and-then am on the brink of the other.

You will the leſs wonder at my being ſo very ſolemn, when added, to the above, and to my uncertain ſituation, I tell you, that they have ſent me with theſe books a Letter from my Couſin Morden. It has ſet my heart againſt Mr. Lovelace. Againſt Myſelf too. I ſend it incloſed. If you pleaſe, my dear, you may read it here.

Col. MORDEN, *To Miſs* CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Florence, April 13.

I AM extremely concerned to hear of a difference betwixt the reſt of a family ſo near and dear to me, and *You* ſtill dearer to me than any of the reſt.

My Couſin James has acquainted me with the offers you have had, and with your refuſals. I wonder not at either. Such charming promiſes at ſo early an age as when I left England; and thoſe promiſes, as I have often heard, ſo greatly exceeded, as well in your perſon as mind; how much muſt you be admired! How few muſt there be worthy of you!

Your Parents, the moſt indulgent in the world, to a Child the moſt deſerving, have given way it ſeems to your refuſal of ſeveral gentlemen. They have contented themſelves at laſt to name one with *earneſtneſs* to you, becauſe of the addreſs of another whom they cannot approve.

They had not reaſon it ſeems from your behaviour to think you greatly averſe: So they proceeded: Perhaps too haſtily for a delicacy like yours. But when all was fixed on their parts, and moſt extraordinary terms concluded in your favour; terms, which abundantly ſhew the gentleman's juſt value for you; you flew off with a warmth and vehemence little ſuited to that ſweetneſs which gave grace to all your actions.

I know very little of either of the gentlemen: But of Mr. Lovelace I know more than of Mr. Solmes. I wiſh I could ſay more to his advantage than I can. As to every qualification but *one*, your Brother owns there is no compariſon. But that *one* outweighs all the reſt together. It cannot be thought, that Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe will diſpenſe with MORALS in a huſband.

What, my deareſt Couſin, ſhall I plead firſt to you on this occaſion? Your duty, your intereſt, your temporal, and your eternal welfare, do, and may all, depend upon this ſingle point, *The morality of a huſband.* A woman who hath a wicked huſband, may find it difficult to *be* good, and out of her power to *do* good; and is therefore in a worſe ſituation than the man can be in, who hath a bad wife. You preſerve all your religious regards, I underſtand. I wonder not that you do. I ſhould have wondered had you

not. But what can you promiſe yourſelf, as to perſeverance in them, with an immoral huſband?

If your parents and you differ in ſentiment on this important occaſion, let me aſk you, my dear Couſin, who ought to give way? I own to you, that I ſhould have thought there could not any-where have been a more ſuitable match for you, than with Mr. Lovelace, had he been a moral man. I ſhould have very little to ſay againſt a man, of whoſe actions I am not to ſet up myſelf as a judge, did he not addreſs my Couſin. But, on this occaſion, let me tell you, my dear Clariſſa, that Mr. Lovelace cannot poſſibly deſerve you. He *may* reform, you'll ſay: But he may *not*. Habit is not ſoon or eaſily ſhaken off. Libertines, who are Libertines in defiance of talents, of ſuperior lights, of conviction, hardly ever reform but by miracle, or by incapacity. Well do I know mine own Sex. Well am I able to judge of the probability of the reformation of a licentious young man, who has not been faſtened upon by ſickneſs, by affliction, by calamity: Who has a proſperous run of fortune before him: His ſpirits high: His will uncontroulable: The company he keeps, perhaps ſuch as himſelf, confirming him in all his courſes, aſſiſting him in all his enterprizes.

As to the other gentleman, ſuppoſe, my dear Couſin, you do not like him at *preſent*, it is far from being unlikely, that you will *hereafter:* Perhaps the more, for not liking him *now*. He can hardly ſink *lower* in your opinion: He may *riſe*. Very ſeldom is it, that *high* expectations are ſo much as *tolerably* anſwered. How indeed *can* they, when a fine and extenſive imagination carries its expectation infinitely beyond reality, in the higheſt of our ſublunary enjoyments? A woman adorned with ſuch an imagination ſees no defect in a favoured object (the leſs, if ſhe be not conſcious of any wilful fault in herſelf) till it is too late to rectify the miſtakes occaſioned by her generous credulity.

But

But ſuppoſe a perſon of your talents were to marry a man of inferior talents; who, in this caſe, can be ſo happy in *herſelf*, as Miſs Clariſſa Harlow? What delight do you take in doing good! How happily do you devote the ſeveral portions of the day to your own improvement, and to the advantage of all that move within your ſphere!—And *then* ſuch is your taſte, ſuch are your acquirements in the politer ſtudies, and in the politer amuſements; ſuch your excellence in all the different parts of œconomy fit for a young Lady's inſpection and practice; that your friends would wiſh you to be taken off as little as poſſible by regards that may be called merely *perſonal*.

But as to what may be the conſequence reſpecting yourſelf, reſpecting a young Lady of your talents, from the preference you are ſuſpected to give to a Libertine, I would have you, my dear Couſin, conſider what That may be. A mind ſo pure, to mingle with a mind impure! And will not ſuch a man as This engroſs all your ſolitudes? Will he not perpetually fill you with anxieties for him and for yourſelf!—The Divine and Civil powers defied, and their ſanctions broken thro' by him, on every not merely *accidental*, but *meditated* occaſion. To be agreeable to him, and to hope to preſerve an intereſt in his affections, you muſt probably be obliged to abandon all your own laudable purſuits. You muſt enter into his pleaſures and diſtaſtes. You muſt give up your own virtuous companions for his profligate ones—Perhaps be forſaken by yours, becauſe of the ſcandal he daily gives. Can you hope, Couſin, with ſuch a man as This, to be *long* ſo good as you *now* are? If not, conſider which of your preſent laudable delights you would chuſe to give up? Which of his culpable ones to follow him in? How could you brook to go backward, inſtead of forward, in thoſe duties which you now ſo exemplarily perform? And how do you know if you

once give way, where you ſhall be ſuffered, where you ſhall be *able*, to ſtop?

Your Brother acknowleges, that Mr. Solmes is not near ſo agreeable in perſon as Mr. Lovelace. But what is *perſon*, with ſuch a Lady as I have the honour to be now writing to? He owns likewiſe that he has not the addreſs of Mr. Lovelace: But what a *mere* perſonal advantage is a plauſible *addreſs*, without *morals?* A woman had better take a huſband whoſe manners ſhe were to faſhion, than to find them ready-faſhioned to her hand, at the price of his morality; a price that is often paid for travelling accompliſhments. O my dear Couſin, were you but with us here at Florence, or at Rome, or at Paris (where alſo I reſided for many months) to ſee the gentlemen whoſe ſuppoſed *rough* Engliſh manners at ſetting out are to be poliſhed, and what their improvements are in their return thro' the ſame places, you would infinitely prefer the man in his *firſt* ſtage to the ſame man in his *laſt*. You find the difference on their return—A fondneſs for foreign faſhions, an attachment to foreign vices, a ſupercilious contempt of his own country and countrymen (himſelf more deſpicable than the moſt deſpicable of thoſe he deſpiſes); theſe, with an unbluſhing effrontery, are too generally the attainments that concur to finiſh the travelled gentleman!

Mr. Lovelace, I know, deſerves to have an exception made in his favour; for he is really a man of parts and learning: He was eſteemed ſo both here and at Rome; and a fine perſon, and a generous turn of mind, gave him great advantages. But you need not be told, that a Libertine man of ſenſe does infinitely more miſchief, than a Libertine of weak parts is able to do. And this I will tell you farther, that it was Mr. Lovelace's own fault that he was not ſtill more reſpected than he was, among the *Literati* here. There were, in ſhort, ſome Liberties in which he indulged himſelf, that endangered his perſon and his liberty;

and

and made the beſt and moſt worthy of thoſe who honoured him with their notice, give him up; and his ſtay both at Florence and at Rome ſhorter than he deſigned.

This is all I chuſe to ſay of Mr. Lovelace. I had much rather have had reaſon to give him a quite contrary character. But as to Rakes or Libertines in general, I, who know them well, muſt be allowed, becauſe of the miſchiefs they have *always* in their *hearts*, and *too often* in their *power*, to do your Sex, to add ſtill a few more words upon this topic.

A Libertine, my dear Couſin, a *plotting*, an *intriguing* Libertine, muſt be generally *remorſeleſs*—*Unjuſt* he muſt always be. The noble rule of doing to others what he would have done to himſelf, is the firſt rule he breaks; and every day he breaks it; the oftener, the greater his triumph. He has great contempt for your Sex. He believes no woman chaſte, becauſe he is a profligate. Every woman who *favours him*, *confirms him* in his wicked incredulity. He is always plotting to extend the miſchiefs he delights in. If a woman loves ſuch a man, how can ſhe bear the thought of dividing her intereſt in his affections, with half the town, and that perhaps the dregs of it? Then ſo ſenſual!—How will a young Lady of your delicacy bear with ſo ſenſual a man? A man who makes a jeſt of his vows; and who perhaps will break your ſpirit by the moſt unmanly inſults. To be a Libertine, at *ſetting out*, all compunction, all humanity, muſt be overcome. To *continue* to be a Libertine, is to continue to be every thing vile and inhuman. Prayers, tears, and the moſt abject ſubmiſſion, are but fuel to his pride: Wagering perhaps with lewd companions, and, not improbably, with lewder women, upon inſtances which he boaſts of to them of your patient ſufferings, and broken ſpirit, and bringing them home to witneſs to both.

I write what I know *has* been.

I mention not fortunes ſquandered, eſtates mortgaged or ſold, and poſterity robbed—Nor yet a multitude of other evils, too groſs, too ſhocking, to be mentioned to a perſon of your delicacy.

All theſe, my dear Couſin, to be ſhunned, all the evils I have named to be avoided; the power of doing all the good you have been accuſtomed to do, preſerved, nay, encreaſed, by the ſeparate proviſion that will be made for you: Your charming diverſions, and exemplary employments, all maintained; and every good habit perpetuated: And all by *one* ſacrifice, the fading pleaſure of the eye! Who would not (ſince every thing is not to be met with in one man; who would not) to preſerve ſo many eſſentials, give up ſo light, ſo unpermanent a pleaſure!

Weigh all theſe things, which I might inſiſt upon to more advantage, did I think it needful to one of your prudence—Weigh them well, my beloved Couſin; and if it be not the will of your Parents that you ſhould continue ſingle, reſolve to oblige them; and let it not be ſaid, that the powers of fancy ſhall (as in many others of your Sex) be too hard for your duty and your prudence. The leſs agreeable the man, the more obliging the compliance. Remember, that he is a ſober man—A man who has reputation to loſe, and whoſe reputation therefore is a ſecurity for his good behaviour to you.

You have an opportunity offered you to give the higheſt inſtance, that can be given, of filial duty. Embrace it. It is worthy *of* you. It is expected *from* you; however, for your inclination-ſake, we may be ſorry that you are called upon to give it. Let it be ſaid, that you have been able to lay an obligation upon your Parents (a proud word, my Couſin!); which you could not do, were it not laid *againſt* your inclination! —Upon Parents who have laid a thouſand upon you: Who are ſet upon this point: Who will not give it up: Who have given up many points to you, even of this

this very nature: And in *their* turn, for the ſake of their own Authority, as well as Judgment, expect to be obliged.

I hope I ſhall ſoon, in perſon, congratulate you upon This your meritorious compliance. To ſettle and give up my truſteeſhip, is one of the principal motives of my leaving theſe parts. I ſhall be glad to ſettle it to every one's ſatisfaction; to Yours particularly.

If on my arrival I find a happy union, as formerly, reign in a family ſo dear to me, it will be an unſpeakable pleaſure to me; and I ſhall perhaps ſo diſpoſe my affairs, as to be near you for ever.

I have written a very long letter, and will add no more, than that I am, with the greateſt reſpect, my deareſt Couſin,

Your moſt affectionate and faithful Servant,

WM. MORDEN.

I will ſuppoſe, my dear Miſs Howe, that you have read my Couſin's Letter. It is now in vain to wiſh it had come ſooner. But if it *had*, I might perhaps have been ſo raſh as to give Mr. Lovelace the *fatal meeting*, as I little thought of going away with him.

But I ſhould hardly have given him the *expectation* of ſo doing, *previous* to the meeting, which made him come prepared; and the revocation of which he ſo artfully made ineffectual.

Perſecuted as I was, and little expecting ſo much condeſcenſion, as my Aunt, to my great mortification, has told me (and you confirm) I ſhould have met with, it is, however, hard to ſay, what I ſhould or ſhould not have done as to *meeting him*, had it come in time: But this effect I verily believe it would have had—To have made me inſiſt with all my might, on going over, out of all their ways, to the kind writer of the inſtructive Letter, and on making a

Father (a Protector, as well as a friend) of a Kinſman, who is one of my Truſtees. This, circumſtanced as I was, would have been a natural, at leaſt an unexceptionable protection.—But I *was to be* unhappy! And how it cuts me to the heart to think, that I can already ſubſcribe to my Couſin's character of a Libertine, ſo well drawn in the Letter which I ſuppoſe you now to have read!

That a man of a character, which ever was my abhorrence, ſhould fall to my lot!—But depending on my own ſtrength; having no reaſon to apprehend danger from headſtrong and diſgraceful impulſes; I too little perhaps caſt up my eyes to the Supreme Director: In whom, miſtruſting myſelf, I ought to have placed my whole confidence—And the more, when I ſaw myſelf ſo perſeveringly addreſſed by a man of this character.

Inexperience and preſumption, with the help of a Brother and Siſter who have low ends to anſwer in my diſgrace, have been my *Ruin!*—A hard word, my dear! But I repeat it upon deliberation: Since, let the beſt happen which *now* can happen, my Reputation is deſtroyed; a Rake is my portion: And what That portion is, my Couſin Morden's Letter has acquainted you.

Pray keep it by you, till called for. I ſaw it not myſelf (having not the heart to inſpect my trunks) till this morning. I would not for the world This man ſhould ſee it; becauſe it might occaſion miſchief between the moſt violent ſpirit, and the moſt ſettled brave one in the world, as my Couſin's is ſaid to be.

This Letter was incloſed (opened) in a blank cover. Scorn and deteſt me as they will, I wonder that one line was not ſent with it—were it but to have more particularly pointed the deſign of it, in the ſame generous ſpirit, that ſent me the Spira.

The ſealing of the cover was with black wax. I hope there is no new occaſion in the family to give

reaſon

reaſon for black wax. But if there were, it would, to be ſure, have been mentioned, and laid at my door—perhaps too juſtly!

I had begun a Letter to my Couſin; but laid it by, becauſe of the uncertainty of my ſituation, and expecting every day for ſeveral days paſt to be at a greater certainty. You bid me write to him ſome time ago, you know. Then it was I began it: For I have great pleaſure in obeying you in all I may. So I ought to have; for you are the only friend left me. And moreover, you generally honour me with your own obſervance of the advice I take the liberty to offer you: For I pretend to ſay, I give better advice than I have taken. And ſo I had need. For, I know not how it comes about, but I am, in my own opinion, a poor loſt creature: And yet cannot charge myſelf with one criminal or faulty inclination. Do you know, my dear, how This can be?

Yet I can tell you *how*, I believe—One devious ſtep at ſetting out!—That muſt be it:—Which purſued, has led me ſo far out of my path, that I am in a wilderneſs of doubt and error; and never, never, ſhall find my way out of it: For, altho' but one pace awry at firſt, it has led me hundreds and hundreds of miles out of my path: And the poor Eſtray has not one kind friend, nor has met with one directing paſſenger, to help her to recover it.

But I, preſumptuous creature! muſt rely ſo much upon my own knowlege of the right path!—little apprehending that an *ignis fatuus* with its falſe fires (and yet I had heard enough of ſuch) would ariſe to miſlead me! And now, in the midſt of fens and quagmires, it plays around me, and around me, throwing me back again, whenever I think myſelf in the right track. But there is one common point, in which all ſhall meet, err widely as they may. In That I ſhall be laid quietly down at laſt: And then will all my calamities be at an end.

But

But how I ſtray again; ſtray from my intention! I would only have ſaid, that I had begun a Letter to my Couſin Morden ſome time ago: But that now I can never end it. You will believe I cannot: For how ſhall I tell him, that all his compliments are miſbeſtowed? That all his advice is thrown away? All his warnings vain? And that even my higheſt expectation is to be the wife of that free liver, whom he ſo pathetically warns me to ſhun?

Let me, however, have your prayers joined with my own (my fate depending, as it ſeems, upon the *lips of ſuch a man*) 'That, whatever ſhall be my 'deſtiny, That dreadful part of my father's male-'diction, That I may be puniſhed by the man in 'whom he ſuppoſes I put my confidence, may not 'take place! That This for *Mr. Lovelace's* own ſake, 'and for the ſake of *human nature*, may not be! Or, 'if it be neceſſary, in ſupport of the parental autho-'rity, that I ſhould be puniſhed by *him*, that it may 'not be by his *premeditated* or *wilful* baſeneſs; but 'that I may be able to acquit his *intention*, if not 'his *action!*' Otherwiſe, my fault will appear to be doubled in the eye of the event-judging world. And yet, methinks, I would be glad, that the unkindneſs of my Father and Uncles, whoſe hearts have already been too much wounded by my error, may be juſtified in every article, excepting in this heavy curſe: And that my father will be pleaſed to withdraw That before it be generally known; at leaſt that moſt dreadful part of it which regards Futurity!

I muſt lay down my pen. I muſt brood over theſe reflections. Once more, before I incloſe my Couſin's Letter, I will peruſe it: And then I ſhall have it by heart.

LET-

LETTER VIII.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Sunday Night, May 7.

WHEN you reflect upon my unhappy ſituation, which is attended with ſo many indelicate and even ſhocking circumſtances, ſome of which my pride will not let me think of with patience; all aggravated by the contents of my Couſin's affecting Letter; you will not wonder, that the vapouriſhneſs which has laid hold of my heart, ſhould riſe to my pen. And yet it would be more kind, more friendly in me, to conceal from *you*, who take ſuch a generous intereſt in my concerns, that worſt part of my griefs, which communication and complaint cannot relieve.

But to whom can I unboſom myſelf but to you? When the man who ought to be my protector, as he has brought upon me all my diſtreſſes, adds to my apprehenſions; when I have not even a ſervant on whoſe fidelity I can rely, or to whom I can break my griefs as they ariſe; and when his bountiful temper and gay heart attach every one to him; and I am but a *cypher*, to give *him* ſignificance, and *myſelf* pain?—Theſe griefs, therefore, do what I can, will ſometimes burſt into tears; and theſe mingling with my ink, will blot my paper. And I know you will not grudge me the temporary relief.

But I ſhall go on in the ſtrain I left off with in my laſt; when I intended rather to apologize for my melancholy. But let what I have above written, once for all, be my apology. My misfortunes have given you a call to diſcharge the nobleſt offices of the friendſhip we have vowed to each other, in advice and conſolation; and it would be an injury to it, and to you, to ſuppoſe it needed even that call.

She then tells Miſs Howe, that now her cloaths are come, Mr. Lovelace is continually teazing her to go abroad with him in a coach, attended by whom ſhe pleaſes of her own Sex, either for the air, or to the public diverſions.

She gives the particulars of a converſation that has paſſed between them on that ſubject, and his ſeveral propoſals. But takes notice, that he ſays not the leaſt word of the Solemnity which he ſo much preſſed for before they came to town; and which, as ſhe obſerves, was neceſſary to give propriety to his propoſals.

Now, my dear, *ſays ſhe*, I cannot bear the life I live. I would be glad at my heart to be out of his reach. If I were, he ſhould ſoon *find the difference.* If I muſt be humbled, it had better be by thoſe to whom I owe duty, than by him. My Aunt writes in her Letter (*a*), that SHE dare not propoſe anything in my favour. You tell me, that, upon enquiry, you find (*b*), that, had I not been unhappily ſeduced away, a change of meaſures was actually reſolved upon; and that my Mother, particularly, was determined to exert herſelf for the reſtoration of the family peace; and, in order to ſucceed the better, had thoughts of trying to engage my Uncle Harlowe in her party.

Let me build on theſe foundations. I can but try, my dear. It is my duty to try all *probable* methods to reſtore the poor Outcaſt to favour. And who knows but that once indulgent Uncle, who has very great weight in the family, may be induced to interpoſe in my behalf? I will give up all right and title to my Grandfather's deviſes and bequeſts, with all my heart and ſoul, to whom they pleaſe, in order to make my propoſal palatable to my Brother. And that my ſurrender may be effectual, I will engage never to marry.

What

(*a*) See Vol. III. Letter xlviii. (*b*) Ibid. Letter lv.

What think you, my dear, of this expedient? Surely they cannot reſolve to renounce me for ever. If they look with impartial eyes upon what has happened, they will have ſomething to blame *themſelves* for, as well as *me*.

I preſume, that you will be of opinion, that this expedient is worth trying. But here is my difficulty: If I ſhould write, my hard-hearted Brother has ſo ſtrongly confederated them all againſt me, that my Letter would be handed about from one to another, till he had hardened every one to refuſe my requeſt; whereas could my Uncle be engaged to eſpouſe my cauſe, as from *himſelf*, I ſhould have ſome hope; as I preſume to think he would ſoon have my Mother and my Aunt of his party.

What therefore I am thinking of, is this—'Sup-'poſe Mr. Hickman, whoſe good character has gained 'him every-body's reſpect, ſhould put himſelf in my 'Uncle Harlowe's way? And (as if from your 'knowlege of the ſtate of things between Mr. Love-'lace and me) aſſure him not only of the above 'particulars, but that I am under no obligations that 'ſhall hinder me from taking his directions?'

I ſubmit the whole to your diſcretion, whether to purſue it at all, or in what manner. But if it *be* purſued, and if my Uncle refuſes to intereſt himſelf in my favour upon Mr. Hickman's application as from you (for ſo, for obvious reaſons, it muſt be put) I can then have no hope; and my next ſtep, in the mind I am in, ſhall be to throw myſelf into the protection of the Ladies of his family.

It were an impiety to adopt the following lines, becauſe it would be throwing upon the Decrees of Providence a fault too much my own. But often do I revolve them, for the ſake of the general ſimilitude which they bear to my unhappy, yet undeſigned error.

To you, great gods! I make my laſt appeal:
Or clear my virtues, or my crimes reveal.
If wand'ring in the maze of life I run,
And backward tread the ſteps I ſought to ſhun,
Impute my error to your own decree:
My FEET *are guilty; but my* HEART *is free.*

The Lady dates again on Monday, to let Miſs Howe know, that Mr. Lovelace, on obſerving her uneaſineſs, had introduced to her Mr. Mennell, Mrs. Fretchville's kinſman, who managed all her affairs. She calls him a young officer of ſenſe and politeneſs, who gave her an account of the houſe and furniture, to the ſame effect that Mr. Lovelace had done before (a); as alſo of the melancholy way Mrs. Fretchville is in.

She tells Miſs Howe, how extremely urgent Mr. Lovelace was with the gentleman, to get his Spouſe (as he now always calls her before company) a ſight of the houſe: And that Mr. Mennell undertook that very afternoon to ſhew her all of it, except the apartment Mrs. Fretchville ſhould be in when ſhe went. But that ſhe chuſe not to take another ſtep till ſhe knew how ſhe approved of her ſcheme to have her Uncle ſounded; and with what ſucceſs, if tried, it would be attended.

Mr. Lovelace, in his humourous way, gives his friend an account of the Lady's peeviſhneſs and dejection, on receiving a Letter with her cloaths. He regrets that he has loſt her confidence; which he attributes to his bringing her into the company of his four companions. Yet he thinks he muſt excuſe them, and cenſure her for over-niceneſs; for that he never ſaw men behave better, at leaſt not them.

Mentioning his introducing Mr. Mennell to her,

Now,

(a) See Vol. III. Letter lxii.

Now, Jack, *ſays he*, was it not very kind of Mr. Mennell [*Captain* Mennell I ſometimes called him; for among the military men there is no ſuch officer, thou knoweſt, as a *Lieutenant*, or an *Enſign*—Was it not very kind in him] to come along with me ſo readily as he did, to ſatisfy my Beloved about the vapouriſh Lady and the Houſe?

But who is Captain Mennell? methinks thou aſkeſt: I never heard of ſuch a man as Captain Mennell.

Very likely. But knoweſt thou not young Newcomb, honeſt Doleman's Nephew?

O-ho! Is it he?

It is. And I have changed his name by virtue of my own ſingle authority. Knoweſt thou not, that I am a great Name-father? Preferments I beſtow, both military and civil. I give Eſtates, and take them away at my pleaſure. Quality too I create. And by a ſtill more valuable prerogative, I *degrade* by virtue of my own imperial will, without any other act of forfeiture than for my own convenience. What a poor thing is a monarch to me!

But Mennell, now he has ſeen this angel of a woman, has qualms; that's the devil!—I ſhall have enough to do to keep him right. But it is the leſs wonder, that *he* ſhould ſtagger, when a few hours converſation with the ſame Lady could make four much more hardened varlets find *hearts*.—Only, that I am confident, that I ſhall at laſt reward her virtue, if her virtue overcome me, or I ſhould find it impoſſible to perſevere—For at times, I have confounded qualms myſelf. But ſay not a word of them to the Confraternity: Nor laugh at me for them thyſelf.

In another Letter, dated Monday night, he writes as follows:

This perverſe Lady keeps me at ſuch diſtance, that I am ſure ſomething is going on between her and Miſs Howe, notwithſtanding the prohibition from Mrs.

Mrs. Howe to both: And as I have thought it ſome degree of merit in myſelf to puniſh others for their tranſgreſſions, I am of opinion, that both theſe girls are puniſhable for their breach of parental injunctions. And as to their Letter-carrier, I have been enquiring into his way of living; and finding him to be a common poacher, a deer-ſtealer, and warren-robber, who, under pretence of higgling, deals with a ſet of cuſtomers, who conſtantly take all he brings, whether fiſh, fowl, or veniſon, I hold myſelf juſtified (ſince Wilſon's conveyance muſt at preſent be ſacred) to have him ſtript and robbed, and what Money he has about him given to the Poor; ſince, if I take not Money as well as Letters, I ſhall be ſuſpected.

To ſerve one's ſelf, and puniſh a villain at the ſame time, is ſerving public and private. The law was not made for ſuch a man as me. And I *muſt* come at correſpondencies ſo diſobediently carried on.

But, on ſecond thoughts, if I could find out that the dear creature carried any of her Letters in her Pockets, I can get her to a Play or to a Concert, and ſhe may have the misfortune to loſe her Pockets.

But how ſhall I find this out; ſince her Dorcas knows no more of her dreſſing or undreſſing than her Lovelace? For ſhe is dreſſed for the day, before ſhe appears even to her ſervant. Vilely ſuſpicious! Upon my ſoul, Jack, a ſuſpicious temper is a puniſhable temper. If a woman ſuſpects a rogue in an honeſt man, is it not enough to make the honeſt man who knows it a rogue?

But as to her Pockets, I think my mind hankers after them, as the leſs miſchievous attempt. But they cannot hold all the Letters that I ſhould wiſh to ſee. And yet a woman's Pockets are half as deep as ſhe is high. Tied round the ſweet *Levities*, I preſume, as Ballaſt-bags, leſt the wind, as they move with full ſail, from whale-ribbed canvas, ſhould blow away the gypſies.

He

He then, in apprehenſion that ſomething is meditateing between the two Ladies, or that ſomething may be ſet on foot to get Miſs Harlowe out of his hands, relates ſeveral of his contrivances, and boaſts of his inſtructions given in writing to Dorcas and to his ſervant Will. Summers; and ſays, that he has provided againſt every poſſible accident, even to bring her back *if ſhe ſhould eſcape, or in caſe ſhe ſhould go abroad, and then* refuſe to return; *and hopes ſo to manage, as that, ſhould he make an attempt, whether he ſucceed in it, or not, he may have a pretence to detain her.*

He then proceeds as follows:

I have ordered Dorcas to cultivate by all means her Lady's favour; to lament her incapacity as to writing and reading; to ſhew Letters to her Lady, as from pretended country relations; to beg her advice how to anſwer them, and to get them anſwered; and to be always aiming at ſcrawling with a pen, leſt inky fingers ſhould give ſuſpicion. I have moreover given the wench an ivory-leafed pocket-book, with a ſilver pencil, that ſhe may make memoranda on occaſion.

And let me tell thee, that the Lady has already (at Mrs. Sinclair's motion) removed her cloaths out of the trunks they came in, into an ample mahogany repoſitory, where they will lie at full length, and which has drawers in it for linen.—A repoſitory, that uſed to hold the richeſt ſuits which ſome of the nymphs put on, when they are to be dreſſed out, to captivate, or to ape Quality. For many a Counteſs, thou knoweſt, has our mother equipped; nay, two or three Ducheſſes, who live upon *Quality-terms* with their Lords. But this to ſuch as will come up to her price, and can make an appearance like Quality themſelves on the occaſion: For the Reputation of perſons of

Birth

Birth muſt not lie at the mercy of every *under-degreed* ſinner.

A maſter-key which will open every lock in this cheſt, is put into Dorcas's hands; and ſhe is to take care, when ſhe ſearches for papers, before ſhe removes any-thing, to obſerve how it lies, that ſhe may replace all to a hair. Sally and Polly can occaſionally help to tranſcribe. Slow and ſure with ſuch an Argus-eyed charmer muſt be all my movements.

It is impoſſible that one ſo young and ſo inexperienced as ſhe is, can have all her caution from herſelf; the behaviour of the women ſo unexceptionable; no revellings, no company ever admitted into this inner-houſe; all genteel, quiet, and eaſy, in it; the Nymphs well-bred, and well-read; her firſt diſguſts to the Old one got over—It muſt be Miſs Howe therefore [Who once was in danger of being taken in by one of our claſs, by honeſt Sir George Colmar, as thou haſt heard] that makes my progreſs difficult.

Thou ſeeſt, Belford, by the above *precautionaries*, that I forget nothing. As the Song ſays, it is not to be imagined

On what ſlight ſtrings
Depend thoſe things,
On which men build their glory!

So far, ſo good. I ſhall never reſt till I have diſcovered in the firſt place, where the dear creature puts her Letters; and in the next till I have got her to a Play, to a Concert, or to take an Airing with me out of town for a day or two.

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I GAVE thee juſt now ſome of *my* Contrivances. Dorcas, who is ever attentive to all her Lady's motions, has given me ſome inſtances of her *miſtreſs*'s precautions. She wafers her Letters, it ſeems, in two places; pricks the wafers; and then ſeals upon them. No doubt but the ſame care is taken with re-

gard

gard to thoſe brought to her; for ſhe always examines the Seals of the latter before ſhe opens them.

I muſt, I muſt come at them. This difficulty augments my curioſity. Strange, ſo much as ſhe writes, and at all hours, that not one ſleepy or forgetful moment has offered in our favour!

A fair contention, thou ſeeſt: Nor plead thou in her favour her *Youth*, her *Beauty*, her *Family*, her *Fortune*. CREDULITY, ſhe has none; and with regard to her TENDER YEARS, Am I not a *young fellow* myſelf? As to BEAUTY; pr'ythee, Jack, do thou, to ſpare my modeſty, make a compariſon between my Clariſſa for a *Woman*, and thy Lovelace for a *Man*. For her FAMILY, That was not known to its country a Century ago: And I hate them all but her. Have I not cauſe?—For her FORTUNE; Fortune, thou knoweſt, was ever a *ſtimulus* with me; and this for reaſons not ignoble. Do not girls of Fortune adorn themſelves on purpoſe to engage our attention? Seek they not to draw us into their ſnares? Depend they not, generally, on their *Fortunes*, in the views they have upon us, more than on their *Merits?* Shall we deprive them of the benefit of their *principal* dependence?—Can I, in particular, marry *every girl* who wiſhes to obtain my notice? If therefore, in ſupport of the libertine principles for which none of the ſweet rogues hate us, a woman of fortune is brought to yield homage to her Emperor, and any conſequences attend the *Subjugation*, is not ſuch a one ſhielded by her fortune, as well from inſult and contempt, as from indigence?—All, then, that admits of debate between my Beloved and me, is only this—Which of the two has more *Wit*, more *Circumſpection*—And that remains to be tried.

A ſad Life however, this Life of Doubt and Suſpenſe, for the poor Lady to live, as well as for me; that is to ſay, if ſhe be not *naturally* jealous—If ſhe be,

be, her uneaſineſs is conſtitutional, and ſhe cannot help it; nor will it, in that caſe, hurt her. For a ſuſpicious temper will *make* occaſions for doubt, if none were to offer to its hand. My Fair-one therefore, if naturally ſuſpicious, is obliged to me for ſaving her the trouble of *ſtudying* for theſe occaſions—But after all, the plaineſt paths in our journeys through life are the ſafeſt and beſt I believe, although it is not given me to chuſe them. I am not, however, ſingular in the purſuit of the more intricate paths; ſince there are thouſands and ten thouſands, who had rather fiſh in troubled waters than in ſmooth.

LETTER IX.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq*;

Tueſday, May 9.

I AM a very unhappy man. This Lady is ſaid to be one of the ſweeteſt-tempered creatures in the world: And ſo I thought her. But to *me*, ſhe is one of the moſt perverſe. I never was ſuppoſed to be an ill-natured mortal neither. How can it be? I imagined for a long while, that we were born to make each other happy: But quite the contrary; we really ſeem to be ſent to plague each other.

I will write a Comedy, I think. I have a Title ready; and that's half the work. *The Quarrelſome Lovers*. 'Twill do. There's ſomething new and ſtriking in it. Yet, more or leſs, all Lovers quarrel. Old Terence has taken notice of that; and obſerves upon it, That Lovers *falling-out* occaſions Lovers *falling-in*; and a better underſtanding of courſe. 'Tis natural that it ſhould be ſo. But with us, we fall-out ſo often, without falling-in once; and a ſecond quarrel ſo generally happens before a firſt is made up; that it is hard to gueſs what event our Loves will be attended with. But perſeverance is my glory, and patience my handmaid, when I have in view an object

object worthy of my attempts. What is there in an eaſy conqueſt? Hudibras queſtions well,

——What mad Lover ever dy'd
To gain a ſoft and eaſy Bride?
Or, for a Lady tender-hearted,
In purling ſtreams, or hemp, departed?

But I will lead to the occaſion of this preamble.

I had been out. On my return, meeting Dorcas on the ſtairs—Your Lady in her chamber, Dorcas? In the Dining-room, Sir: And if ever you hope for an opportunity to come at a Letter, it muſt be now. For at her feet I ſaw one lie, which, as may be ſeen by its open folds, ſhe has been reading, with a little parcel of others ſhe is now buſied with—All pulled out of her pocket, as I believe: So, Sir, you'll know where to find them another time.

I was ready to leap for joy, and inſtantly reſolved to bring forward an expedient which I had held in petto; and entering into the Dining-room, with an air of tranſport, I boldly claſped my arms about her, as ſhe ſat; ſhe huddling up her papers in her handkerchief all the time; the dropt paper unſeen. O my deareſt life, a lucky expedient have Mr. Mennell and I hit upon, juſt now. In order to haſten Mrs. Fretchville to quit the houſe, I have agreed, if you approve of it, to entertain her cook, her houſemaid, and two men-ſervants (about whom ſhe was very ſolicitous) till you are provided to your mind. And that no accommodations may be wanted, I have conſented to take the houſhold linen at an appraiſement.

I am to pay down five hundred pounds, and the remainder as ſoon as the bills can be looked up, and the amount of them adjuſted. Thus will you have a charming houſe entirely ready to receive you. Some of the Ladies of my family will ſoon be with you: They will not permit you long to ſuſpend my happy day. And that nothing may be wanting to gratify

your utmoſt punctilio, I will till then conſent to ſtay here at Mrs. Sinclair's, while you reſide at your new houſe; and leave the reſt to your own generoſity. O my beloved creature, will not this be agreeable to you? I am ſure it will—It muſt—And claſping her cloſer to me, I gave her a more fervent kiſs than ever I had dared to give her before. I permitted not my ardor to overcome my diſcretion however; for I took care to ſet my foot upon the Letter, and ſcraped it farther from her, as it were behind her chair.

She was in a paſſion at the liberty I took. Bowing low, I begged her pardon; and ſtooping ſtill lower, in the ſame motion, took up the Letter, and whipt it into my boſom.

Pox on me for a puppy, a fool, a blockhead, a clumſy varlet, a mere Jack Belford!—I thought myſelf a much cleverer fellow than I am!—Why could I not have been followed in by Dorcas; who might have taken it up, while I addreſſed her Lady?

For here, the Letter being unfolded, I could not put it into my boſom, without alarming her ears, as my ſudden motion did her eyes.—Up ſhe flew in a moment: Traitor! Judas! her eyes flaſhing lightning, and a perturbation in her eager countenance, ſo charming!—What have you taken up?—And then, what for both my ears I durſt not to have done to her, ſhe made no ſcruple to ſeize the ſtolen Letter, though in my boſom.

What was to be done on ſo palpable a detection?—I claſped her hand, which had hold of the raviſhed paper, between mine: O my beloved creature! ſaid I, can you think I have not *ſome* curioſity? Is it poſſible you can be thus for ever employed; and I, loveing narrative Letter-writing above every other ſpecies of writing, and admiring your talent that way, ſhould not (thus upon the dawn of my happineſs, as I preſume to hope) burn with a deſire to be admitted into ſo ſweet a correſpondence?

Let

Let go my hand!—ſtamping with her pretty foot: How dare you, Sir!—At this rate, I ſee—Too plainly I ſee—And more ſhe could not ſay: But, gaſping, was ready to faint with paſſion and affright; the devil a bit of her accuſtomed gentleneſs to be ſeen in her charming face, or to be heard in her muſical voice.

Having gone thus far, loth, very loth was I to loſe my prize—Once more I got hold of the rumpled-up Letter!—*Impudent man!* were her words: Stamping again. *For God's ſake*, then it was. I let go my prize, leſt ſhe ſhould faint away: But had the pleaſure firſt to find my hand within both hers, ſhe trying to open my reluctant fingers. How near was my heart at that moment to my hand, throbbing to my fingers ends, to be thus familiarly, although angrily, treated by the charmer of my ſoul!

When ſhe had got it in her poſſeſſion, ſhe flew to the door. I threw myſelf in her way, ſhut it, and, in the humbleſt manner, beſought her to forgive me. And yet do you think the Harlowe-hearted charmer (notwithſtanding the agreeable annunciation I came in with) would forgive me?—No truly; but puſhing me rudely from the door, as if I had been nothing [Yet do I love to try, ſo innocently to try, her ſtrength too!] ſhe gaining that force through paſſion, which I had loſt thro' fear, out ſhe ſhot to her own apartment [Thank my ſtars ſhe could fly no further!]; and as ſoon as ſhe entered it, in a paſſion ſtill, ſhe double-locked and double-bolted herſelf in. This my comfort, on reflection, that, upon a greater offence, it cannot be worſe.

I retreated to my own apartment, with my heart full: And, my man Will. not being near me, gave myſelf a plaguy knock on the forehead, with my double fiſt.

And now is my Charmer ſhut up from me: Refuſing to ſee me; refuſing her meals. She reſolves *not*

to ſee me; that's more:—Never again, if ſhe can help it; and *in the mind ſhe is in*—I hope ſhe has ſaid.

The dear creatures, whenever they quarrel with their humble ſervants, ſhould always remember this ſaving clauſe, that they may not be forſworn.

But thinkeſt thou that I will not make it the ſubject of one of my firſt plots, to inform myſelf of the reaſon why all this commotion was neceſſary on ſo ſlight an occaſion as this would have been, were not the Letters that paſs between theſe Ladies of a treaſonable nature?

Wedneſday Morning.

No admiſſion to breakfaſt, any more than to ſupper. I wiſh this Lady is not a Simpleton, after all.

I have ſent up in Capt. Mennell's name.

A Meſſage from Capt. Mennell, Madam.

It won't do. She is of Baby age. She cannot be—a Solomon, I was going to ſay, in every-thing. Solomon, Jack, was the wiſeſt man. But didſt ever hear who was the wiſeſt Woman? I want a compariſon for this Lady. Cunning women and witches we read of without number. But I fanſy *Wiſdom* never entered into the character of a woman. It is not a requiſite of the Sex. Women, indeed, make better Sovereigns than men: But why is that?—Becauſe the Women ſovereigns are governed by Men; the Men-ſovereigns by Women.—Charming, by my Soul! For hence we gueſs at the rudder by which both are ſteered.

But to putting wiſdom out of the queſtion, and to take *Cunning* in; that is to ſay, To conſider Woman *as* a Woman; what ſhall we do, if this Lady has ſomething extraordinary in her head? Repeated charges has ſhe given to Wilſon, by a particular meſſenger, to ſend any Letter directed for her the moment it comes.

I muſt keep a good Look-out. She is not now afraid

afraid of her Brother's plot. I ſhan't be at all ſurpriſed, if Singleton calls upon Miſs Howe, as the only perſon who *knows*, or is *likely to know*, where Miſs Harlowe is; pretending to have affairs of importance, and of particular ſervice to her, if he can but be admitted to her ſpeech—Of compromiſe, who knows, from her Brother?

Then will Miſs Howe warn her to keep cloſe. Then will my protection be again neceſſary. This will do, I believe. Any-thing from Miſs Howe muſt.

Joſeph Leman is a vile fellow with her, and my implement. Joſeph, *honeſt* Joſeph, as I call him, may hang himſelf. I have played him off enough, and have very little further uſe for him. No need to wear one plot to the ſtumps, when I can find new ones every hour.

Nor blame me for the uſe I make of my talents. Who, that hath ſuch, will let 'em be idle?

Well then, I will find a Singleton; that's all I have to do.

Inſtantly find one!—Will.!

Sir—

This moment call me hither thy couſin Paul Wheatly, juſt come from Sea, whom thou wert recommending to my ſervice, if I were to marry, and keep a pleaſure-boat.

Preſto—Will.'s gone—Paul will be here preſently. Preſently will he be gone to Mrs. Howe's. If Paul be Singleton's Mate, coming from his Captain, it will do as well as if it were Singleton himſelf.

Sally, a little devil, often reproaches me with the ſlowneſs of my proceedings. But in a play does not the principal entertainment lie in the *firſt four acts*? Is not all in a manner over when you come to the *fifth*? And what a vultur of a man muſt he be, who ſowſes upon his prey, and in the ſame moment truſſes and devours?

But to own the truth, I have overplotted myſelf. To make my work ſecure, as I thought, I have frighted the dear creature with the ſight of my four Hottentots, and I ſhall be a long time, I doubt, before I can recover my loſt ground. And then this curſed family at Harlowe-Place have made her out of humour with *me*, with *herſelf*, and with *all the world*, but Miſs Howe, who, no doubt, is continually adding difficulties to my other difficulties.

I am very unwilling to have recourſe to meaſures which theſe demons below are continally urging me to take; becauſe I am ſure, that, at laſt, I ſhall be brought to make her legally mine.

One complete trial over, and I think I will do her noble juſtice.

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WELL, Paul's gone—Gone already—Has all his leſſons. A notable fellow!—Lord W.'s Neceſſary-man was Paul before he went to Sea. A more ſenſible rogue Paul than Joſeph! Not ſuch a pretender to piety neither, as the other. At what a price have I bought that Joſeph! I believe I muſt puniſh the raſcal at laſt: But muſt let him marry firſt: Then (tho' that may be puniſhment enough) I ſhall puniſh two at once in the man and his wife. And how richly does Betty deſerve puniſhment for her behaviour to my goddeſs?

But now I hear the ruſty hinges of my Beloved's door give me creaking invitation. My heart creaks and throbs with reſpondent trepidations: Whimſical enough tho'! For what relation has a Lover's heart to a ruſty pair of hinges? But they are the hinges that open and ſhut the door of my Beloved's bedchamber. Relation enough in that.

I hear not the door ſhut again. I ſhall receive her commands I hope anon. What ſigniſies her keeping me thus at diſtance? She muſt be mine, let me do or offer what I will. Courage whenever I aſſume,

all

all is over: For ſhould ſhe think of eſcaping from hence, whither can ſhe fly to avoid me? Her Parents will not receive her. Her Uncles will not entertain her. Her beloved Norton is in their direction, and cannot. Miſs Howe dare not. She has not one friend in town but me—Is entirely a ſtranger to the town. And what then is the matter with me, that I ſhould be thus unaccountably over-awed and tyrannized over by a dear creature who wants only to know how impoſſible it is that ſhe ſhould eſcape me, in order to be as humble to me, as ſhe is to her perſecuting relations!

Should I even make the grand attempt, and fail, and ſhould ſhe hate me for it, her hatred can be but temporary. She has already incurred the cenſure of the world. She muſt therefore chuſe to be mine, for the ſake of ſoldering up her reputation in the eye of that impudent world. For, who that knows me, and knows that ſhe has been in my power, tho' but for twenty-four hours, will think her ſpotleſs as to fact, let her inclination be what it will? And then *human nature* is ſuch a well-known rogue, that every man and woman judges by what each knows of him or herſelf, that *inclination* is no more to be truſted, where an opportunity is given, than *I* am; eſpecially where a woman young and blooming loves a man well enough to go off with him; for ſuch will be the world's conſtruction in the preſent caſe.

She calls her maid Dorcas. No doubt, that I may hear her harmonious voice, and to give me an opportunity to pour out my ſoul at her feet; to renew all my vows; and to receive her pardon for the paſt offence: And then, with what pleaſure ſhall I begin upon a new ſcore; and afterwards wipe out that; and begin another, and another; till the *laſt* offence paſſes; and there can be *no other!* And once, after that, to be forgiven, will be to be forgiven for ever.

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THE door is again ſhut. Dorcas tells me, that her Lady denies to admit me to dine with her; a favour I had ordered the wench to beſeech her to grant me, the next time ſhe ſaw her—Not uncivilly, however, denies—Coming to by degrees! Nothing but the laſt offence, the honeſt wench tells me, in the language of her principals below, will do with her. The laſt offence is meditating. Yet this vile recreant heart of mine plays me booty.

But here I conclude; tho' the tyranneſs leaves me nothing to do, but to read, write, and fret.

Subſcription is formal between us. Beſides, I am ſo totally hers, that I cannot ſay how much I am thine or any other perſon's.

LETTER X.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Tueſday, May 9.

IF, my dear, you approve of the application to my Uncle Harlowe, I wiſh it may be made as ſoon as poſſible. We are quite out again. I have ſhut myſelf up from him. The offence indeed not *very* great—And yet it is too. He had like to have got a Letter. One of yours. But never will I write again, or reperuſe my papers, in an apartment where he thinks himſelf entitled to come. He did not read a line of it. Indeed he did not. So don't be uneaſy. And depend upon future caution.

Thus it was. The Sun being upon my cloſet, and Mr. Lovelace abroad—

She then gives Miſs Howe an account of his coming in by ſurprize upon her: Of his fluttering ſpeech: Of his bold addreſs: Of her ſtruggle with him for the Letter, &c.

And now, my dear, *proceeds ſhe*, I am more and more convinced, that I am too much in his power to make it prudent to ſtay with him. And if my friends

will

will but give me hope, I will reſolve to abandon him for ever.

O my dear! he is a fierce, a fooliſh, an inſolent creature!—And in truth, I hardly expect, that we *can* accommodate. How much unhappier am I already with him, than my Mother ever was with my Father after marriage! Since (and that without any reaſon, any pretence in the world for it) he is for breaking my ſpirit *before* I am his; and while I am, or ought to be [O my folly, that I am not!] in my own power.

Till I can know whether my friends will give me hope or not, I muſt do what I never ſtudied to do before in any caſe; that is, try to keep this difference open: And yet it will make me look *little in my own eyes*; becauſe I ſhall mean by it more than I can own. But this is one of the conſequences of a ſtep I ſhall ever deplore! The natural fruits of all engagements, where the minds are unpaired—*diſ-paired*, in my caſe may I ſay.

Let this evermore be my caution to individuals of my Sex—Guard your eye: 'Twill ever be in a combination againſt your judgment. If there are two parts to be taken, it will for ever, traitor as it is, take the wrong one.

If you aſk me, my dear, How this caution befits me? let me tell you a ſecret which I have but very lately found out upon ſelf-examination, altho' you ſeem to have made the diſcovery long ago; That had not my fooliſh eye been too much attached, I had not taken the pains to attempt, ſo officiouſly as I did, the prevention of miſchief between him and ſome of my family, which firſt induced the correſpondence between us, and was the occaſion of bringing the apprehended miſchief with double weight upon himſelf. My vanity and conceit, as far as I know, might have part in the inconſiderate meaſure: For does it not look as if I thought my-

ſelf more capable of obviating difficulties, than anybody elſe of my family?

But you muſt not, my dear, ſuppoſe my heart to be ſtill a confederate with my eye. That deluded eye now clearly ſees its fault, and the miſled heart deſpiſes it for it. Hence the application I am making to my Uncle: Hence it is, that I can ſay (I think truly) that I would atone for my fault at any rate, even by the ſacrifice of a limb or two, if that would do.

Adieu, my deareſt friend!—May your heart never know the hundredth part of the pain mine at preſent feels! prays

Your CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XI.

Miſs HOWE, *To Miſs* CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Wedneſday, May 10.

I *Will* write! No *man* ſhall write for me (*a*). No *woman* ſhall hinder me from writing. Surely I am of age to diſtinguiſh betwen reaſon and caprice. I am not writing to a man, am I?—If I were carrying on a correſpondence with a fellow, of whom my Mother diſapproved, and whom it might be improper for me to encourage, my own honour and my duty would engage my obedience. But as the caſe is ſo widely different, not a word more on this ſubject, I beſeech you!

I much approve of your reſolution to leave this wretch, if you can make up with your Uncle.

I hate the man—Moſt heartily do I hate him, for his teazing ways. The very reading of your account of them teazes me almoſt as much as they can you. May you have encouragement to fly the fooliſh wretch!

I have other reaſons to wiſh you may: For I

(*a*) Clariſſa propoſes *Mr. Hickman* to write for Miſs Howe. See Vol. III. Letter lxix. Parag. 5, & ult.

have juſt made an acquaintance with one who knows a vaſt deal of his private hiſtory. The man is really a villain, my dear! an execrable one! if all be true that I have heard: And yet I am promiſed *other* particulars. I do aſſure you, my dear friend, that had he a dozen lives, he might have forfeited them all, and been dead *twenty crimes* ago.

If ever you condeſcend to talk familiarly with him again, aſk him after Miſs Betterton, and what became of her: And if he ſhuffle and prevaricate as to her, queſtion him about Miſs Lockyer.—O my dear, the man's a villain!

I will have your Uncle ſounded, as you deſire, and that out of hand. But yet I am afraid of the ſucceſs; and this for ſeveral reaſons. 'Tis hard to ſay what the ſacrifice of your Eſtate would do with ſome people: And yet I muſt not, when it comes to the teſt, permit you to make it.

As your Hannah continues ill, I would adviſe you to try to attach Dorcas to your intereſt. Have you not been impoliticly ſhy of her?

I wiſh you could come at ſome of his Letters. Surely a man of his negligent character cannot be always guarded. If *he be*, and if you cannot engage *your* ſervant, I ſhall ſuſpect them both. Let him be called upon at a ſhort warning when he is writing, or when he has papers lying about, and ſo ſurpriſe him into negligence.

Such enquiries, I know, are of the ſame nature with thoſe we make at an Inn in travelling, when we look into every corner and cloſet for fear of a villain; yet ſhould be frighted out of our wits, were we to find one. But 'tis better to detect ſuch a one when awake and up, than to be attacked by him when in bed and aſleep.

I am glad you have your cloaths. But no money! No books, but a *Spira*, a *Drexelius*, and a *Practice of Piety!* Thoſe who ſent the latter, ought to have

kept it for themſelves.—But I muſt hurry myſelf from this ſubject.

You have exceedingly alarmed me by what you hint of his attempt to get one of my Letters. I am aſſured by my new informant, that he is the head of a gang of wretches (thoſe he brought you among, no doubt, were ſome of them) who join together to betray innocent creatures, and to ſupport one another afterwards by violence; and were he to come at the knowlege of the freedoms I take with him, I ſhould be afraid to ſtir out without a guard.

I am ſorry to tell you, that I have reaſon to think, that your Brother has not laid aſide his fooliſh plot. A ſun-burnt, ſailor-looking fellow was with me juſt now, pretending great ſervice to you from Captain Singleton, could he be admitted to your ſpeech. I pleaded ignorance, as to the place of your abode. The fellow was too well inſtructed for me to get any-thing out of him.

I wept for two hours inceſſantly on reading yours, which incloſed that from your Couſin Morden (*a*). My deareſt creature, do not deſert yourſelf. Let your Anna Howe obey the call of that friendſhip which has united us as one ſoul, and endeavour to give you conſolation.

I wonder not at the melancholy reflections you ſo often caſt upon yourſelf in your Letters, for the ſtep you have been forced upon, on one hand, and tricked into on the other. A ſtrange fatality! *As if it were deſigned to ſhew the vanity of all human prudence.* I wiſh, my dear, as you hint, that both you and I have not *too much prided ourſelves in a perhaps too conſcious ſuperiority over others.* But I will ſtop—How apt are weak minds to look out for judgments in any extraordinary event! 'Tis ſo far right, that it is better, and ſafer, and juſter, to arraign ourſelves, or our deareſt friends, than Providence; which muſt always have wiſe ends to anſwer in its diſpenſations.

(*a*) See Letter vii.

But

But do not talk, as in one of your former, of being a Warning *only* (*a*)—You will be as excellent an Example, as ever you hoped to be, as well as a Warning: And that will make your ſtory, to all that ſhall come to know it, of double efficacy: For were it that ſuch a merit as yours could not enſure to herſelf noble and generous uſage from a Libertine heart, who will expect any tolerable behaviour from men of his character?

If You think yourſelf inexcuſeable for taking a ſtep that put you into the way of deluſion, *without any intention to go off with him*, what muſt thoſe giddy creatures think of themſelves, who, without half your provocations and inducements, and without any regard to decorum, leap walls, drop from windows, and ſteal away from their parents houſe, to the ſeducer's bed, in the ſame day?

Again, if You are ſo ready to accuſe yourſelf for diſpenſing with the prohibitions of the moſt unreaſonable parents, which yet were but half-prohibitions at firſt, what ought thoſe to do, who wilfully ſhut their ears to the advice of the moſt reaſonable; and that, perhaps, where apparent ruin, or *undoubted inconvenience*, is the conſequence of the *predetermined* raſhneſs?

And, laſtly, to all who will know your Story, you will be an excellent *Example* of watchfulneſs, and of that caution and reſerve by which a prudent perſon who has been ſuppoſed to be a little miſled, endeavours to mend her error; and, never once loſing ſight of her duty, does all in her power to recover the path ſhe has been rather driven out of, than choſen to ſwerve from.

Come, come, my deareſt friend, conſider but theſe things; and ſteadily, without deſponding, purſue your earneſt purpoſes to amend what you think has been amiſs; and it may not be a misfortune in the end, that you have erred; eſpecially as ſo little of your will was in your error.

And indeed I muſt ſay, that I uſe the words *miſled*,

(*a*) See Vol. III. Letter xxiv.

and

and *error*, and ſuch-like, only in compliment to your own too ready ſelf-accuſations, and to the opinion of one to whom I owe duty: For I think in my conſcience, that every part of your conduct is defenſible; and that thoſe only are blameable who have no other way to clear themſelves but by condemning you.

I expect, however, that ſuch melancholy reflections as drop from your pen but too often, will mingle with all your future pleaſures, were you to marry Lovelace, and were he to make the beſt of huſbands.

You was immenſely happy, above the happineſs of a mortal creature, before you knew him: Everybody almoſt worſhipped you: Envy itſelf, which has of late reared up its venomous head againſt you, was awed by your ſuperior worthineſs, into ſilence and admiration. You was the ſoul of every company where you viſited. Your elders have I ſeen declining to offer their opinions upon a ſubject till you had delivered yours; often to ſave themſelves the mortification of retracting *theirs*, when they heard *yours*. Yet, in all this, your ſweetneſs of manners, your humility and affability, cauſed the ſubſcription every one made to your ſentiments, and to your ſuperiority, to be equally unfeigned and unheſitating; for they ſaw that their applauſe, and the preference they gave you to themſelves, ſubjected not themſelves to inſults, nor exalted you into any viſible triumph over them; for you had always ſomething to ſay on every point you carried that raiſed the yielding heart, and left every one pleaſed and ſatisfied with themſelves, though they carried not off the palm.

Your Works were ſhewn or referred to where-ever fine works were talked of. Nobody had any but an inferior and ſecond-hand praiſe for diligence, for œconomy, for reading, for writing, for memory, for facility in learning every-thing laudable, and even for the more envied graces of perſon and dreſs, and an all-ſurpaſſing elegance in both, where you were known, and thoſe ſubjects talk'd of.

The

The Poor bleſſed you every ſtep you trod: The Rich thought you their honour, and took a pride that they were not obliged to deſcend from their own claſs for an example that did credit to it.

Though all men wiſhed for you, and ſought you, young as you were; yet, had not thoſe who were brought to addreſs you, been encouraged out of ſordid and ſpiteful views, not one of them would have dared to lift up his eyes to you.

Thus happy in all about you, thus making happy all within your circle, could you think that nothing would happen to you, to convince you, *that you were not to be exempted from the common lot?*—To convince you, *that you were not abſolutely perfect*; and that *you muſt not expect to paſs through life without trial, temptation, and misfortune?*

Indeed it muſt be owned that no trial, no temptation, worthy of your virtue, and of your prudence, could well have attacked you ſooner, becauſe of your tender years, nor more effectually, than thoſe heavy ones, under which you ſtruggle; ſince it muſt be allowed, that your equanimity and foreſight made you ſuperior to common accidents; for are not moſt of the troubles that fall to the lot of common mortals brought upon themſelves either by their *too large deſires*, or *too little deſerts?*—Caſes, both, from which you ſtood exempt.—It was therefore to be ſome *man*, or ſome *worſe ſpirit in the ſhape of one*, that, formed on purpoſe, was to be ſent to invade you; while as many other ſuch ſpirits as there are perſons in your family, were permitted to take poſſeſſion, ſeverally, in one dark hour, of the heart of every one of it, there to ſit perching, perhaps, and directing every motion to the motions of the ſeducer without, in order to irritate, to provoke, to puſh you forward *to meet him.*

Upon the whole, there ſeems, as I have often ſaid, to have been a kind of fate in your error, if it *were*

an

an error; and this perhaps admitted *for the ſake of a better Example to be collected from your* SUFFERINGS, *than could have been given, had you never erred*: For, my dear, the time of ADVERSITY *is your* SHINING-TIME. I ſee evidently, that adverſity muſt call forth graces and beauties which could not have been brought to light in a run of that proſperous fortune, which attended you from your cradle till now; admirably as you *became*, and, as we all thought, greatly as you *deſerved* that proſperity.

All the matter is, the trial muſt be grievous to you. It is to *me*: It is to all who love you, and looked upon you as one ſet aloft to be admired and imitated, and not as a mark, as you have lately found, for Envy to ſhoot its ſhafts at.

Let what I have written above have its due weight with you, my dear; and then, as warm imaginations are not without a mixture of Enthuſiaſm, your Anna Howe, who, on reperuſal of it, imagines it to be in a ſtyle ſuperior to her uſual ſtyle, will be ready to flatter herſelf that ſhe has been in a manner inſpired with the hints that have comforted and raiſed the dejected heart of her ſuffering friend; who, from ſuch hard trials, in a bloom ſo tender, may find at times her ſpirits ſunk too low to enable her to pervade the ſurrounding darkneſs, which conceals from her the hopeful dawning of the better day which awaits her.

I will add no more at preſent, than that I am

Your ever faithful and affectionate

ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XII.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Friday, May 12.

I Muſt be ſilent, my exalted friend, under praiſes that oppreſs my heart with a conſciouſneſs of not deſerving them; at the ſame time that the generous deſign

deſign of thoſe praiſes raiſes and comforts it: For it is a charming thing to ſtand high in the opinion of thoſe we love; and to find that there are ſouls that can carry their friendſhips beyond accidents, beyond body, and ties of blood. Whatever, my deareſt creature, is *my* ſhining-time, the time of a *friend*'s adverſity is *yours*. And it would be almoſt a fault in me to regret thoſe afflictions, which give you an opportunity ſo glorioufly to exert thoſe qualities, which not only ennoble our Sex, but dignify human nature.

But let me proceed to ſubjects leſs agreeable.

I am ſorry you have reaſon to think Singleton's projects are not at an end. But who knows what the ſailor had to propoſe?—Yet had any good been intended me, this method would hardly have been fallen upon.

Depend upon it, my dear, your Letters ſhall be ſafe.

I have made a handle of Mr. Lovelace's bold attempt and freedom, as I told you I would, to keep him ever ſince at a diſtance, that I may have an opportunity to ſee the ſucceſs of the application to my Uncle, and to be at liberty to embrace any favourable overtures that may ariſe from it. Yet he has been very importunate, and twice brought Mr. Mennell from Mrs. Fretchville to talk about the houſe.—*If I ſhould be obliged to make up with him again, I ſhall think I am always doing myſelf a ſpite.*

As to what you mention of his newly-detected crimes; and your advice to attach Dorcas to my intereſt; and to come at ſome of his Letters; theſe things will require more or leſs of my attention, as I may hope favour or not from my Uncle Harlowe.

I am ſorry that my poor Hannah continues ill. Pray, my dear, inform yourſelf, and let me know, whether ſhe wants any-thing that befits her caſe.

I will not cloſe this Letter till to-morrow is over; for I am reſolved to go to church; and this as well for

for the ſake of my duty, as to ſee, if I am at liberty to go out when I pleaſe without being attended or accompanied.

Sunday, May 14.

I HAVE not been able to avoid a ſhort debate with Mr. Lovelace. I had ordered a coach to the door. When I had notice that it was come, I went out of my chamber to go to it; but met him dreſſed on the ſtairs-head with a book in his hand, but without his Hat and Sword. He aſked with an air very ſolemn, yet reſpectful, if I were going abroad. I told him I was. He deſired leave to attend me, if I were going to church. I refuſed him. And then he complained heavily of my treatment of him; and declared that he would not live ſuch another week as the paſt, for the world.

I owned to him very frankly, that I had made an application to my friends; and that I was reſolved to keep myſelf to myſelf till I knew the iſſue of it.

He coloured, and ſeemed ſurpriſed. But checking himſelf in ſomething he was going to ſay, he pleaded my danger from Singleton, and again deſired to attend me.

And then he told me, that Mrs. Fretchville had deſired to continue a fortnight longer in the houſe. She found, ſaid he, that I was unable to determine about entering upon it; and now who knows *when* ſuch a vapouriſh creature will come to a reſolution? This, Madam, has been an unhappy week; for had I not ſtood upon ſuch bad terms with you, *you might have been now miſtreſs of that houſe*; and probably had my Couſin Montague, if not Lady Betty, actually with you.

And ſo, Sir, taking all you ſay for granted, your Couſin Montague cannot come to Mrs. Sinclair's? What, pray, is her objection to Mrs. Sinclair's? Is this houſe fit for me to live in a month or two, and not fit for any of your relations for a few day's?—

And

And Mrs. Fretchville has *taken more time too!*—Then, puſhing by him, I hurried down ſtairs.

He called to Dorcas to bring him his Sword and Hat; and following me down into the paſſage, placed himſelf between me and the door; and again deſired leave to attend me.

Mrs. Sinclair came out at that inſtant, and aſked me, if I did not chuſe a diſh of chocolate?

I wiſh, Mrs. Sinclair, ſaid I, you would take this man in with you to your chocolate. I don't know whether I am at liberty to ſtir out without his leave or not.

Then turning to him, I aſked, If he kept me there his priſoner?

Dorcas juſt then bringing him his Sword and Hat, he opened the ſtreet-door, and taking my reluctant hand, led me, in a very obſequious manner, to the coach. People paſſing by, ſtopt, ſtared, and whiſpered—But he is ſo graceful in his perſon and dreſs, that he generally takes every eye.

I was uneaſy to be ſo gazed at; and he ſtepped in after me, and the coachman drove to St. Paul's.

He was very full of aſſiduities all the way; while I was as reſerved as poſſible: And when I returned, dined, as I had done the greateſt part of the week, by myſelf.

He told me, upon my reſolving to do ſo, that altho' he would continue his paſſive obſervance till I knew the iſſue of my application; yet I muſt expect, that *then* I ſhould not reſt one moment till I had fixed his happy day: For that his very ſoul was fretted with my ſlights, reſentments, and delays.

A wretch! when I can ſay, to my infinite regret, on a *double* account, that all he complains of is owing to himſelf!

O that I may have good tidings from my Uncle!

Adieu, my deareſt friend!—This ſhall lie ready for an exchange (as I hope for one to-morrow from you) that will decide, as I may ſay, the deſtiny of

Your

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XIII.

Miſs HOWE, *To Mrs.* JUDITH NORTON.

Good Mrs. Norton, *Thurſday, May* 11.

CANNOT you, without naming *me* as an adviſer, who am hated by the family, contrive a way to let Mrs. Harlowe know, that in an accidental converſation with me, you had been aſſured, that my beloved friend pines after a Reconciliation with her relations? That ſhe has hitherto, in hopes of it, refuſed to enter into any obligation that ſhall be in the leaſt an hindrance to it: That ſhe would fain avoid giving Mr. Lovelace a right to make her family uneaſy in relation to her Grandfather's Eſtate: That all ſhe wiſhes for ſtill is to be indulged in her choice of a Single Life, and, on that condition, would make her Father's pleaſure hers with regard to that Eſtate: That Mr. Lovelace is continually preſſing her to marry him; and all his friends likewiſe: But that I am ſure, ſhe has ſo little liking to the man, becauſe of his faulty morals, and of the antipathy of her relations to him, that if ſhe had any hope given her of a Reconciliation, ſhe would forego all thoughts of him, and put herſelf into her Father's protection. But that their reſolution muſt be ſpeedy; for otherwiſe ſhe would find herſelf obliged to give way to his preſſing entreaties; and it might then be out of her power to prevent diſagreeable litigations.

I do aſſure you, Mrs. Norton, upon my honour, that our deareſt friend knows nothing of this procedure of mine: And therefore it is proper to acquaint you, in confidence, with my grounds for it.—Theſe are they:

She had deſired me to let Mr. Hickman drop hints to the above effect to her Uncle Harlowe; but indirectly as from *himſelf*, leſt, if the application ſhould not be attended with ſucceſs, and Mr. Lovelace (who already

already takes it ill, that he has ſo little of her favour) come to know it, ſhe may be deprived of *every* protection, and be perhaps ſubjected to great inconveniences from ſo haughty a ſpirit.

Having this authority from her, and being very ſolicitous about the ſucceſs of the application, I thought, that if the weight of ſo good a Wife, Mother, and Siſter, as Mrs. Harlowe is known to be, were thrown into the ſame ſcale with that of Mr. John Harlowe (ſuppoſing he *could* be engaged) it could hardly fail of making a due impreſſion.

Mr. Hickman will ſee Mr. John Harlowe to-morrow: By that time you may ſee Mrs. Harlowe. If Mr. Hickman finds the old gentleman favourable, he will tell him, that you will have ſeen Mrs. Harlowe upon the ſame account; and will adviſe him to join in conſultation with her how beſt to proceed to melt the moſt obdurate hearts in the world.

This is the fair ſtate of the matter, and my true motive for writing to you. I leave all therefore to your diſcretion; and moſt heartily wiſh ſucceſs to it; being of opinion that Mr. Lovelace cannot poſſibly deſerve our admirable friend: Nor indeed know I the man who does.

Pray acquaint me by a line of the reſult of your interpoſition. If it prove not ſuch as may be reaſonably hoped for, our dear friend ſhall know nothing of this ſtep from me; and pray let her not from you. For, in that caſe, it would only give deeper grief to a heart already too much afflicted. I am, dear and worthy Mrs. Norton,

Your true friend,

ANNA HOWE.

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

Mrs. NORTON, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Dear Madam, *Saturday, May* 13.

MY heart is almoſt broken to be obliged to let you know, that ſuch is the ſituation of things in the family of my ever-dear Miſs Harlowe, that there can be at preſent no ſucceſs expected from any application in her favour. Her poor Mother is to be pitied. I have a moſt affecting Letter from her; but muſt not communicate it to you; and ſhe forbids me to let it be known that ſhe writes upon the ſubject; although ſhe is compelled, as it were, to do it, for the eaſe of her own heart. I mention it therefore in confidence.

I hope in God that my beloved young Lady has preſerved her honour inviolate. I hope there is not a man breathing, who could attempt a ſacrilege ſo deteſtable. I have no apprehenſion of a failure in a virtue ſo eſtabliſhed. God for ever keep ſo pure a heart out of the reach of ſurpriſes and violence! Eaſe, dear Madam, I beſeech you, my over-anxious heart, by one line, by the bearer, altho' but by *one* line, to acquaint me (as ſurely you can) that her honour is unſullied.—If it be not, adieu to all the comforts this life can give: Since none will it be able to afford

To the poor JUDITH NORTON.

LETTER XV.

Miſs HOWE, *To Mrs.* JUDITH NORTON.

Dear good Woman, *Saturday Evening, May* 13.

YOUR Beloved's honour is inviolate!—*Muſt* be inviolate! And *will* be ſo, in ſpite of men and devils. Could I have had hope of a Reconciliation, all my view was, that ſhe ſhould not have had this man.

man.—All that can be ſaid now, is, She muſt run the riſk of a bad huſband: She, of whom no man living is worthy!

You pity her Mother—So do not *I!* I pity no Mother, that puts it out of her power to ſhew maternal Love, and Humanity, in order to patch up for herſelf a precarious and ſorry quiet, which every blaſt of wind ſhall diſturb.

I hate tyrants in every form and ſhape: But paternal and maternal tyrants are the worſt of all: For they can have no bowels.

I repeat, that I pity *none* of them. Our beloved friend *only* deſerves pity. She had never been in the hands of this man, but for them. She is quite blameleſs. You don't know all her ſtory. Were I to tell you that ſhe had no intention to go off with this man, it would avail her nothing. It would only ſerve to condemn, with thoſe who drove her to extremities, *him*, who now muſt be her refuge. I am

Your ſincere Friend and Servant,

ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XVI.

Mrs. HARLOWE, *To Mrs.* NORTON.

[*Not communicated till the Letters came to be collected.*]

Saturday, May 13.

I Return an anſwer in writing, as I promiſed, to your communication. But take no notice either to my Bella's Betty (who I underſtand ſometimes viſits you) or to the poor wretch herſelf, nor to anybody, that I do write. I charge you don't. My heart is full: Writing may give ſome vent to my griefs, and perhaps I may write what lies moſt upon my heart, without confining myſelf ſtrictly to the preſent ſubject.

You know how dear this ingrateful creature ever was

was to us all. You know how ſincerely we joined with every one of thoſe who ever had ſeen her, or converſed with her, to praiſe and admire her; and exceeded in our praiſe even the bounds of that modeſty, which, becauſe ſhe was our own, ſhould have reſtrained us; being of opinion, that to have been ſilent in the praiſe of ſo apparent a merit, muſt rather have argued blindneſs or affectation in us, than that we ſhould incur the cenſure of vain partiality to our own.

When therefore any-body congratulated us on ſuch a Daughter, we received their congratulations without any diminution. If it was ſaid, You are happy in this child; we owned, that no parents ever were happier in a child. If more particularly, they praiſed her dutiful behaviour to us, we ſaid, She knew not how to offend. If it was ſaid, Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe has a wit and penetration beyond her years; we, inſtead of diſallowing it, would add—And a judgment no leſs extraordinary than her wit. If her prudence was praiſed, and a *forethought*, which every one ſaw ſupplied what only *years* and *experience* gave to others; Nobody need to ſcruple taking leſſons from Clariſſa Harlowe, was our proud anſwer.

Forgive me, O forgive me, my dear Norton—But I know you will; for yours, when good, was this child, and your glory as well as mine.

But have you not heard ſtrangers, as ſhe paſſed to and from church, ſtop to praiſe the angel of a creature, as they called her; when it was enough for thoſe who knew who ſhe was, to cry, *Why, it is Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe!*—As if every-body were obliged to know, or to have heard of Clariſſa Harlowe, and of her excellencies. While, *accuſtomed to praiſe*, it was too *familiar to her*, to cauſe her to alter either her look or her pace.

For my own part, I could not ſtifle a pleaſure, that had perhaps a faulty vanity for its foundation, whenever I was ſpoken of, or addreſſed to, as the Mother

of

of ſo ſweet a child: Mr. Harlowe and I, all the time, loving each other the better for the ſhare each had in ſuch a Daughter.

Still, ſtill indulge the fond, the overflowing heart of a Mother! I could dwell for ever upon the remembrance of what ſhe *was*, would but that remembrance baniſh from my mind what ſhe *is!*

In *her* boſom, young as ſhe was, could I repoſe all my griefs—Sure of receiving from *her* prudence advice as well as comfort; and both inſinuated in ſo humble, in ſo dutiful a manner, that it was impoſſible to take thoſe exceptions which the diſtance of years and character between a Mother and a Daughter would have made one apprehenſive of from any other Daughter. She was our glory when abroad, our delight when at home. Every-body was even covetous of her company; and we grudged her to our Brothers Harlowe, and to our Siſter and Brother Hervey. No other contention among us, then, but who ſhould be next favoured by her. No chiding ever knew ſhe from us, but the chiding of Lovers, when ſhe was for ſhutting herſelf up too long together from us, in purſuit of thoſe charming amuſements and uſeful employments, for which, however, the whole family was the better.

Our other children had reaſon (good children as they always were) to think themſelves neglected. But they likewiſe were ſo ſenſible of their ſiſter's ſuperiority, and of the honour ſhe reflected upon the whole family, that they confeſſed themſelves eclipſed, without envying the eclipſer. Indeed there was not any body ſo equal with her, in their own opinions, as to envy what all aſpired but to emulate. The dear creature, you know, my Norton, gave an eminence to us all!

Then her acquirements. Her ſkill in muſic, her fine needleworks, her elegance in dreſs; for which ſhe was ſo much admired, that the neighbouring La-

dies uſed to ſay, that they need not fetch faſhions from London; ſince whatever Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe wore, was the *beſt* faſhion, becauſe her choice of *natural* beauties ſet thoſe of *Art* far behind them. Her genteel eaſe, and fine turn of perſon; her deep reading; and theſe, joined to her open manners, and her chearful modeſty—O my good Norton, what a ſweet child was *once* my Clary Harlowe!

This, and more, *you* knew her to be: For many of her excellencies were owing to yourſelf; and with the milk you gave her, you gave her what no other nurſe in the world could give her.

And do you think, my worthy woman, do you think, that the wilful lapſe of ſuch a child is to be forgiven? Can ſhe herſelf think, that ſhe deſerves not the ſevereſt puniſhment for the abuſe of ſuch talents as were intruſted to her?

Her fault was a fault of premeditation, of cunning, of contrivance. She has deceived every-body's expectations. Her whole Sex, as well as the family ſhe ſprung from, is diſgraced by it.

Would any-body ever have believed, that ſuch a young creature as this, who had by her advice ſaved even her over-lively friend from marrying a fop, and a libertine, would herſelf have gone off with one of the vileſt and moſt notorious of libertines? A man whoſe character ſhe knew; and knew it to be worſe than the character of him from whom ſhe ſaved her friend; a man againſt whom ſhe was warned: One who had had her Brother's life in his hands; and who conſtantly ſet our whole family at defiance.

Think for me, my good Norton; think what my unhappineſs muſt be, both as a Wife and a Mother. What reſtleſs days, what ſleepleſs nights; yet my own rankling anguiſh endeavoured to be ſmoothed over, to ſoften the anguiſh of fiercer ſpirits, and to keep them from blazing out to further miſchief! O this naughty, naughty girl! who *knew* ſo well what

ſhe

ſhe did; and who could look ſo far into conſequences, that we thought ſhe would have died, rather than have done as ſhe has done!

Her known character for prudence leaves her abſolutely without excuſe. How then can I offer to plead for her, if, thro' motherly indulgence, I would forgive her myſelf?—And have we not, moreover, ſuffered all the diſgrace that *can* befal us? Has not ſhe?

If *now* ſhe has ſo little liking to his morals, had ſhe not reaſon *before* to have *as* little? Or has ſhe ſuffered by them in her own perſon?—O my good woman, I doubt—I doubt—Will not the character of the man make one doubt an angel, if once in his power? The world will think the worſt. I am told it *does*. So likewiſe her Father fears; her Brother hears; and what can *I* do?

Our *antipathy* to him ſhe knew before, as well as his character. Theſe therefore cannot be *new motives* without a *new reaſon*.—O my dear Mrs. Norton, how ſhall *I*, how can *you*, ſupport ourſelves under the apprehenſions to which theſe thoughts lead!

He continually preſſing her, you, ſay *to marry him*: *His friends likewiſe*. She has reaſon, no doubt ſhe has reaſon, for this application to us: And her crime is gloſſed over, to bring her to us with new diſgrace! Whither, whither, does one guilty ſtep lead the miſguided heart!—And now, truly, to ſave a ſtubborn ſpirit, we are only to be *ſounded*, that the application may be occaſionally retracted or denied!

Upon the whole: Were I inclined to plead for her, it is *now* the moſt improper of all times. *Now* that my Brother Harlowe has diſcouraged (as he laſt night came hither on purpoſe to tell us) Mr. Hickman's inſinuated application; and been applauded for it. *Now*, that my Brother Antony is intending to carry his great fortune, thro' her fault, into another family:—She expecting, no doubt, herſelf to be put

into her Grandfather's Eſtate, in conſequence of a Reconciliation, and as a reward for her fault: And inſiſting ſtill upon the ſame terms which ſhe offered before, and which were rejected—Not thro' my fault, I am ſure, rejected!

From all theſe things, you will return ſuch an anſwer as the caſe requires. It might coſt me the peace of my whole life, at this time, to move for her. God forgive her! If I do, nobody elſe will. And let it, for your own ſake, as well as mine, be a ſecret that you and I have entered upon this ſubject. And I deſire you not to touch upon it again but by particular permiſſion: For, O my dear good woman, it ſets my heart a bleeding in as many ſtreams as there are veins in it!

Yet think me not impenetrable by a proper contrition and remorſe—But what a torment is it to have a will without a power!

Adieu! adieu! God give us both comfort; and to the *once* dear—the *ever*-dear creature (for can a Mother forget her child?) repentance, deep repentance! And as little ſuffering as may befit His bleſſed will, and her grievous fault, prays

Your real Friend,

CHARLOTTE HARLOWE.

LETTER XVII.

Miſs HOWE, *To Miſs* CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Sunday, May 14.

HOW it is now, my dear, between you and Mr. Lovelace, I cannot tell. But wicked as the man is, I am afraid he muſt be your Lord and Maſter.

I called him by ſeveral very hard names in my laſt. I had but juſt heard of ſome of his vileneſſes, when I ſat down to write; ſo my indignation was raiſed. But on enquiry, and recollection, I find that the facts laid to his charge were all of them committed ſome time ago

ago—not ſince he has had *ſtrong* hopes of your favour.

This is ſaying ſomething for him. His generous behaviour to the Inkeeper's Daughter, is a more recent inſtance to his credit; to ſay nothing of the univerſal good character he has as a kind Landlord. And then I approve much of the motion he made to put you in poſſeſſion of Mrs. Fretchville's houſe, while he continues at the other widow's, till you agree that one houſe ſhould hold you. I wiſh this were done. Beſure you embrace this offer (if you do not ſoon meet at the Altar) and get one of his Couſins with you.

Were you once married, I ſhould think you cannot be very unhappy, tho' you may not be ſo happy with him as you deſerve to be. The ſtake he has in his country, and his reverſions; the care he takes of his affairs; his freedom from obligation; nay, his pride with your merit, muſt be a tolerable ſecurity for you, I ſhould think. Tho' particulars of his wickedneſs, as they come to my knowlege, hurt and incenſe me; yet, after all, when I give myſelf time to reflect, all that I have heard of him to his diſadvantage was comprehended in the general character given of him long ago, by Lord M.'s and his own diſmiſſed bailiff (*a*), and which was confirmed to me by Mrs. Forteſcue, as I heretofore told you (*b*), and to *you* by Mrs. Greme (*c*).

You can have nothing therefore, I think, to be deeply concerned about, but his future good, and the bad example he may hereafter ſet to his own family. Theſe indeed are very juſt concerns: But were you to *leave* him now, either *with* or *without* his conſent, his fortune and alliances ſo conſiderable, his perſon and addreſs ſo engaging (every one excuſing you now on thoſe accounts, and becauſe of your Relations follies) it would have a very ill appearance for

(*a*) Vol. I. p. 22, 23. (*b*) Ibid. p. 66—70. (*c*) Vol. III. p. 22, 23.

your reputation. I cannot therefore, on the moſt deliberate conſideration, adviſe you to think of that, while you have no reaſon to doubt his honour. May eternal vengeance purſue the villain if he give room for an apprehenſion of this nature!

Yet his teazing ways are intolerable: His acquieſcence with your ſlight delays, and his reſignedneſs to the diſtance you now keep him at (for a fault ſo much ſlighter as he muſt think, than the puniſhment) are unaccountable: He doubts your love of *him*, that is very probable; but you have reaſon to be ſurpriſed at *his* want of ardor; a Bleſſing ſo great within his *reach*, as I may ſay.

By the time you have read to this place, you will have no doubt of what has been the iſſue of the conference between the *Two Gentlemen*. I am equally ſhocked, and enraged againſt them All. Againſt them *All*, I ſay; for I have tried your good Norton's weight with your Mother (though at firſt I did not intend to tell you ſo) to the ſame purpoſe as the gentleman ſounded your Uncle. Never were there ſuch determined brutes in the world! Why ſhould I mince the matter? Yet would I fain methinks make an exception for your Mother.

Your Uncle will have it, that you are ruined. 'He 'can believe every-thing bad of a creature, he ſays, 'who could run away with a man; with ſuch a one 'eſpecially as Lovelace. They *expected* applications 'from you, when ſome heavy diſtreſs had fallen upon 'you. But they are all reſolved not to ſtir an inch in 'your favour; no, not to ſave your life!'

My deareſt ſoul, reſolve to aſſert your right. Claim your own, and go and live upon it, as you ought. Then, if you marry not, how will the wretches creep to you, for your reverſionary diſpoſitions!

You were accuſed (as in your Aunt's Letter) 'of 'premeditation and contrivance in your eſcape.' Inſtead of pitying *you*, the mediating perſon was called upon

upon 'to pity *them*; who once, your Uncle ſaid, 'doted upon you: Who took no joy but in your 'preſence: Who devoured your words as you ſpoke 'them: Who trod over again your footſteps, as 'you walked before them.'—And I know not what of this ſort.

Upon the whole, it is now evident to me, and ſo it muſt be to you, when you read this Letter, that you muſt be his. And the ſooner you are ſo, the better. Shall we ſuppoſe that marriage is not in your power?—I cannot have patience to ſuppoſe that.

I am concerned, methinks, to know how you will do to condeſcend (now you ſee you muſt be his) after you have kept him at ſuch a diſtance; and for the revenge his pride may put him upon taking for it. But let me tell you, that if my going up, and ſharing fortunes with you, will prevent ſuch a noble creature from ſtooping too low; much more, were it likely to prevent your ruin; I would not heſitate a moment about it. What is the whole world to me, weighed againſt ſuch a friend as you are? Think you, that any of the enjoyments of this life could be enjoyments to me, were you involved in calamities, from which I could either alleviate or relieve you, by giving up thoſe enjoyments? And what in ſaying this, and acting up to it, do I offer you, but the fruits of a friendſhip your worth has created?

Excuſe my warmth of *expreſſion*. The warmth of my *heart* wants none. I am enraged at your Relations; for, bad as what I have mentioned is, I have not told you all; nor now, perhaps, ever will. I am angry at my own Mother's narrowneſs of mind, and at her indiſcriminate adherence to old notions. And I am exaſperated againſt your fooliſh, your *low-vanity'd* Lovelace. But let us ſtoop to take the wretch as he is, and make the beſt of him, ſince you are deſtined to ſtoop, to keep grovelers and worldlings in countenance. He has not been guilty of

direct indecency to you. Nor *dare* he—Not ſo much of a devil as that comes to neither. Had he ſuch villainous intentions, ſo much in his power as you are, they would have ſhewn themſelves before now to ſuch a penetrating and vigilant eye, and to ſuch a pure heart as yours. Let us ſave the wretch then, if we can, tho' we ſoil our fingers in lifting him up from his dirt.

There is yet, to a perſon of your fortune and independence, a good deal to do, if you enter upon thoſe terms which *ought* to be entered upon. I don't find, that he has once talked of Settlements; nor yet of the Licence. A fooliſh wretch!—But as your evil deſtiny has thrown you out of all other protection and mediation, you muſt be Father, Mother, Uncle, to yourſelf; and enter upon the requiſite points for yourſelf. It is hard upon you; but indeed you muſt. Your ſituation requires it. *What room for delicacy now?*—Or would you have *me* write to him? Yet that would be the ſame thing, as if you were to write yourſelf. Yet write you ſhould, I think, if you cannot ſpeak. But ſpeaking is certainly beſt: For words leave no traces; they paſs as breath; and mingle with air; and may be explained with latitude. But the pen is a witneſs on record.

I know the gentleneſs of your ſpirit; I know the laudable pride of your heart; and the juſt notion you have of the dignity of our Sex, in theſe delicate points. But once more, all this is nothing now: Your honour is concerned that the dignity I ſpeak of, ſhould not be ſtood upon.

'Mr. Lovelace,' would I ſay; yet hate the fooliſh fellow for his low, his ſtupid pride, in wiſhing to triumph over the dignity of his own Wife;—'I am 'by your means deprived of every friend I have in 'the world. In what light am I to look upon *you?* 'I have well conſidered of every-thing. You have 'made ſome people, much againſt my liking, think 'me

'me a *Wife*: Others know I am *not* married; nor 'do I deſire any-body ſhould believe I *am*. Do you 'think your being here in the ſame houſe with me 'can be to my reputation? You talked to me of Mrs. 'Fretchville's houſe.' This will bring him to renew his laſt diſcourſe on that ſubject, if he does not revive it of himſelf. 'If Mrs. Fretchville knows not her 'own mind, what is her houſe to me? You talked 'of bringing up your Couſin Montague to bear me 'company: If my Brother's ſchemes be your pre-'tence for not going yourſelf to *fetch her*, you can '*write* to her. I inſiſt upon bringing theſe two points 'to an iſſue: Off or on, ought to be indifferent to '*me*, if ſo to *them*.'

Such a declaration muſt bring all forward. There are twenty ways, my dear, that you would find out for another in your circumſtances. He will diſdain, from his native inſolence, to have it thought he has *any-body* to conſult. Well then, will he not be obliged to declare himſelf? And if he *does*, no delays on your ſide, I beſeech you. Give him the day. Let it be a ſhort one. It would be derogating from your own merit, and *honour* too, let me tell you, even altho' he ſhould not be ſo explicit as he ought to be, to ſeem but to doubt his meaning; and to wait for that explanation for which I ſhould for ever deſpiſe him, if he makes it neceſſary. Twice already have you, my dear, if not oftener, *modeſty'd away* ſuch opportunities as you ought not to have ſlipt. As to ſettlements, if they come not in naturally, e'en leave them to his own juſtice, and to the juſtice of his family. And there's an end of the matter.

This is *my* advice: Mend it as circumſtances offer, and follow *your own*. But indeed, my dear, this, or ſomething like it, would I do. And let him tell me afterwards, if he dared or would, that he hum-bled down to his ſhoe-buckles the perſon it would have been his glory to exalt.

Support yourſelf mean time with reflections worthy of yourſelf. Tho' tricked into this man's power, you are not meanly ſubjugated to it. All his reverence you command, or rather, as I may ſay, inſpire; ſince it was never known, that he had any reverence for aught that was good, 'till you was with him: And he profeſſes now-and-then to be ſo awed and charmed by your example, as that the force of it ſhall reclaim him.

I believe you will have a difficult taſk to keep him to it: But the more will be your honour, if you effect his Reformation: And it is my belief, that if you *can* reclaim this great, this ſpecious deceiver, who has, morally ſpeaking, ſuch a number of years before him, you will ſave from ruin a multitude of innocents; for thoſe ſeem to me to have been the prey for which he has ſpread his wicked ſnares. And who knows but, for this very purpoſe principally, a perſon may have been permitted to ſwerve, whoſe heart or will never was in her error, and who has ſo much remorſe upon her for having, as ſhe thinks, erred at all? Adieu, my deareſt friend.

ANNA HOWE.

Incloſed in the above.

I Muſt trouble you with my concerns, tho' your own are ſo heavy upon you. A piece of news I have to tell you. Your Uncle Antony is diſpoſed to marry. With *whom*, think you? With my Mother. True indeed. Your family know it. All is laid with redoubled malice at your door. And there the *old Soul* himſelf lays it.

Take no notice of this intelligence, not ſo much as in your Letters to me, for fear of accidents.

I think it can't do. But were I to provoke my Mother, that might afford a pretence. Elſe, I ſhould have been with you before now, I fanſy.

The firſt likelihood that appears to me of encouragement,

ragement, I diſmiſs Hickman, that's certain. If my Mother diſoblige *me* in ſo important an article, I ſhan't think of obliging *her* in ſuch another. It is impoſſible, ſurely, that the deſire of *popping me off* to that honeſt man can be with ſuch a view.

I repeat, that it cannot come to any-thing. But theſe *widows*—Then ſuch a love in us all, both old and young, of being courted and admired!—And ſo irreſiſtible to their *Elderſhips* to be flattered, that all power is not over with them; but that they may ſtill claſs and prank it with their daughters.—It vexed me heartily to have her tell me of this propoſal with ſelf-complaiſant ſimperings; and yet ſhe affected to ſpeak of it, as if ſhe had no intention to encourage it.

Theſe antiquated bachelors (old before they believe themſelves to be ſo) imagine, that when they have once perſuaded *themſelves* to think of the State, they have nothing more to do than to make their minds known to the woman.

Your Uncle's overgrown fortune is indeed a bait; a tempting one. A ſaucy Daughter to be got rid of! The memory of the Father of that Daughter not precious enough to weigh much!—But let him advance if he dare—Let her encourage—But I hope ſhe won't.

Excuſe me, my dear. I am nettled. They have *fearfully rumpled my gorget.* You'll think me faulty. So I won't put my name to this ſeparate paper. Other hands may reſemble mine. You did not ſee me write it.

LETTER XVIII.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Monday Afternoon, May 15.

NOW indeed it is evident, my beſt, my only friend, that I have but one choice to make.

And now do I find, that I have carried my reſentment againſt this man too far; ſince now I am to appear as if under an obligation to his patience with me for a conduct, which perhaps he will think (if not humourſome and childiſh) plainly demonſtrative of my little eſteem of him; of but a *ſecondary* eſteem at leaſt, where before, his pride rather than his merit, had made him expect a *firſt*. O my dear! to be caſt upon a man, that is not a *generous* man; that is indeed a *cruel* man! A man that is capable of creating a diſtreſs to a young creature, who by her evil deſtiny is thrown into his power; and then of *enjoying* it, as I may ſay! [I verily think I may ſay ſo, of this ſavage!]—What a fate is mine!

You give me, my dear, good advice, as to the peremptory manner in which I ought to treat him: But do you conſider to *whom* it is that you give it?—And then ſhould I take it, and ſhould he be capable of delay, I unprotected, deſolate, nobody to fly to, in what a wretched light muſt I ſtand in his eyes; and, what is ſtill as bad, in my own! O my dear, ſee you not, *as I do*, that the *occaſion* for this my indelicate, my ſhocking ſituation, ſhould never have been given by *me*, of all creatures; ſince I am unequal, utterly unequal, to the circumſtances to which my inconſideration has reduced me! What, *I*, to challenge a man for a huſband!—*I*, to exert myſelf to quicken the delayer in his reſolutions! And, having as you think, loſt an opportunity, to begin to try to recall it, as *from myſelf*, and *for myſelf!* To *threaten* him, as I may ſay, into the Marriage State!—O my dear! if this be right to be done, how difficult is it, where Modeſty and Self (or where Pride if you pleaſe) is concerned, to do that right? Or, to expreſs myſelf in your words, to be Father, Mother, Uncle, to myſelf!—Eſpecially where one thinks a triumph over one is intended.

You ſay, you have tried Mrs. Norton's weight with

with my Mother.---Bad as the returns are which my application by Mr. Hickman has met with, you tell me, 'That you have not acquainted me with all the 'bad; nor now, perhaps, ever will.' But why ſo, my dear? What *is* the bad, what *can* be the bad, which now you will never tell me of?---What worſe, than renounce me! and for ever! 'My Uncle, you 'ſay, believes me ruined: He declares, that he can 'believe every-thing bad of a creature who could 'run away with a man: And they have all made a 'reſolution, not to ſtir an inch in my favour; no, 'not to ſave my life.'---Have you worſe than this, my dear, behind?---Surely my Father has not renewed his dreadful malediction!---Surely, if ſo, my Mother has not joined in it! Have my Uncles given it their ſanction, and made it a family act? *And themſelves thereby more really faulty, than even* THEY *ſuppoſe me to be, tho' I the cauſe of that greater fault in them?*---What, my dear, is the worſt, that you will leave for ever unrevealed?

O Lovelace! why comeſt thou not juſt now, while theſe black proſpects are before me? For now, couldſt thou look into my heart, wouldſt thou ſee a diſtreſs worthy of thy barbarous triumph!

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I WAS forced to quit my pen. And you ſay you have tried Mrs. Norton's weight with my Mother?

What *is* done cannot be remedied: But I wiſh you had not taken a ſtep of this importance to me without firſt conſulting me. Forgive me, my dear, but I muſt tell you that that high-ſoul'd and noble friendſhip, which you have ever avowed with ſo obliging and ſo uncommon a warmth, altho' it has been always the ſubject of my grateful admiration, has been often the ground of my apprehenſion, becauſe of its unbridled fervor.

Well, but now to look forward, you are of opinion that I muſt be his: And that I cannot leave him with reputation

reputation to myſelf, whether with or without his conſent. I muſt, if ſo, make the beſt of the bad matter.

He went out in the morning; intending not to return to dinner, unleſs (as he ſent me word) I would admit him to dine with me.

I excuſed myſelf. The man, whoſe anger is now to be of ſuch high importance to me, was, it ſeems, diſpleaſed.

As he (as well as I) expected, that I ſhould receive a Letter from you this day by Collins, I ſuppoſe he will not be long before he returns; and then, poſſibly, he is to be mighty ſtately, mighty *manniſh*, mighty *coy*, if you pleaſe! And then muſt I be very humble, very ſubmiſſive, and try to inſinuate myſelf into his good graces: With downcaſt eye, if not by ſpeech, beg his forgiveneſs for the diſtance I have ſo perverſely kept him at!—Yes, I warrant!—But I ſhall ſee how this behaviour will ſit upon me!—You have always rallied me upon my meekneſs, I think: Well then, I will try, if I can be ſtill meeker, ſhall I!—O my dear!—

But let me ſit with my hands before me, all patience, all reſignation; for I think I hear him coming up. Or ſhall I roundly accoſt him, in the words, in the form, which you, my dear, have preſcribed?

He is come in. He has ſent to me, all impatience, as Dorcas ſays, by his aſpect.—But I cannot, cannot ſee him!

Monday Night.

THE contents of your Letter, and my own heavy reflections, rendered me incapable of ſeeing this expecting man. The firſt word he aſked Dorcas, was, If I had received a Letter ſince he had been out? She told me this; and her anſwer, that I had; and was faſting, and had been in tears ever ſince.

He ſent to deſire an interview with me.

I anſwered by her, That I was not very well. In the

the morning, if better, I would ſee him as ſoon as he pleaſed.

Very humble! was it not, my dear? Yet he was *too royal* to take it for humility; for Dorcas told me, he rubbed one ſide of his face impatiently; and ſaid a raſh word, and was out of humour; ſtalking about the room.

Half an hour after, he ſent again; deſiring very earneſtly, that I would admit him to ſupper with me. He would enter upon no ſubjects of converſation, but what I ſhould lead to.

So I ſhould have been at *liberty*, you ſee, to *court him!*

I again deſired to be excuſed.

Indeed, my dear, my eyes were ſwelled: I was very low ſpirited; and could not think of entering all at once, after the diſtance I had kept him at for ſeveral days, into the freedom of converſation which the utter rejection I have met with from my relations, as well as your advice, has made neceſſary.

He ſent up to tell me, that as he heard I was faſting, if I would promiſe to eat ſome chicken which Mrs. Sinclair had ordered for ſupper, he would acquieſce—*Very kind in his anger! Is he not?*

I promiſed that I would. Can I be more *preparatively* condeſcending?—How happy, I'll warrant, if I may meet him in a *kind* and *forgiving* humour!

I hate myſelf!—But I won't be inſulted. Indeed I won't, for all this.

LETTER XIX.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Tueſday, May 16.

I Think once more, we ſeem to be in a kind of train; but through a ſtorm. I will give you the particulars.

I heard him in the Dining-room at Five in the

morning. I had reſted very ill, and was up too. But opened not my door till Six: When Dorcas brought me his requeſt for my company.

He approached me, and taking my hand, as I entered the Dining-room, I went not to bed, Madam, till two, ſaid he; yet ſlept not a wink. For God's ſake, torment me not, as you have done for a week paſt.

He pauſed. I was ſilent.

At firſt, proceeded he, I thought your reſentment of a curioſity, in which I had been diſappointed, could not be deep; and that it would go off of itſelf: But when I found, it was to be kept up till you knew the ſucceſs of ſome new overtures which you had made, and which, complied with, might have deprived me of you for ever; how, Madam, could I ſupport myſelf under the thoughts of having, with ſuch an union of intereſts, made ſo little impreſſion upon your mind in my favour?

He pauſed again. I was ſtill ſilent. He went on.

I acknowlege that I have a *proud heart*, Madam. I cannot but hope for ſome inſtances of previous and preferable favour, from the Lady I am ambitious to call mine; and that her choice of me ſhould not appear, not *flagrantly* appear, directed by the perverſeneſs of her ſelfiſh perſecutors, who are my irreconcileable enemies.

More to the ſame purpoſe he ſaid. You know, my dear, the room he had given me to recriminate upon him in twenty inſtances. I did not ſpare him.

Every one of theſe inſtances, ſaid I, (after I had enumerated them) convinces me of your *pride* indeed, Sir, but not of your *merit*. I confeſs, that I have as much *pride* as you can have, altho' I hope it is of another kind than that you ſo *readily avow*. But if, Sir, you have the leaſt mixture in yours, of that pride which may be expected, and thought laudable, in a man of your birth, alliances, and fortune,

tune, you ſhould rather wiſh, I will preſume to ſay, to promote what you call my pride, than either to ſuppreſs it, or to regret that I have it. It is *this* my acknowleged pride, proceeded I, that induces me to tell you, Sir, that I think it beneath me to diſown what have been my motives for declining, for ſome days paſt, any converſation with you, or viſit from Mr. Mennell, that might lead to points out of my power to determine upon, until I heard from my Uncle Harlowe; whom, I confeſs, I have cauſed to be ſounded, whether I might be favoured with his intereſt, to obtain for me a Reconciliation with my friends, upon terms which I had cauſed to be propoſed.

I know not, ſaid he, and ſuppoſe muſt not preſume to aſk, what theſe terms were. But I can but too well gueſs at them; and that I was to have been the preliminary ſacrifice. But you muſt allow me, Madam, to ſay, That as much as I admire the nobleneſs of your ſentiments in general, and in particular that *laudable* pride which you have ſpoken of; I wiſh that I could compliment you with ſuch an *uniformity* in it, as had ſet you as much above all ſubmiſſion to minds implacable and unreaſonable (I hope I may, without offence, ſay, that your Brother's and Siſter's are ſuch) as it has above all favour and condeſcenſion to me.

Duty and *Nature*, Sir, call upon me to make the Submiſſions you ſpeak of: There is a Father, there is a Mother, there are Uncles in the one caſe, to juſtify and demand thoſe Submiſſions—What, pray, Sir, can be pleaded for the *Condeſcenſion*, as you call it? —Will you ſay, your Merits, either with regard to *them*, or to *myſelf*, may?

This, Madam, to be ſaid, after the perſecutions of thoſe relations! After what you have ſuffered! After what you have made me hope! Let me, my deareſt creature, aſk you (we have been talking of *pride*) What ſort of pride muſt *his* be, which can diſpenſe with

with inclination and preference in the Lady whom he adores?—What muſt be that Love—

Love, Sir! who talks of *Love?*—Was not *Merit* the thing we were talking of?—Have *I* ever profeſſed, have *I* ever required of *you* profeſſions of a paſſion of that nature!—But there is no end of theſe debatings; each *ſo* faultleſs, each *ſo* full of ſelf—

I do not think myſelf *faultleſs*, Madam:—But—

But what, Sir!—Would you evermore argue with me, as if you were a child?—Seeking palliations, and making promiſes?—Promiſes of what, Sir? Of being in future the man it is a ſhame a gentleman is not?—Of being the man—

Good God! interrupted he, with eyes lifted up, if *thou* wert to be thus ſevere—

Well, well, Sir, [impatiently] I need only to obſerve, that all this vaſt difference in ſentiment ſhews how unpaired our minds are—So let us—

Let us *what*, Madam!—My Soul is riſing into tumults! And he looked ſo wildly, that I was a good deal terrified—Let us *what*, Madam!——

I was, however, reſolved not to deſert myſelf—Why, Sir, let us reſolve to quit every regard for each other—Nay, flame not out—I am a poor weak-minded creature in ſome things: But were what I *ſhould be*, or not deſerve to live, if I *am not*, is in the queſtion, I have a great and invincible ſpirit, or my own conceit betrays me---Let us reſolve to quit every regard for each other that is more than civil. *This* you may depend upon; I will never marry any other man. I have ſeen enough of your Sex; at leaſt of *You*.---A Single Life ſhall ever be *my* choice: While I will leave you at liberty to purſue *your own*.

Indifference, *worſe* than indifference! ſaid he, in a paſſion---

Interrupting him---Indifference let it be---You have not (in *my* opinion at leaſt) deſerved that it ſhould

ſhould be other: If you have in *your own*, you have cauſe (at leaſt your *pride* has) to hate me for miſjudging you.

Deareſt, deareſt creature! ſnatching my hand with fierceneſs, let me beſeech you to be *uniformly* noble! *Civil regards*, Madam!---*Civil regards!*---Can you ſo expect to narrow and confine ſuch a paſſion as mine!

Such a paſſion as yours, Mr. Lovelace, *deſerves* to be narrowed and confined. It is either the paſſion *you* do not think it, or *I* do not. I queſtion whether your mind is capable of being *ſo* narrowed and *ſo* widened, as is neceſſary to make it be what I wiſh it to be. Lift up your hands and your eyes, Sir, in ſilent wonder, if you pleaſe: But what does that wonder expreſs, what does it convince me of, but that we are not born for one another.

By my Soul, ſaid he, and graſped my hand with an eagerneſs that hurt it, we *were* born for one another: You *muſt* be mine---You *ſhall* be mine [and put his other arm round me] altho' my damnation were to be the purchaſe!

I was ſtill more terrified---Let me leave you, Mr. Lovelace, ſaid I; or do you be gone from me. Is the paſſion you boaſt of, to be thus ſhockingly demonſtrated?

You muſt not go, Madam!---You muſt not leave me in anger---

I will return---I will return---When you can be leſs violent---leſs ſhocking.

And he let me go.

The man quite frighted me; inſomuch that when I got into my chamber, I found a ſudden flow of tears a great relief to me.

In half an hour, he ſent a little billet, expreſſing his concern for the vehemence of his behaviour, and prayed to ſee me.

I went. Becauſe I could not help myſelf, I went.

He

He was full of his excuſes.—O my dear, what would you, even *you*, do with ſuch a man as this; and in my ſituation?

It was very poſſible for him now, he ſaid, to account for the workings of a beginning phrenſy. For his part, he was near diſtraction. All laſt week to ſuffer as he had ſuffered; and now to talk of *Civil Regards* only, when he had hoped from the nobleneſs of my mind—

Hope what you will, interrupted I; I muſt inſiſt upon it, that our minds are by no means ſuited to each other. You have brought me into difficulties. I am deſerted by every friend but Miſs Howe. My true ſentiments I will not conceal—It is againſt my will, that I muſt ſubmit to owe protection from a Brother's projects, which Miſs Howe thinks are not given over, to You, who have brought me into theſe ſtreights: *Not* with my own concurrence brought me into them; remember that—

I do remember that, Madam!—So often reminded, how can I forget it?—

Yet I *will* owe to you this protection, if it be neceſſary, in the earneſt hope, that you will *ſhun*, rather than *ſeek* miſchief, if any further enquiry after me be made. But what hinders you from leaving me?—Cannot I ſend to you? The Widow Fretchville, it is plain, knows not her own mind: The people here indeed are more civil to me every day than other: But I had rather have lodgings more agreeable to my circumſtances. I beſt know what will ſuit them; and am reſolved not to be obliged to any body. If you leave me, I will privately retire to ſome one of the neighbouring villages, and there wait my Couſin Morden's arrival with patience.

I preſume, Madam, replied he, from what you have ſaid, that your application to Harlowe-Place has proved unſucceſsful: I therefore hope, that you will now give me leave to mention the terms in the

nature

nature of Settlements, which I have long intended to propoſe to you; and which having till now delayed to do, thro' accidents not proceeding from myſelf, I had thoughts of urging to you *the moment you entered upon your new houſe*; and upon your finding yourſelf as independent in *appearance* as you are in *fact*. Permit me, Madam, to propoſe theſe matters to you—Not with an expectation of your *immediate anſwer*; but for your *conſideration*.

Were not heſitation, a ſelf-felt glow, a downcaſt eye, encouragement more than enough? And yet you will obſerve (as I now do on recollection) that he was in no great hurry to ſolicit for a *Day*; ſince he had no thoughts of propoſing ſettlements, till I had got into my new houſe; and now, in his great complaiſance to me, he deſired leave to propoſe his Terms, not with an expectation of my *immediate anſwer*; but for my *conſideration* only—Yet, my dear, your advice was too much in my head at this time. I heſitated.

He urged on upon my ſilence: He would call God to witneſs to the juſtice, nay to the *generoſity* of his intentions to me, if I would be ſo good as to hear what he had to propoſe to me, as to Settlements.

Could not the man have fallen into the ſubject without this *parade?* Many a point, you know, *is* refuſed, and *ought to be* refuſed, if leave be aſked to introduce it; and when *once* refuſed, the refuſal muſt in honour be adhered to—Whereas, had it been *ſlid* in upon one, as I may ſay, it might have merited further conſideration. If ſuch a man as Mr. Lovelace knows not this, who ſhould?

But he ſeemed to think it enough that he had aſked my *leave* to propoſe his Settlements. He took no advantage of my ſilence, as I preſume men *as modeſt* as Mr. Lovelace would have done, in a like caſe: Yet, gazing in my face very confidently, and ſeeming to expect my anſwer, I thought myſelf obliged

to

to give the ſubject a more diffuſe turn, in order to ſave myſelf the mortification of appearing too ready in my compliance, after ſuch a diſtance as had been between us; and yet (in purſuance of your advice) I was willing to avoid the neceſſity of giving him ſuch a repulſe, as might again throw us out of the courſe---A cruel alternative to be reduced to!

You talk of *Generoſity*, Mr. Lovelace, ſaid I; and you talk of *Juſtice*; perhaps, without having conſidered the force of the words, in the ſenſe you uſe them on this occaſion---Let me tell you what *Generoſity* is, in my ſenſe of the word---TRUE GENEROSITY is not confined to pecuniary inſtances: It is *more* than politeneſs: It is *more* than good faith: It is *more* than honour: It is *more* than *juſtice*: Since all theſe are but duties, and what a worthy mind cannot diſpenſe with. But TRUE GENEROSITY is Greatneſs of Soul. It incites us to do more by a fellow-creature, than can be ſtrictly required of us. It obliges us to haſten to the relief of an object that wants relief; anticipating even ſuch a one's hope or expectation. Generoſity, Sir, will not ſurely permit a worthy mind to doubt of its honourable and beneficent intentions: Much leſs will it allow itſelf to ſhock, to offend any one; and, leaſt of all, a perſon thrown by adverſity, miſhap, or accident, into its protection.

What an opportunity had he to clear his intentions, had he been ſo diſpoſed, from the *latter part* of this home obſervation!---But he ran away with the *firſt*, and kept to that.

Admirably defined! he ſaid---But who at this rate, Madam, can be ſaid to be *generous* to *you?*---Your *Generoſity* I implore; while *Juſtice*, as it muſt be my ſole merit, ſhall be my aim. Never was there a woman of ſuch nice and delicate ſentiments!

It is a reflection upon yourſelf, Sir, and upon the company

company you have kept, if you think theſe notions either nice or delicate. Thouſands of my Sex are more nice than I; for they would have avoided the devious path I have been ſurpriſed into: The conſequences of which ſurprize have laid me under the ſad neceſſity of telling a man, *who has not delicacy enough to enter into thoſe parts of the female character which are its glory and diſtinction*, what True Generoſity is.

His divine monitreſs, he called me. He would endeavour to form his manners (as he had often promiſed) by my example. But he hoped I would now permit him to mention briefly the *Juſtice* he propoſed to do me, in the terms of the Settlements; a ſubject ſo proper, *before now*, to have been entered upon; and which would have been entered upon long ago, had not my *frequent diſpleaſure* [*I am ever in fault, my dear!*] taken from him the *opportunity* he had often wiſhed for: But now having ventured to lay hold of *this*, nothing ſhould divert him from improving it.

I have no ſpirits, juſt now, Sir, to attend to ſuch weighty points. What you have a mind to propoſe, write to me: And I ſhall know what anſwer to return. Only one thing let me remind you of, that if you touch upon any ſubject, in which my Father has a concern, I ſhall judge by your treatment of the Father, what value you have for the Daughter.

He *looked* as if he would chuſe rather to ſpeak than write: But had he *ſaid* ſo, I had a ſevere return to have made upon him; as poſſibly he might ſee by *my* looks.

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In this way are we now: A ſort of Calm, as I ſaid, ſucceeding a Storm. What may happen next, whether a Storm or a Calm, with ſuch a ſpirit as I have to deal with, who can tell?

But be that as it will, I think, my dear, I am not *meanly*

meanly off: And that is a great point with me; and which I know you will be glad to hear: If it were only, that I can ſee this man without loſing any of that dignity [What other word can I uſe, ſpeaking of *myſelf*, that betokens *decency*, and not *arrogance?*] which is ſo neceſſary to enable me to look *up*, or rather with the *mind*'s eye, I may ſay, to look *down* upon a man of this man's caſt.

Altho' circumſtances have ſo offered, that I could not take your advice as to the *manner* of dealing with him; yet you gave me ſo much courage by it, as has enabled me to conduct things to this iſſue; as well as determined me againſt leaving him: Which *before*, I was thinking to do, at all adventures. Whether, when it came to the point, I *ſhould* have done ſo, or not, I cannot ſay, becauſe it would have depended upon his behaviour at the time.

But let his behaviour be what it will, I am afraid, (with you) that ſhould any-thing offer at laſt to oblige me to leave him, I ſhall not mend my ſituation in the world's eye; but the contrary. And yet I will not be treated by him with indignity while I have any power to help myſelf.

You, my dear, have accuſed me of having *modeſty'd away*, as you phraſe it, ſeveral opportunities of being —Being what, my dear?—Why, the wife of a Libertine: And what a Libertine and his wife are, my Couſin Morden's Letter tells us.—Let me here, once for all, endeavour to account for the motives of my behaviour to this man, and for the principles I have proceeded upon, as they appear to me upon a cloſe ſelf-examination.

Be pleaſed then to allow me to think, that my motives on this occaſion, ariſe not *altogether* from maidenly niceneſs; nor yet from the apprehenſion of what my preſent tormentor, and future huſband, may think of a precipitate compliance, on ſuch a diſagreea-

diſagreeable behaviour as his: But they ariſe principally from what offers to my own heart; reſpecting, as I may ſay, its own rectitude, its own judgement of the *Fit* and the *Unfit*; as I would, without ſtudy, anſwer *for* myſelf *to* myſelf, in the *firſt* place; to *him*, and to the *world*, in the *ſecond* only. Principles that *are* in my mind; that I *found* there; implanted, no doubt, by the firſt gracious Planter: Which therefore *impel* me, as I may ſay, to act up to them, that thereby I may, to the beſt of my judgement, be enabled to comport myſelf worthily in both States (the Single and the Married) let others act as they will by *me*.

I hope, my dear, I do not deceive myſelf, and, inſtead of ſetting about rectifying what is amiſs in my heart, endeavour to find excuſes for habits and peculiarities, which I am unwilling to caſt off or overcome. The heart is very deceitful: Do you, my dear friend, lay mine open [*But ſurely it is always open before you!*] and ſpare me not, if you think it culpable.

This obſervation, once for all, as I ſaid, I thought proper to make, to convince you, that, to the beſt of my judgment, my errors, in matters as well of leſſer moment, as of greater, ſhall rather be the fault of my Judgment, than of my Will.

I am, my deareſt friend,

Your ever-obliged

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XX.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Tueſday Night, May 16.

MR. Lovelace has ſent me, by Dorcas, his propoſals, as follow:

'To ſpare a delicacy ſo extreme, and to obey you, 'I write: And the rather, that you may communi-'cate this paper to Miſs Howe, who may conſult

'any of her friends you ſhall think proper to have 'intruſted on this occaſion. I ſay, *intruſted*; be-'cauſe, as you know, I have given it out to ſeveral 'perſons, that we are actually married.

'In the firſt place, Madam, I offer to ſettle upon 'you, by way of jointure, your whole Eſtate: And 'moreover to veſt in truſtees ſuch a part of mine in 'Lancaſhire, as ſhall produce a clear four hundred 'pounds a year, to be paid to your ſole and ſeparate 'uſe quarterly.

'My own Eſtate is a clear not nominal 2000*l.* '*per annum*. Lord M. propoſes to give me poſſeſ-'ſion either of That which he has in Lancaſhire '[To which, by the way, I think I have a better 'title than he has himſelf] or That we call *The* '*Lawn* in Hertfordſhire, upon my nuptials with 'a Lady whom he ſo greatly admires; and to 'make That I ſhall chuſe a clear 1000*l. per an-*'*num*.

'My too great contempt of cenſure has ſubject-'ed me to much ſlander. It may not therefore be 'improper to aſſure you, on the word of a gentle-'man, that no part of my Eſtate was ever mort-'gaged: And that altho' I lived very expenſively 'abroad, and made large draughts, yet that Mid-'ſummer-Day next will diſcharge all that I owe in 'the world. My notions are not all bad ones. I 'have been thought, in pecuniary caſes, *generous*. 'It would have deſerved *another* name, had I not 'firſt been *juſt*.

'If, as your own Eſtate is at preſent in your Fa-'ther's hands, you rather chuſe that I ſhould make 'a jointure out of mine, tantamount to yours, be it 'what it will, it ſhall be done. I will engage Lord 'M. to write to *you*, what he propoſes to do on the 'happy occaſion: Not as your deſire or expectation, 'but to demonſtrate, that no advantage is intended 'to be taken of the ſituation you are in with your 'own Family.

'To

'To ſhew the beloved Daughter the conſidera-
'tion I have for her, I will conſent, that ſhe ſhall
'preſcribe the terms of agreement in relation to the
'large ſums, which muſt be in her Father's hands,
'ariſing from her Grandfather's Eſtate. I have no
'doubt, but he will be put upon making large de-
'mands upon you. All thoſe it ſhall be in your
'power to comply with, for the ſake of your own
'peace. And the remainder ſhall be paid into your
'hands, and be entirely at your diſpoſal, as a fund
'to ſupport thoſe charitable donations, which I have
'heard you ſo famed for *out* of your family; and for
'which you have been ſo greatly reflected upon
'*in* it.

'As to cloaths, jewels, and the like, againſt the
'time you ſhall chuſe to make your appearance, it
'will be my pride, that you ſhall not be beholden
'for ſuch of theſe as ſhall be anſwerable to the rank
'of both, to thoſe who have had the ſtupid folly
'to renounce a Daughter they deſerved not. You
'muſt excuſe me, Madam: You would miſtruſt
'my ſincerity in the reſt, could I ſpeak of theſe
'people with aſperity, tho' ſo nearly related to
'you.

'Theſe, Madam, are my propoſals. They are
'ſuch as I always deſigned to make, whenever you
'would permit me to enter into the delightful ſub-
'ject. But you have been ſo determined to try every
'method for reconciling yourſelf to you relations,
'even by giving me abſolutely up for ever, that
'you have ſeemed to think it but juſtice to keep me
'at a diſtance, till the event of that your *predomi-*
'*nant* hope could be ſeen. It is *now* ſeen!—And
'altho' I *have been*, and perhaps ſtill *am*, ready to
'regret the want of that preference I wiſhed for from
'you as Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe; yet I am ſure, as the
'huſband of Mrs. Lovelace, I ſhall be more ready
'to adore than to blame you for the pangs you have

'given to a heart, the generoſity, or rather *juſtice* 'of which, my implacable enemies have taught you 'to doubt; And this ſtill the readier, as I am per- 'ſuaded, that thoſe pangs never would have been 'given by a mind ſo noble, had not the doubt been 'entertained (perhaps with too great an appearance 'of reaſon); and as I hope I ſhall have it to reflect, 'that the moment the doubt ſhall be overcome, the 'indifference will ceaſe.

'I will only add, that if I have omitted any-thing, 'that would have given you farther ſatisfaction; or 'if the above terms be ſhort of what you would wiſh; 'you will be pleaſed to ſupply them as you think fit. 'And when I know your pleaſure, I will inſtantly 'order articles to be drawn up conformably; that 'nothing in my power may be wanting to make you 'happy.

'You will now, deareſt Madam, judge, how far 'all the reſt depends upon yourſelf.'

You ſee, my dear, what he offers. You ſee it is all my fault, that he has not made theſe offers before. I am a ſtrange creature!—To be to blame in *every-thing*, and to *every-body*; yet neither intend the ill at the time, nor know it to *be* the ill till too late, or ſo nearly too late, that I muſt give up all the delicacy he talks of, to compound for my fault!

I ſhall now judge how far the reſt depends upon myſelf! So coldly concludes he ſuch warm, and, in the main, unobjectible propoſals: Would you not, as you read, have ſuppoſed, that the paper would conclude with the moſt earneſt demand of a Day?—I own, I had that expectation ſo ſtrong, reſulting *naturally*, as I may ſay, from the premiſes, that without *ſtudying* for diſſatisfaction, I could not help being diſſatisfied when I came to the concluſion.

But you ſay there is no help. I muſt perhaps make *further* ſacrifices. All delicacy it ſeems is to be at an end with me!—But if ſo, this man knows

not what every *wiſe* man knows, that prudence, and virtue, and delicacy of mind in a *wife*, do the huſband more *real* honour in the eye of the world, than the ſame qualities (were *ſhe* deſtitute of them) in *himſelf*, do him: As the *want* of them in her does him more *diſ-honour:* For are not the wife's errors the huſband's reproach? How *juſtly* his reproach, is another thing.

I will conſider this paper; and write to it, if I am able: For it ſeems now, *all the reſt depends upon myſelf.*

LETTER XXI.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Wedneſday Morning, May 17.

MR. Lovelace would fain have engaged me laſt night. But as I was not prepared to enter upon the ſubject of his propoſals (intending to conſider them maturely) and was not highly pleaſed with his concluſion, I deſired to be excuſed ſeeing him till morning; and the rather, as there is hardly any getting from him in tolerable time over-night.

Accordingly, about Seven o'clock we met in the dining-room.

I find, he was full of expectation that I ſhould meet him with a very favourable, who knows but with a *thankful* aſpect? And I immediately found by his ſullen countenance, that he was under no ſmall diſappointment that I did not.

My deareſt Love, are you well? Why look you ſo ſolemn upon me? Will your indifference never be over? If I have propoſed terms in any reſpect *ſhort* of your expectation—

I told him, that he had very conſiderately mentioned my ſhewing his propoſals to Miſs Howe; and as I ſhould have a ſpeedy opportunity to ſend them

to her by Collins, I deſired to ſuſpend any talk upon that ſubject till I had her opinion upon them.

Good God!—If there were but the leaſt loop-hole! the leaſt room for delay!—But he was writing a Letter to Lord M. to give him an account of his Situation with me, and could not finiſh it ſo ſatisfactorily, either to my Lord or to himſelf, as if I I would condeſcend to ſay, whether the terms he had propoſed were acceptable or not.

Thus far, I told him, I could ſay, That my principal point was peace and reconciliation with my relations. As to other matters, the genteelneſs of his own ſpirit would put him upon doing more for me than I ſhould aſk, or expect. Wherefore, if all he had to write about was to know what Lord M. would do on my account, he might ſpare himſelf the trouble; for that my utmoſt wiſhes, as to myſelf, were much more eaſily gratified than he perhaps imagined.

He aſked me then, If I would ſo far permit him to touch upon the happy Day, as to requeſt the preſence of Lord M. on the occaſion, and to be my Father?

Father had a ſweet and venerable ſound with it, I ſaid. I ſhould be glad to have a Father who would own me!

Was not this plain ſpeaking, think you, my dear? Yet it rather, I muſt own, appears ſo to me on reflection, than was *deſigned* freely at the time. For I then, with a ſigh from the bottom of my heart, thought of my *own Father*; bitterly regreting, that I am an outcaſt from him and from my Mother.

Mr. Lovelace I thought ſeemed a little affected; at the *manner* of my ſpeaking, and perhaps at the ſad reflection.

I am but a very young creature, Mr. Lovelace, ſaid I [and wiped my eyes as I turned away my face] altho' you have *kindly*, and *in love to me*, introduced

ſo much ſorrow to me already: So you muſt not wonder, that the word *Father* ſtrikes ſo ſenſibly upon the heart of a child ever dutiful till ſhe knew you, and whoſe tender years ſtill require the paternal wing.

He turned towards the window [Rejoice with me, my dear, ſince I ſeem to be devoted to him, that the man is not abſolutely impenetrable!]: His emotion was viſible; yet he endeavoured to ſuppreſs it. Approaching me again; again he was obliged to turn from me; Angelic ſomething, he ſaid: But then, obtaining a heart more *ſuitable* to his wiſh, he once more approached me.—For his own part, he ſaid, as Lord M. was ſo ſubject to the gout, he was afraid, that the compliment he had juſt propoſed to make him, might, if made, occaſion a *longer ſuſpenſion* than he could bear to think of: And if it did, it would vex him to the heart that he had made it.

I could not ſay a ſingle word to this, you know, my dear. But you will gueſs at my thoughts of what he ſaid—So much paſſionate Love, *lip-deep!* So prudent, and ſo dutifully patient *at heart* to a relation he had till now ſo undutifully deſpiſed!—Why, why, am I thrown upon ſuch a man, thought I!

He heſitated, as if contending with himſelf; and after taking a turn or two about the room, He was at a great loſs what to determine upon, he ſaid, becauſe he had not the honour of knowing when he was to be made the happieſt of men—Would to God it might that very inſtant be reſolved upon!

He ſtopped a moment or two, ſtaring in his uſual confident way, in my downcaſt face [Did I not, O my beloved friend, think you, want a Father or a Mother juſt then?] But if he could not, ſo *ſoon* as he wiſhed, procure my conſent to a day; in *that* caſe, he thought the compliment might *as well be* made to Lord M. as *not*—[*See, my dear!*] Since the Settlements might be drawn and engroſſed in the interve-

nient time, which would pacify his impatience, *as no time would be loſt.*

You will ſuppoſe how *I* was affected by this ſpeech, by repeating the ſubſtance of what *he* ſaid upon it; as follows.

—But, by his Soul, he knew not, ſo much was I upon the reſerve, and ſo much latent meaning did my eye import, whether, when he moſt hoped to pleaſe me, he was not fartheſt from doing ſo. Would I vouchſafe to ſay, Whether I approved of his compliment to Lord M. or not?

To leave it to *me*, to chuſe whether the ſpeedy Day he ought to have urged for with earneſtneſs, ſhould be accelerated or ſuſpended!—Miſs Howe, thought I, at that moment, ſays, I muſt *not* run away from This man!

To be ſure, Mr. Lovelace, if this matter be *ever to be*, it muſt be agreeable to me to have the full approbation of *one* ſide, ſince I cannot have that of the *other.*

If this matter be ever to be! Good God! what words are theſe at this time of day! And full *approbation* of *one* ſide! Why that word *approbation?* When the greateſt pride of all my family is, That of having the honour of ſo dear a creature for their relation? Would to Heaven, my deareſt life, added he, that, without complimenting *Any*-body, to-morrow might be the happieſt day of my life!—What ſay you, my angel? With a trembling impatience, that *ſeemed* not affected—What ſay you for *to-morrow?*

It was likely, my dear, I could ſay much to it, or name another day, had I been diſpoſed to the latter, with ſuch an *hinted delay from him.*

I was ſilent.

Next day, Madam, if not to-morrow?—

Had he given me *time* to anſwer, it could not have been in the affirmative, you muſt think—But *in the ſame breath*, he went on—Or the *day after that?*—And taking both my hands in his, he ſtared me

me into a half-confuſion—Would *you* have had patience with him, my dear?

No, no, ſaid I, as calmly as poſſible, you cannot think, that I ſhould imagine there can be reaſon for ſuch a hurry. It will be moſt agreeable, to be ſure, for my Lord to be preſent.

I am all obedience and reſignation, returned the wretch, with a ſelf-pluming air, as if he had aquieſced to a propoſal *made by me*, and had complimented me with a great piece of *ſelf-denial*.

Is it not plain, my dear, that he deſigns to vex and teaze me? Proud, yet mean, and fooliſh man, if ſo! —But you ſay all Punctilio is at an end with me. Why, why, will he take pains to make a heart wrap itſelf up in reſerve, that wiſhes only, and that for his ſake as well as my own, to obſerve due decorum?

Modeſty, I think, required of me, that it ſhould paſs as he had put it: Did it not?—I think it did. Would to heaven—but what ſignifies wiſhing?

But when he would have *rewarded himſelf*, as he had heretofore called it, for this ſelf-ſuppoſe conceſſion, with a kiſs, I repulſed him with a juſt and very ſincere diſdain.

He ſeemed both vexed and ſurpriſed, as one who had made the moſt agreeable propoſals and conceſſions, and thought them ingratefully returned. He plainly ſaid, that he thought our ſituation would entitle him to ſuch an innocent freedom: And he was both amazed and grieved to be thus ſcornfully repulſed.

No reply could be made by me on ſuch a ſubject. I abruptly broke from him. I recollect, as I paſſed by one of the pier-glaſſes, that I ſaw in it his clenched hand offered in wrath to his forehead: The words, *Indifference, by his Soul, next to hatred*, I heard him ſpeak: And ſomething of *Ice* he mentioned: I heard not what.

Whether he intends to write to my Lord, or to Miſs Montague, I cannot tell. But *as all delicacy ought to be over with me now*, perhaps I am to blame

to expect it from a man who may not know *what it is*. If he does *not*, and yet thinks himſelf very polite, and intends not to be otherwiſe, I am rather to be pitied, than he to be cenſured.

And after all, ſince I *muſt* take him as I find him, I *muſt*: That is to ſay, as a man ſo vain and ſo accuſtomed to be admired, that, not being conſcious of internal defect, he has taken no pains to poliſh more than his outſide: And as his propoſals are higher than my expectations; and as, in his own opinion, he has a great deal to bear from *me*, I *will* (no new offence preventing) ſit down to anſwer them:—And, if poſſible, in terms as unobjectible to him, as his are to me.

But after all, ſee you not, my dear, more and more, the miſmatch that there is in our minds?

However, I am willing to compound for my fault, by giving up (if that may be all my puniſhment) the expectation of what is deemed happineſs in this life, with ſuch a huſband as I fear he will make. In ſhort, I will content myſelf to be a *ſuffering perſon* through the State to the end of my life.—A long one it cannot be!—

This may qualify him (as it may prove) from ſtings of conſcience from miſbehaviour to a *firſt* wife, to be a more tolerable one to a *ſecond*, tho' not perhaps a better deſerving one: While my ſtory, to all who ſhall know it, will afford theſe inſtructions: *That the eye is a traitor, and ought ever to be miſtruſted: That form is deceitful:* In other words; *that a fine perſon is ſeldom paired by a fine mind:* And *that ſound principles, and a good heart, are the only baſes on which the hopes of a* happy future, *either with reſpect to this world, or the other, can be built.*

And ſo much at preſent for Mr. Lovelace's propoſals: Of which I deſire your opinion (*a*).

(*a*) We cannot forbear obſerving in this place, that the Lady has been particularly cenſured, even by ſome of her own Sex, as *over-nice* in her part of the above converſations: But ſurely this muſt be owing to

Four Letters are written by Mr. Lovelace from the date of his laſt, giving the ſtate of affairs between him and the Lady, pretty much the ſame as in hers in the ſame period, allowing for the humour in his, and for his reſentments expreſſed with vehemence on her reſolution to leave him, if her friends could be brought to be reconciled to her.—A few extracts from them will be only given.

What, *ſays he*, might have become of me, and of my projects, had not her Father, and the reſt of the Implacables, ſtood my friends?

After violent threatnings of Revenge, he ſays,

'Tis plain ſhe would have given me up for ever: Nor ſhould I have been able to prevent her abandoning of me, unleſs I had *torn up the tree by the roots*

to want of attention to the *circumſtances* ſhe was in, and to her *character*, as well as to the *character of the man ſhe had to deal with*: For altho' ſhe could not be ſuppoſed to know ſo much of his deſigns as the Reader does by means of his Letters to Belford; yet ſhe was but too well convinced of his faulty morals, and of the neceſſity there was, from the whole of his behaviour to her, to keep ſuch an encroacher, as ſhe frequently calls him, at a diſtance. In Letter xxix. of Vol. III. the Reader will ſee, that upon ſome favourable appearances ſhe blames herſelf for her readineſs to ſuſpect him. *But his character, his principles*, ſaid ſhe, *are ſo faulty; he is ſo light, ſo vain, ſo various!*—— *Then, my dear, I have no Guardian now, no Father, no Mother! Nothing but God and my own vigilance to depend upon!* In page 47. of the Third Volume, *Muſt I not with ſuch a man*, ſays ſhe, *be wanting to myſelf, were I not jealous and vigilant?*

By this time the reader will ſee, that ſhe had ſtill *greater* reaſon for her jealouſy and vigilance. And Lovelace will tell the Sex, as he does Letter liv. of this Volume, *That the woman who reſents not initiatory freedoms, muſt be loſt. Love is an encroacher*, ſays he: *Love never goes backward. Nothing but the higheſt act of Love can ſatisfy an* indulged Love.

But the reader perhaps is too apt to form a judgment of Clariſſa's conduct in critical caſes by *Lovelace's complaints of her coldneſs*; not conſidering his views upon her; and that ſhe is propoſed as an *Example*; and therefore in her trials and diſtreſſes muſt not be allowed to diſpenſe with thoſe Rules which perhaps ſome others of her Sex, in her delicate ſituation, would not have thought themſelves ſo ſtrictly bound to obſerve; altho', if ſhe had *not* obſerved them, a *Lovelace* would have carried all his points.

to come at the fruit; which I hope, *ſtill to bring down by a gentle ſhake or two*, if I can but have patience to ſtay the ripening ſeaſon.

Thus triumphing in his unpolite cruelty, he ſays,

After her haughty treatment of me, I am reſolved ſhe *ſhall* ſpeak out. There are a thouſand beauties to be diſcovered in the face, in the accent, in the *buſh-beating* heſitations of a woman who is earneſt about a ſubject which ſhe wants to introduce, yet knows not how. Silly fellows, calling themſelves generous ones, would value themſelves for ſparing a Lady's confuſion: But they are ſilly fellows indeed; and rob themſelves of prodigious pleaſure by their forwardneſs; and at the ſame time deprive her of diſplaying a world of charms, which only can be manifeſted on theſe occaſions.

I'll tell thee beforehand, how it will be with my Charmer in this caſe—She will be about it, and about it, ſeveral times: But I will not underſtand her: At laſt, after half a dozen hem—ings, ſhe will be obliged to ſpeak out—*I think, Mr. Lovelace—I think, Sir—I think you were ſaying ſome days ago*—Still I will be all ſilence—her eyes fixed upon my ſhoe-buckles, as I ſit over-againſt her—Ladies, when put to it thus, always admire a man's ſhoe-buckles, or perhaps ſome particular beauties in the carpet. *I think you ſaid, that Mrs. Fretchville*—Then a cryſtal tear trickles down each crimſon cheek, vexed to have her virgin pride ſo little aſſiſted. But, come, my meaning dear, cry I to myſelf, remember what I have ſuffered *for* thee, and what I have ſuffered *by* thee! Thy tearful pauſings ſhall not be helped out by me. Speak out, Love!—O the ſweet confuſion! Can I rob myſelf of ſo many conflicting beauties by the precipitate charmer-pitying folly, by which a *politer* man [Thou *knoweſt*, Lovely, that I am no *polite* man!] betrayed

betrayed by his own tenderneſs, and *unuſed* to female tears, would have been overcome? I will feign an irreſolution of mind on the occaſion that ſhe may not *quite* abhor me—that her reflections on the ſcene in my abſence may bring to her remembrance ſome beauties in my part of it: An irreſolution that will be owing to awe, to reverence, to profound veneration; and that will have more eloquence in it, than words *can* have. Speak out then, Love, and ſpare not.

Hard-heartedneſs, as it is called, is an *eſſential* of the *Libertine's character*. Familiarized to the diſtreſſes he occaſions, he is ſeldom betrayed by tenderneſs into a complaiſant weakneſs unworthy of himſelf.

Mentioning the Settlements, he ſays,

I am in earneſt as to the terms. If I marry her [And I have no doubt that I ſhall, after my Pride, my Ambition, my *Revenge*, if thou wilt, is gratified] I will do her noble juſtice. The more I do for ſuch a prudent, ſuch an excellent oeconomiſt, the more ſhall I do for myſelf.—But, by my Soul, Belford, her haughtineſs ſhall be brought down to own both Love and Obligation to me. Nor will this ſketch of Settlements bring us forwarder than I would have it. Modeſty of Sex will ſtand my friend at any time. At the very altar, our hands joined, I will engage to make this proud beauty leave the parſon and me, and all my friends who ſhould be preſent, tho' twenty in number, to look like fools upon one another, while ſhe took wing, and flew out of the church-door, or window (if that were open, and the door ſhut); and this only by a ſingle word.

He mentions his raſh expreſſion, that ſhe ſhould be his, altho' his damnation were to be the purchaſe.

At that inſtant, *ſays he*, I was upon the point of making a violent attempt, but was checked in the very

very moment, and but juſt in time to ſave myſelf, by the awe I was ſtruck with on again caſting my eye upon her terrified but lovely face, and ſeeing, as I thought, her ſpotleſs heart in every line of it.

O Virtue, Virtue! *proceeds he*, what is there in thee, that can thus againſt his will affect the heart of a Lovelace!—Whence theſe involuntary tremors, and fear of giving mortal offence?—What art Thou, that acting in the breaſt of a feeble woman, canſt ſtrike ſo much awe into a ſpirit ſo intrepid! Which never before, no, not in my firſt attempt, young as I then was, and frighted at my own boldneſs (till I found myſelf *forgiven)* had ſuch an effect upon me!

He paints in lively colours, that part of the ſcene between him and the Lady, where ſhe ſays, The word *Father* has a ſweet and venerable ſound with it.

I was exceedingly affected, *ſays he*, upon the occaſion. But was aſhamed to be ſurpriſed into ſuch a fit of unmanly weakneſs—So *aſhamed*, that I was reſolved to ſubdue it at the inſtant, and to guard againſt the like for the future. Yet, at that moment, I more than half regretted, that I could not permit her to enjoy a triumph which ſhe ſo well deſerved to glory in—Her youth, her beauty, her artleſs innocence, and her manner, equally beyond compariſon or deſcription. But her *Indifference*, Belford!—That ſhe could reſolve to ſacrifice me to the malice of my enemies; and carry on the deſign in ſo clandeſtine a manner—Yet love her, as I do, to phrenſy!—Revere her, as I do, to adoration!—Theſe were the recollections with which I fortified my recreant heart againſt her!—Yet, after all, if ſhe perſevere, ſhe muſt conquer!—Coward, as ſhe has made me, that never was a coward before!

He concludes his fourth Letter in a vehement rage, upon her repulſing him, when he offered to ſalute her;

her; having ſuppoſed, as he owns, that ſhe would have been all condeſcenſion on his propoſals to her.

This, *ſays he*, I will for ever remember againſt her, in order to ſteel my heart, that I may *cut thro' a rock of ice* to hers; and repay her for the diſdain, the ſcorn, which glowed in her countenance, and was apparent in her air, at her abrupt departure from me, after ſuch obliging behaviour on my ſide, and after I had ſo earneſtly preſſed her for an early Day. The women below ſay, She hates me; ſhe deſpiſes me!—And 'tis true: She does; ſhe muſt.—And why cannot I take their advice? I will not long, my Fair-one, be deſpiſed by *thee*, and laughed at by *them!*

Let me acquaint thee, Jack, *adds he*, *by way of poſtſcript*, That this effort of hers to leave me, if ſhe could have been received; her ſending for a coach on Sunday; no doubt, reſolving not to return, if ſhe had gone out without me (for did ſhe not declare that ſhe had thoughts to retire to ſome of the villages about town, where ſhe could be ſafe and private?) have, all together, ſo much alarmed me, that I have been adding to the written inſtructions for my fellow and the people below how to act in caſe ſhe ſhould elope in my abſence: Particularly letting Will. know what he ſhall report to ſtrangers in caſe ſhe ſhall throw herſelf upon any ſuch with a reſolution to abandon me. To theſe inſtructions I ſhall further add as circumſtances offer.

LETTER XXII.

Miſs HOWE, *To Miſs* CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Thurſday, May 18.

I Have neither time nor patience, my dear friend, to anſwer every material article in your laſt Letters

ters juſt now received. Mr. Lovelace's propoſals are all I like of him. And yet (as you do) I think, that he concludes them not with that warmth and earneſtneſs which we might naturally have expected from him. Never in my life did I hear or read of ſo patient a man, with ſuch a bleſſing in his reach. But wretches of his caſt, between you and me, my dear, have not, I fanſy, the ardors that honeſt men have. Who knows, as your Bell once ſpitefully ſaid, but he may have half a dozen creatures to quit his hands of before he engages for life?—Yet I believe you muſt not expect him to be honeſt on this ſide of his grand climacteric.

He, to ſuggeſt delay from a compliment to be made to Lord M. and to give time for Settlements! *He*, a part of whoſe character it is, not to know what complaiſance to his relations is—I have no patience with him! You did indeed want an interpoſing friend on the affecting occaſion which you mention in yours of yeſterday morning. But, upon my word, were I to have been that moment in your ſituation, and been ſo treated, I would have torn his eyes out, and left it to his own heart, when I had done, to furniſh the reaſon for it.

Would to Heaven to-morrow, without complimenting any-body, might be his happy day!—Villain! After he had himſelf ſuggeſted the compliment!—And I think he accuſes YOU of delaying!—Fellow, that he is!—How my heart is wrung—

But, as matters now ſtand betwixt you, I am very unſeaſonable in expreſſing my reſentments againſt him.—Yet I don't know whether I am or not, neither; ſince it is the moſt cruel of fates, for a woman to be forced to have a man whom her heart deſpiſes. You muſt, at *leaſt*, deſpiſe him; at times, however. His clenched fiſt offered to his forehead on your leaving him in juſt diſpleaſure—I wiſh it had been a pole-ax, and in the hand of his worſt enemy.

I will

I will endeavour to think of ſome method, of ſome ſcheme, to get you from him, and to fix you ſafely ſomewhere till your Couſin Morden arrives—A ſcheme to lie by you, and to be purſued as occaſion may be given. You are ſure, that you can go abroad when you pleaſe? and that our correſpondence is ſafe? I cannot, however (for the reaſons heretofore mentioned reſpecting your own reputation) wiſh you to leave him while he gives you not cauſe to ſuſpect his honour. But your heart I know would be the eaſier, if you were ſure of ſome aſylum in caſe of neceſſity.

Yet once more, I ſay, I can have no notion that he can or dare to mean you diſhonour. But then the man is a fool, my dear—that's all.

However, ſince you are thrown upon a fool, marry the fool, at the firſt opportunity; and tho' I doubt that this man will be the moſt ungovernable of fools, as all witty and vain fools are, take him as a puniſhment, ſince you cannot as a reward: In ſhort, as one given to convince you that there is nothing but imperfection in this life.

And what is the reſult of all I have written, but this? Either marry, my dear, or get from them all, and from him too.

You intend the latter, you'll ſay, as ſoon as you have opportunity. That, as above hinted, I hope quickly to furniſh you with: And then comes on a tryal between *you* and *yourſelf*.

Theſe are the very fellows, that we women do not *naturally* hate. We don't always know what is, and what is not, in our power to do. When ſome principle point we have long had in view becomes ſo critical, that we muſt of neceſſity chuſe or refuſe, then perhaps we look about us; are affrighted at the wild and uncertain proſpect before us; and after a few ſtruggles and heart-achs, reject the untried New; draw in our horns, and reſolve

reſolve to *ſnail*-on, as we did before, in a track we are acquainted with.

I ſhall be impatient till I have your next. I am, my deareſt friend,

Your ever-affectionate and faithful
ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XXIII.

Mr. BELFORD, *To* ROBERT LOVELACE, *Eſq;*

Wedneſday, May 17.

I Cannot conceal from you any-thing that relates to yourſelf ſo much as the incloſed does. You will ſee what the noble writer apprehends from you, and wiſhes of you, with regard to Miſs Harlowe, and how much at heart all your relations have it that you do honourably by her. They compliment me with an influence over you, which I wiſh with all my ſoul you would let me have in this article.

Let me once more entreat thee, Lovelace, to reflect, before it be too late (before the mortal offence be given) upon the graces and merits of this Lady. Let thy frequent remorſes at laſt end in one effectual remorſe. Let not pride and wantonneſs of heart ruin thy fairer proſpects. By my faith, Lovelace, there is nothing but vanity, conceit, and nonſenſe, in our wild ſchemes. As we grow older, we ſhall be wiſer, and looking back upon our fooliſh notions of the preſent hour (our youth diſſipated) ſhall certainly deſpiſe ourſelves when we think of the honourable engagements we might have made: Thou, more eſpecially, if thou letteſt ſuch a matchleſs creature ſlide thro' thy fingers. A creature pure from her cradle. In all her actions and ſentiments uniformly noble. Strict in the performance of all her even *unrewarded* duties to the moſt *unreaſonable of Fathers*, what a *Wife* will ſhe make the man who ſhall have the honour to call her his!

What

What apprehenſions wouldſt thou have had reaſon for, had ſhe been prevailed upon by giddy or frail motives, for which one man, by importunity, might prevail, as well as another?

We all know what an inventive genius thou art maſter of: We are all ſenſible, that thou haſt *a head to contrive, and a heart to execute.* Have I not called thine *the plotting'ſt heart in the univerſe?* I called it ſo upon knowlege. What wouldſt thou *more?* Why ſhould it be the moſt *villainous*, as well as the moſt *able?*—Marry the Lady; and, *when* married, let her know what a number of contrivances thou hadſt in readineſs to play off. Beg of her not to hate thee for the communication; and aſſure her, that thou gaveſt them up from remorſe, and in juſtice to her extraordinary merit; and let her have the opportunity of congratulating herſelf for ſubduing a heart ſo capable of what thou calleſt *glorious miſchief.* This will give *her* room for triumph; and even *thee* no leſs: She, for *hers* over *thee*; thou, for *thine* over *thyſelf.*

Reflect likewiſe upon her ſufferings for thee. Actually at the time thou art forming ſchemes to ruin her (at leaſt in *her* ſenſe of the word) is ſhe not labouring under a father's Curſe laid upon her by thy means, and for thy ſake? And wouldſt thou give operation and completion to that curſe, which otherwiſe cannot have effect?

And what, Lovelace, all the time is thy pride?—Thou that vainly imagineſt, that the whole family of the Harlowes, and that of the Howes too, are but thy machines, unknown to themſelves, to bring about thy purpoſes, and thy revenge, what art thou more, or better, than the inſtrument even of her implacable Brother, and envious Siſter, to perpetuate the diſgrace of the moſt excellent of Siſters, to which they are moved by vilely low and ſordid motives?—Canſt thou bear, Lovelace, to be thought the machine

machine of thy inveterate enemy James Harlowe?—Nay, art thou not the cully of that ſtill viler Joſeph Leman, who ſerves himſelf as much by thy money, as he does thee by the double part he acts by thy direction?—And further ſtill, art thou not the devil's agent, who only can, and who certainly will, ſuitably reward thee, if thou proceedeſt, and if thou effecteſt thy wicked purpoſe?

Could any man but thee put together upon paper the following queſtions with ſo much unconcern as thou ſeemeſt to have written them?—Give them a reperuſal, O heart of adamant! 'Whither can ſhe fly 'to avoid me? Her Parents will not receive her: 'Her Uncles will not entertain her: Her beloved 'Norton is in their direction, and cannot: Miſs 'Howe dare not. She has not one friend in town 'but ME: Is entirely a ſtranger to the town (*a*).'—What muſt that heart be that can triumph in a diſtreſs ſo deep, into which ſhe has been plunged by thy elaborate arts and contrivances? And what a ſweet, yet ſad reflection was that, which had like to have had its due effect upon thee, ariſing from thy nameing Lord M. for her nuptial Father? Her tender years inclining her to *wiſh* a Father, and to *hope* a Friend.—O my dear Lovelace, canſt thou reſolve to be, inſtead of the Father thou haſt robbed her of, a devil?

Thou knoweſt, that I have no intereſt, that I can have no view, in wiſhing thee to do juſtice to this admirable creature. For thy own ſake, once more I conjure thee, for thy family's ſake, and for the ſake of our *common humanity*, let me beſeech thee to be juſt to Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe.

No matter whether theſe expoſtulations are in character from me, or not. I *have* been and *am* bad enough. If thou takeſt my advice, which is (as the incloſed will ſhew thee) the advice of all thy family,

(*a*) See p. 55.

thou

thou wilt perhaps have it to reproach me (and but perhaps neither) that thou art not a worſe man than myſelf. But if thou doſt *not*, and if thou ruineſt ſuch a virtue, all the complicated wickedneſs of ten devils, let looſe among the innocent with full power over them, will not do ſo much vile and baſe miſchief as thou wilt be guilty of.

It is ſaid, that the prince on his throne is not ſafe, if a mind ſo deſperate can be found, as values not its *own* life. So may it be ſaid, that the moſt immaculate virtue is not ſafe, if a man can be met with, who has no regard to his own honour, and makes a jeſt of the moſt ſolemn vows and proteſtations.

Thou mayeſt by trick, chicane, and falſe colours, thou who art worſe than a pickeroon in Love, overcome a poor Lady ſo entangled as thou haſt entangled her; ſo unprotected as thou haſt made her: But conſider, how much more generous and juſt to her, and noble to thyſelf, it is, to overcome *thyſelf*.

Once more, it is no matter, whether my paſt or future actions countenance my preachment, as perhaps thou'lt call what I have written: But this I promiſe thee, that whenever I meet with a woman of but one half of Miſs Harlowe's perfections, who will favour me with her acceptance, I will take the advice I give, and marry. Nor will I offer to try her honour at the hazard of my own. In other words, I will not degrade an excellent creature in *her own eyes*, by trials, when I have no cauſe for ſuſpicion. And let me add, with reſpect to thy *Eagleſhip*'s manifeſtation, of which thou boaſteſt, in thy attempts upon the innocent and uncorrupted, rather than upon thoſe whom thou humouroufly compareſt to wrens, wagtails, and phyl-tits, as thou calleſt them (*a*), that I hope I have it not once to reproach myſelf, that I ruined the morals of any one creature, who otherwiſe would have been uncorrupted. Guilt

(*a*) See p. 24.

enough

enough in contributing to the *continued* guilt of other poor wretches, if I am one of thoſe who take care ſhe ſhall never *riſe again*, when ſhe has *once fallen*.

Whatever the capital devil, under whoſe banner thou haſt liſted, will let thee do, with regard to this incomparable woman, I hope thou wilt act with honour in relation to the incloſed, between Lord M. and me; ſince his Lordſhip, as thou wilt ſee, deſires, that thou mayeſt not know he wrote on the ſubject; for reaſons, I think, very far from being creditable to thyſelf: And that thou will take as meant, the honeſt zeal for thy ſervice, of

Thy real Friend,

J. BELFORD.

LETTER XXIV.

Lord M. *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq*;

[*Incloſed in the preceding.*]

SIR, *M. Hall, Monday, May* 15.

IF any man in the world has power over my Nephew, it is you. I therefore write this, to beg you to interfere in the affair depending between him and the moſt accompliſhed of women, as every one ſays; and *what every one ſays, muſt be true*.

I don't know that he has any bad deſigns upon her; but I know his temper too well, not to be apprehenſive upon ſuch long delays: And the Ladies here have been for ſome time in fear for her: Lady Sarah in particular, who (as you muſt know) is a wiſe woman, ſays, that theſe delays, in the preſent caſe, muſt be from him, rather than from the Lady.

He had always indeed a ſtrong antipathy to Marriage, and may think of playing his dog's tricks by her, as he has by ſo many others. If there's any danger

danger of this, 'tis beſt to prevent it in time: For *when a thing is done, advice comes too late.*

He has always had the folly and impertinence to make a jeſt of me for uſing proverbs: But as they are the wiſdom of whole nations and ages collected into a ſmall compaſs, I am not to be ſhamed out of ſentences that often contain more wiſdom in them, than the tedious harangues of moſt of our parſons and moraliſts. Let him laugh at them, if he pleaſes: You and I know better things, Mr. Belford——*Tho' you have kept company with a wolf, you have not learnt to howl of him.*

But nevertheleſs, you muſt not let him know that I have written to you on this ſubject. I am aſhamed to ſay it; but he has ever treated me as if I were a man of very common underſtanding; and would, perhaps, think never the better of the beſt advice in the world, for coming from me. *Thoſe*, Mr. Belford, *who moſt love, are leaſt ſet by.—But who would expect Velvet to be made out of a Sow's ear?*

I am ſure he has no reaſon however to ſlight me as he does. He may and will be the better for me, if he outlives me; tho' he once told me to my face, That I might do as I would with my Eſtate; for that he, for his part, *loved his liberty as much as he deſpiſed money.* And at another time, twitting me with my phraſes, *That the man was above controul, who wanted not either to borrow or flatter.* He thought, I ſuppoſe, that *I could not cover him with my wings, without pecking at him with my bill*; tho' I never uſed to be pecking at him, without very great occaſion: And, God knows, he might have my very heart, if he would but endeavour to oblige me, by ſtudying his own good; for that is all I deſire of him. Indeed, it was his poor Mother that firſt ſpoiled him; and I have been but too indulgent to him ſince. A fine grateful diſpoſition, you'll ſay, to *return evil for good!* But that was always his way.

It

It is a good ſaying, and which was verified by him with a witneſs—*Children when little, make their parents fools; when great, mad.* Had his parents lived to ſee what I have ſeen of him, they would have been mad indeed.

This match, however, as the Lady has ſuch an extraordinary ſhare of wiſdom and goodneſs, might ſet all to rights; and if you can forward it, I would enable him to make whatever Settlements he could wiſh; and ſhould not be unwilling to put him in poſſeſſion of another pretty Eſtate beſides. I am no covetous man, he knows. And indeed, what is a covetous man to be likened to ſo fitly, as *to a dog in a wheel which roaſts meat for others?* And what do I live for (as I have often ſaid) but to ſee him and my two Nieces well married and ſettled? May Heaven *ſettle him down to a better mind*, and turn his heart to more of goodneſs and conſideration!

If the delays are on his ſide, I tremble for the Lady; and, if on hers (as he tells my Niece Charlotte) I could wiſh ſhe were appriſed that *Delays are dangerous.* Excellent as ſhe is, ſhe ought not to depend on her merits with ſuch a changeable fellow, and ſuch a profeſt marriage-hater, as he has been. *Deſert and Reward*, I can aſſure her, *ſeldom keep company together.*

But let him remember, that *Vengeance, though it comes with leaden feet, ſtrikes with iron hands.* If he behaves ill in this caſe, he may find it ſo. What a pity it is, that a man of his talents and learning ſhould be ſo vile a Rake! Alas! alas! *Une poignée de bonne vie vaut mieux que plein muy de clergée*; a handful of good life is better than a whole buſhel of learning.

You may throw in, too, as a friend, that, ſhould he provoke me, it may not be too late for me to marry. My old Friend Wycherly did ſo, when he was older than I am, on purpoſe to plague *his* Nephew:

phew: And, in ſpite of this gout, I might have a child or two ſtill. I have not been without ſome thoughts that way, when he has angered me more than ordinary: But theſe thoughts have gone off again hitherto, upon my conſidering, that *the children of very young and very old men* (tho' I am not ſo very old neither) *laſt not long*; and that *old men, when they marry young women*, are ſaid to *make much of death:* Yet who knows but that matrimony might be good againſt the gouty humours I am troubled with?

No man is every-thing—You, Mr. Belford, are a learned man. I am a Peer. And do you (as you beſt know how) inculcate upon him the force of theſe wiſe ſayings which follow, as well as thoſe which went before; but yet ſo diſcreetly, as that he may not know, that you *borrow your darts from my quiver.* Theſe be they—*Happy is the man who knows his follies in his youth. He that lives well, lives long.* Again, *He that lives ill one year, will ſorrow for it ſeven.* And again, as the Spaniards have it—*Who lives well, ſees afar off!* Far off indeed; for he ſees into Eternity, as a man may ſay. Then that other fine ſaying, *He who periſhes in needleſs dangers, is the Devil's Martyr.* Another Proverb I picked up at Madrid, when I accompanied Lord Lexington in his Embaſſy to Spain, which might teach our Nephew more Mercy and Compaſſion than is in his Nature I doubt to ſhew; which is this, *That he who pities another, remembers himſelf.* And this that is going to follow, I am ſure he has proved the truth of a hundred times, *That he who does what he will, ſeldom does what he ought.* Nor is that unworthy of his notice, *Young mens frolicks, old men feel.* My deviliſh gout, God help me—But I will not ſay what I was going to ſay.

I remember, that you yourſelf, complimenting

me for my taſte in pithy and wiſe ſentences, ſaid a thing that gave me a high opinion of you; and it was this: *Men of talents*, ſaid you, *are ſooner to be convinced by ſhort ſentences than by long preachments, becauſe the ſhort ſentences drive themſelves into the heart, and ſtay there, while long diſcourſes, though ever ſo good, tire the attention; and one good thing drives out another, and ſo on, till all is forgotten.*

May your good counſels, Mr. Belford, founded upon theſe hints which I have given, pierce his heart, and incite him to do what will be ſo happy for himſelf, and ſo neceſſary for the honour of that admirable Lady whom I long to ſee his wife; and, if I may, I will not think of one for myſelf.

Should he abuſe the confidence ſhe has placed in him, I myſelf ſhall pray, that vengeance may fall upon his head—*Raro*—I quite forget all my Latin; but I think it is, *Raro antecedentem ſceleſtum deſeruit pede pœna claudo:* Where vice goes before, vengeance (ſooner or later) will follow. But why do I tranſlate theſe things for you?

I ſhall make no apologies for this trouble. I know how well you love him and me; and there is nothing in which you could ſerve us both more importantly, than in forwarding this match to the utmoſt of your power. When it is done, how ſhall I rejoice to ſee you at M. Hall! Mean time, I ſhall long to hear that you are likely to be ſucceſsful with him; and am,

Dear Sir,
Your moſt faithful Friend and Servant,
M.

Mr. Lovelace having not returned an anſwer to Mr. Belford's expoſtulatory Letter ſo ſoon as Mr. Belford expected, he wrote to him, expreſſing his apprehenſion, that he had diſobliged him

him by his honeſt freedom. Among other things, he ſays—

I paſs my time here at Watford, attending my dying Uncle, very heavily. I cannot therefore, by any means, diſpenſe with thy correſpondence. And why ſhouldſt thou puniſh me, for having more Conſcience and more Remorſe than thyſelf? Thou, who never thoughteſt either Conſcience or Remorſe an honour to thee. And I have, beſides, a melancholy Story to tell thee, in relation to Belton and his Thomaſine; and which may afford a Leſſon to all the Keeping Claſs.

I have a Letter from each of our three companions in the time. They have all the wickedneſs that thou haſt, but not the wit. Some new rogueries do two of them boaſt of, which, I think, if completed, deſerve the gallows.

I am far from hating intrigue upon principle. But to have aukward fellows plot, and commit their plots to paper, deſtitute of the ſeaſonings, of the *acumen*, which is thy talent, how extremely ſhocking muſt their Letters be!—But do thou, Lovelace, whether thou art, or art not, determined upon thy meaſures with regard to the fine Lady in thy power, enliven my heavy heart by thy communications; and thou wilt oblige

Thy melancholy Friend,

J. BELFORD.

LETTER XXV.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq;*

Friday Night, May 19.

WHEN I have opened my views to thee ſo amply as I have done in my former Letters; and have told thee, that my principal deſign is but

to bring Virtue to a Trial, that, *if* Virtue, it need not be afraid of; and that the Reward of it will be Marriage (that is to ſay, if, after I have carried my point, I cannot prevail upon her to live with me the Life of Honour (*a*); for that thou knoweſt is the wiſh of my heart); I am amazed at the repetition of thy wambling nonſenſe.

I am of opinion with thee, that ſome time hence, when I am *grown wiſer*, I ſhall conclude, that *there is nothing but vanity, conceit, and nonſenſe, in my preſent wild ſchemes.* But what is this ſaying, but that I muſt be *firſt* wiſer?

I do *not* intend *to let this matchleſs creature ſlide through my fingers.*

Art thou able to ſay half the things in her praiſe, that I have ſaid, and am continually ſaying or writing?

Her gloomy Father curſed the ſweet creature, becauſe ſhe put it out of his wicked power to compel her to have the man ſhe hated. Thou knoweſt how little merit ſhe has with me on this ſcore.—And ſhall I not *try* the Virtue I intend, upon full proof, to *reward*, becauſe her Father is a tyrant?—Why art thou thus eternally reflecting upon ſo excellent a woman, as if thou wert aſſured ſhe would *fail in the trial?* —Nay, thou declareſt, every time thou writeſt on the ſubject, that ſhe *will*, that ſhe *muſt* yield, *entangled as ſhe is:* And yet makeſt her Virtue the pretence of thy ſolicitude for her.

An inſtrument of the vile James Harlowe, doſt thou call me?—O Jack! how could I curſe thee!—*I* an *inſtrument* of that Brother! of that Siſter! But mark the end—And thou ſhalt ſee what will become of that Brother, and of that Siſter!

Play not againſt me my own acknowleged ſenſibilities, I deſire thee. Senſibilities, which at the ſame time that they contradict thy charge of an *adamantine*

(*a*) See Vol. III. p. 87.

heart

heart in thy friend, thou hadſt known nothing of, had I not communicated them to thee.

If I ruin ſuch a Virtue, ſayeſt thou!—Eternal monotoniſt!—Again; *The moſt immaculate Virtue may be ruined by men who have no regard to their honour, and who make a jeſt of the moſt ſolemn oaths*, &c. What muſt be the Virtue that will be ruined *without oaths?* Is not the world full of theſe deceptions? And are not *Lovers Oaths* a jeſt of hundreds of years ſtanding? And are not cautions againſt the perfidy of our Sex, a neceſſary part of the Female Education?

I do intend to endeavour to overcome *myſelf*; but I muſt firſt try, if I cannot overcome *this Lady*. Have I not ſaid, that the Honour of her Sex is concerned that I ſhould *try?*

Whenever thou meeteſt with a woman of but half her perfections, thou wilt marry—Do, Jack.

Can a girl be *degraded by trials*, who is not *overcome?*

I am glad that thou takeſt crime to thyſelf, for not endeavouring to convert the poor wretches whom *others* have ruined. I will not recriminate upon thee, Belford, as I might, when thou flattereſt thyſelf, that thou never ruinedſt the morals of any young creature, who otherwiſe would not have been corrupted—The palliating conſolation of an Hottentot heart, determined rather to gluttonize on the garbage of other foul feeders, than to reform.—But tell me, Jack, wouldſt thou have ſpared ſuch a girl as my Roſebud, had I not, by my example, engaged thy generoſity? Nor was my Roſebud the only girl I ſpared:—When my power was acknowleged, who more merciful than thy friend?

It is Reſiſtance *that inflames deſire,*
Sharpens the darts of Love, and blows its fire.
Love is diſarm'd that meets with too much eaſe;
He languiſhes, and does not care to pleaſe.

The women know this as well as the men. They love to be addreſſed with Spirit;

And therefore 'tis their golden fruit they guard
With ſo much care, to make poſſeſſion hard.

Whence, for a by-reflection, the ardent, the complaiſant Gallant is ſo often preferred to the cold, the unadoring Huſband. And yet the Sex do not conſider, that Variety and Novelty give the Ardor and the Obſequiouſneſs; and that, were the Rake as much uſed to them as the Huſband is, he would be [and is to *his own Wife*, if married] *as* indifferent to their favours, as their Huſbands are; and the Huſband, in his turn, would, to another woman, be the Rake. Let the women, upon the whole, take this Leſſon from a Lovelace—'Always to endeavour to 'make themſelves as new to a Huſband, and to 'appear as elegant and as obliging to him, as they 'are deſirous to appear to a *Lover*, and actually 'were to *him* as *ſuch*; and then the *Rake*, which 'all women love, will laſt longer in the *Huſband*, 'than it generally does.'

But to return:—If I have not ſufficiently cleared my conduct to thee in the above; I refer thee once more to mine of the 13th of laſt month (*a*). And pr'ythee, Jack, lay me not under a neceſſity to repeat the ſame things ſo often. I hope thou readeſt what I write *more than once*.

I am not diſpleaſed that thou art ſo apprehenſive of my reſentment, that I cannot miſs a day, without making thee uneaſy. Thy conſcience, 'tis plain, tells thee, that thou haſt deſerved my diſpleaſure: And if it has convinced thee of *that*, it will make thee afraid of repeating thy fault. See that this be the conſequence. Elſe, now that thou haſt told me how I can puniſh thee, it is very likely that I do puniſh thee by my ſilence, although I have as much

(*a*) See Vol. III. p. 76, *&c. ſeq.*

pleaſure

pleaſure in writing on this charming ſubject, as thou canſt have in reading what I write.

When a boy, if a dog ran away from me through fear, I generally looked about for a ſtone, or a ſtick; and if neither offered to my hand, I ſkimmed my hat after him to make him afraid for ſomething. What ſignifies power, if we do not exert it?

Let my Lord know, that thou *haſt* ſcribbled to me. But give him not the contents of thy epiſtle. Tho' a parcel of crude ſtuff, *he* would think there was ſomething in it. Poor arguments will do, when brought in favour of what we like. But the ſtupid Peer little thinks that this Lady is a Rebel to Love. On the contrary, not only he, but all the world believe her to be a Volunteer in his Service.—So I ſhall incur blame, and ſhe will be pitied, if any-thing happen amiſs.

Since my Lord's heart is ſo ſet upon this match, I have written already to let him know, 'That my 'unhappy character has given my Beloved an unge-'nerous diffidence of me. That ſhe is ſo mother-'ſick and father-fond, that ſhe had rather return to 'Harlowe-Place, than marry. That ſhe is even ap-'prehenſive, that the ſtep ſhe has taken of going off 'with me, will make the Ladies of a family of ſuch 'rank and honour as ours, think ſlightly of her. 'That therefore I deſire his Lordſhip (tho' this hint, 'I tell him, muſt be very delicately touched) to 'write me ſuch a Letter as I can ſhew her (Let 'him treat me in it ever ſo freely, I ſhall not take 'it amiſs, I tell him, becauſe I know his Lordſhip 'takes pleaſure in writing to me in a corrective ſtyle). 'That he may make what offers he pleaſes on the 'Marriage. That I deſire his preſence at the Cere-'mony; that I may take from his hand the greateſt 'Bleſſing that mortal man can give me.'

I have not abſolutely told the Lady that I would write to his Lordſhip to this effect; yet have given

her reaſon to think I will. So that without the laſt neceſſity I ſhall not produce the anſwer I expect from him: For I am very loth, I own, to make uſe of any of my family's names for the furthering of my deſigns. And yet I muſt make all ſecure, before I pull off the maſk. *Was not this my motive for bringing her hither?*

Thus thou ſeeſt, that the old Peer's Letter came very ſeaſonably. I thank thee for it. But as to his Sentences, they cannot poſſibly do me good. I was early ſuffocated with his *wiſdom of nations*. When a boy, I never aſked any-thing of him, but out flew a *proverb*; and if the tendency of that was to deny me, I never could obtain the leaſt favour. This gave me ſo great an averſion to the very word, that when a child, I made it a condition with my Tutor, who was an honeſt Parſon, that I would not read my Bible at all, if he would not excuſe me one of the wiſeſt books in it: To which, however, I had no other objection, than that it was called *The Proverbs*. And as for Solomon, he was then a hated character with me, not becauſe of his Polygamy, but becauſe I had conceived him to be ſuch another muſty old fellow as my Uncle.

Well, but let us leave old ſaws to old men.—What ſignifies thy tedious whining over thy departing relation? Is it not generally agreed, that he cannot recover? Will it not be kind in thee to put him out of his miſery? I hear, that he is peſtered ſtill with viſits from Doctors, and Apothecaries, and Surgeons; that they cannot cut ſo deep as the mortification has gone; and that in every viſit, in every ſcarification, inevitable death is pronounced upon him. Why then do they keep tormenting him? Is it not to take away more of his living fleece than of his dead fleſh?—When a man is given over, the Fee ſhould ſurely be refuſed. Are they not now robbing his heirs?—What haſt thou to do, if the will

will be as thou'dſt have it?—He ſent for thee [Did he not?] to cloſe his eyes. He is but an *Uncle*, is he?

Let me ſee, if I miſtake not, it is in the Bible, or ſome other good book: Can it be in Herodotus?—O I believe it is in Joſephus; a half-ſacred, and half-profane author. He tells us of a king of Syria, put out of his pain by his prime miniſter, or one who deſerved to be ſo for his contrivance. The Story ſays, if I am right, that he ſpread a wet cloth over his face, which killing him, he reigned in his place. A notable fellow! Perhaps this wet cloth in the original, is what we now call *Laudanum*; a potion that overſpreads the faculties, as the wet cloth did the face of the royal patient; and the tranſlator knew not how to render it.

But how like a forlorn varlet thou ſubſcribeſt, *Thy melancholy Friend*, J. BELFORD! Melancholy! for what? To ſtand by, and ſee fair play between an Old Man and Death? I thought thou hadſt been more of a man; thou that art not afraid of an *acute* death, a ſword's point, to be ſo plaguily hyp'd at the conſequences of a *chronical* one!—What though the Scarificators work upon him day by day? It is only upon a *caput mortuum:* And pr'ythee *Go to*, to uſe the *ſtylum veterum*, and learn of the *Royal Butchers*; who for ſport (an hundred times worſe men than thy Lovelace) widow ten thouſand at a bruſh, and make twice as many fatherleſs—Learn of *them*, I ſay, how to ſupport a *ſingle* death.

But art thou ſure, Jack, it is a mortification?—My Uncle once gave promiſes of ſuch a root-and-branch diſtemper: But, alas! it turned to a ſmart gout-fit; and *I had* the mortification inſtead of *him*—I have heard that Bark in proper doſes will arreſt a mortification in its progreſs, and at laſt cure it. Let thy Uncle's Surgeon know, that it is worth more than his ears, if he preſcribe one grain of the Bark.

I wiſh *my* Uncle had given *me* the opportunity of ſetting thee a better example: Thou ſhouldſt have ſeen what a brave fellow I had been. And had I had occaſion to write, my concluſion would have been this: 'I hope the old Trojan's happy. In that hope, 'I am ſo; and

'*Thy Rejoicing Friend,*

'R. LOVELACE.'

Dwell not always, Jack, upon one ſubject. Let me have poor Belton's Story. The ſooner the better. If I can be of ſervice to him, tell him he may command me either in purſe or perſon. Yet the former with a freer will than the latter; for how can I leave my goddeſs? But I'll iſſue my commands to my other vaſſals to attend thy ſummons.

If ye want *Head*, let *me* know. If not, my quota, on this occaſion, is *Money*.

LETTER XXVI.

Mr. BELFORD, *To* ROBERT LOVELACE, *Eſq*;

Saturday, May 20.

NOT one word will I reply to ſuch an abandoned wretch, as thou haſt ſhewn thyſelf to be in thine of laſt night. I will leave the Lady to the protection of that Power who only can work miracles; and to her own merits. Still I have hopes that theſe will ſave her.

I will proceed, as thou deſireſt, to poor Belton's caſe; and the rather, as it has thrown me into ſuch a train of thinking upon our paſt lives, our preſent courſes, and our future views, as may be of ſervice to both, if I can give due weight to the reflections that ariſe from it.

The poor man made me a viſit on *Thurſday*, in this my melancholy attendance. He began with complaints

plaints of his ill health and ſpirits, his hectic cough, and his encreaſed malady of ſpitting of blood; and then led to his Story.

A confounded one it is; and which highly aggravates his other maladies: For it has come out, that his Thomaſine (who, truly, would be new-chriſtened, you know, that her name might be nearer in ſound to the chriſtian name of the man whom ſhe pretended to doat upon) has for many years carried on an intrigue with a fellow who had been hoſtler to her Father (an innkeeper at Darking); of whom, at the expence of poor Belton, ſhe has made a gentleman; and managed it ſo, that having the art to make herſelf his caſhier, ſhe has been unable to account for large ſums, which he thought forthcoming at demand, and had truſted to her cuſtody, in order to pay off a mortgage upon his paternal Eſtate in Kent, which his heart had run upon leaving clear; but which cannot now be done, and will ſoon be foreclоſed. And yet ſhe has ſo long paſſed for his wife, that he knows not what to reſolve upon about her; nor about the two boys he was ſo fond of, ſuppoſing them to be his; whereas now he begins to doubt his ſhare in them.

So KEEPING don't do, Lovelace. 'Tis *not* the eligible life. 'A man may *keep a woman*, ſaid the 'poor fellow to me, but *not his Eſtate!*—Two inter-'eſts!—Then, my tottering fabric!' pointing to his emaciated carcaſe.

We do well to value ourſelves upon our *Liberty*, or, to ſpeak more properly, upon the Liberties we take! We had need to run down Matrimony as we do, and to make that State the ſubject of our frothy jeſts; when we frequently render ourſelves (for this of Tom's is not a ſingular caſe) the dupes and tools of women who generally govern us (by Arts our wiſe heads penetrate not) more abſolutely than a wife would attempt to do.

Let us conſider this point a little; and that upon

our own *principles*, as *Libertines*, ſetting aſide what is exacted from us by the *Laws of our Country*, and its *Cuſtoms*; which, nevertheleſs, we cannot get over, till we have got over almoſt all moral obligations, as members of ſociety.

In the firſt place, let us conſider (we, who are in poſſeſſion of Eſtates by *legal deſcent*) how we ſhould have liked to have been ſuch naked deſtitute varlets, as we muſt have been, had *our* Fathers been as wiſe as ourſelves; and deſpiſed Matrimony as we do—And then let us aſk ourſelves, If we ought not to have the ſame regard for *our* poſterity, as we are glad our Fathers had for *theirs?*

But this, perhaps, is too *moral* a conſideration.—To proceed therefore to thoſe conſiderations which will be more ſtriking to *us:* How can we reaſonably expect Oeconomy or Frugality (or any-thing indeed but Riot and Waſte) from creatures who have an *intereſt*, and muſt therefore have *views*, different from our own?

They know the uncertain tenure (our fickle humours) by which they hold: And is it to be wondered at, ſuppoſing them to be provident harlots, that they ſhould endeavour, if they have the *power*, *to lay up againſt a rainy day?* or, if they have *not* the power, that they ſhould ſquander all they can come at, when they are ſure of *nothing but the preſent hour*; and when the life they live, and the ſacrifices they have made, put Conſcience and Honour out of the queſtion?

Whereas a *Wife*, having the ſame family-intereſt with her huſband, lies not under either the ſame *apprehenſions* or *temptations*; and has not broken through (of *neceſſity*, at leaſt, has not) *thoſe* reſtraints which education has faſtened upon her: And if ſhe make a private purſe, which we are told by anti-matrimonialiſts, all wives love to do, and has children, it goes all into the ſame family at the long-run.

Then,

Then, as to the great article of fidelity to your bed, are not women of family, who are well-educated, under greater reſtraints, than creatures, who, if they ever *had* reputation, ſacrifice it to ſordid intereſt, or to more ſordid appetite, the moment they give up to you? Does not the example you furniſh, of having ſucceeded with her, give encouragement for *others* to attempt her likewiſe? For, with all her blandiſhments, can any man be ſo credulous, or ſo vain, as to believe, that the woman *he* could perſuade, *another* may not prevail upon?

Adultery is ſo capital a guilt, that even Rakes and Libertines, if not wholly abandoned, and, as I may ſay, *invited* by a woman's levity, diſavow and condemn it: But here, in a State of KEEPING, a woman is in no danger of incurring (*legally*, at leaſt) that guilt; and you yourſelf have broken thro' and overthrown in her all the fences and boundaries of moral honeſty, and the modeſty and reſerves of her Sex: And what Tie ſhall hold her againſt inclination, or intereſt? And what ſhall deter an attempter?

While a Huſband has this ſecurity from *legal* ſanctions, that if his wife be detected in a criminal converſation with a man of fortune (the *moſt* likely by bribes to ſeduce her) he may recover very great damages, and procure a Divorce beſides: Which, to ſay nothing of the ignominy, is a conſideration that muſt have ſome force upon *both* parties. And a wife muſt be vicious indeed, and a reflection upon a man's own choice, who, for the ſake of change, and where there are no qualities to ſeduce, nor affluence to corrupt, will run ſo many hazards to injure her huſband in the tendereſt of all points.

But there are difficulties in procuring a divorce [And ſo there ought]—And none, ſays the Rake, in parting with a miſtreſs whenever you ſuſpect her; or whenever you are weary of her, and have a mind to change her for another.

But

But muſt not the man be a brute indeed, who can caſt off a woman whom he has ſeduced [If he take her from the town, that's another thing] without ſome flagrant reaſon; ſomething that will better juſtify him to *himſelf*, as well as to *her*, and to the *world*, than mere *power* and *novelty?*

But I don't ſee, if we judge by *fact*, and by the *practice* of all we have been acquainted with of the *Keeping-Claſs*, that we know how to part with them when we have them.

That we know we *can* if we *will*, is all we have for it: And this leads us to bear many things from a *miſtreſs*, which we would not from a *wife*. But, if we are good-natured and humane: If the woman has *Art* [And what woman *wants* it, who has fallen by *Art?* and to whoſe precarious ſituation *Art* is ſo neceſſary?]: If you have given her the credit of being called by your name: If you have a ſettled place of abode, and have received and paid viſits in her company, as your wife: If ſhe has brought you children—You will allow, that theſe are ſtrong obligations upon you, in the world's eye, as well as to your own heart, againſt tearing yourſelf from ſuch cloſe connexions. She will ſtick to you as your ſkin: And it will be next to flaying yourſelf to caſt her off.

Even if there be *cauſe* for it, by Infidelity, ſhe will have managed ill, if ſhe have not her defenders. Nor did I ever know a cauſe or a perſon ſo *bad*, as to want advocates, either from ill-will to the one, or pity to the other: And you will then be thought a hard-hearted miſcreant: And even were ſhe to go off without credit to *herſelf*, ſhe will leave *you* as little; eſpecially with all thoſe whoſe good opinion a man would wiſh to cultivate.

Well, then, ſhall this poor privilege, that we may part with a woman if we *will*, be deemed a balance for the other inconveniences? Shall it be thought by *us*, who are men of family and fortune, an equivalent for

for giving up *equality of degree*; and taking for the partner of our Bed, and very probably more than the partner in our Eſtates (to the breach of all family-rule and order) a low-born, a low-educated creature, who has not brought any-thing into the Common Stock; and can poſſibly make no returns for the ſolid benefits ſhe receives, but thoſe libidinous ones, which a man cannot boaſt of, but to *his* diſgrace, nor think of, but to the ſhame of *both?*

Moreover, as the man advances in years, the fury of his Libertiniſm will go off. He will have different aims and purſuits, which will diminiſh his appetite to ranging, and make ſuch a regular life as the matrimonial and family-life, palatable to him, and every day more palatable.

If he has Children, and has reaſon to think them *his*, and if his lewd courſes have left him *any* Eſtate, he will have cauſe to regret the *reſtraint* his boaſted *liberty* has laid him under, and the valuable *privilege* it has deprived him of; when he finds, that it muſt deſcend to ſome relation, for whom, whether near or diſtant, he cares not one farthing; and who perhaps (if a man of virtue) has held him in the utmoſt contempt for his diſſolute life.

And were we to ſuppoſe his Eſtate in his power to bequeath as he pleaſes; why ſhould a man reſolve, for the gratifying of his fooliſh humour only, to baſtardize his race? Why ſhould he wiſh to expoſe his children to the ſcorn and inſults of the reſt of the world? Why ſhould he, whether they are Sons or Daughters, lay them under the neceſſity of complying with propoſals of marriage, either *inferior as to Fortune*, or *unequal as to Age?* Why ſhould he deprive the children he loves, who themſelves may be guilty of no fault, of the reſpect they would wiſh to have, and to deſerve; and of the opportunity of aſſociating themſelves with *proper*, that is to ſay, with *reputable* company? And why ſhould he make them think themſelves under obligation

ligation to every perſon of character, who will vouchſafe to viſit them? What little reaſon, in a word, would ſuch children have to bleſs their Father's obſtinate defiance of the Laws and Cuſtoms of his Country; and for giving them a Mother, of whom they could not think with honour; to whoſe *Crime* it was, that they owed their very Beings, and whoſe Example it was their duty to ſhun?

If the Education and Morals of theſe children are left to Chance, as too generally they are (for the man who has humanity and a feeling heart, and who is capable of fondneſs for his offspring, I take it for granted, will marry); the caſe is ſtill worſe; his crime is perpetuated, as I may ſay, by his children: And the Sea, the Army, perhaps the Highway, for the Boys; the Common for the Girls; too often point out the way to a worſe Cataſtrophe.

What therefore, upon the whole, do we get by treading in theſe crooked paths, but danger, diſgrace, and a too late repentance?

And after all, do we not frequently become the Cullies of our own Libertiniſm; ſliding into the very State with thoſe half-worn-out doxies, which perhaps we might have entered into with their Ladies; at leaſt with their Superiors both in degree and fortune? And all the time, lived handſomely like ourſelves; not ſneaking into holes and corners; and, when we crept abroad with our women, looking about us, and at every one that paſſed us, as if we were confeſſedly accountable to the cenſures of all honeſt people.

My couſin Tony Jenyns, thou kneweſt. He had not the actively miſchievous ſpirit, that Thou, Belton, Mowbray, Tourville, and *myſelf*, have: But he imbibed the ſame notions we do, and carried them into practice.

How did he prate againſt wedlock! How did he ſtrut about as a *Wit* and a *Smart!* And what a *Wit* and a *Smart* did all the boys and girls of our family (myſelf

(myſelf among the reſt, then an urchin) think him, for the airs he gave himſelf?—Marry! No, not for the world; what man of ſenſe would bear the inſolences, the petulances, the expenſiveneſs of a wife! He could not for the heart of him think it tolerable, that a woman of *equal* rank and fortune, and, as it might happen, *ſuperior* talents to his own, ſhould look upon herſelf to have a right to ſhare the benefit of that fortune which ſhe brought him.

So, after he had fluttered about the town for two or three years, in all which time he had a better opinion of himſelf than any-body elſe had, what does he do, but enter upon an affair with his Fencing-maſter's Daughter?

He ſucceeds; takes private lodgings for her at Hackney; viſits her by ſtealth; both of them tender of Reputations that were *extremely* tender, but which neither had quite given up; for Rakes of either Sex are always the laſt to condemn or cry down themſelves: Viſited by nobody, nor viſiting: The life of a thief, or of a man beſet by creditors, afraid to look out of his own houſe, or to be ſeen abroad with her. And thus went he on for twelve years, and, tho' he had a good Eſtate, hardly making both ends meet; for, tho' no Glare, there was no Oeconomy; and beſides, he had every year a child, and very fond of his children was he. But none of them lived above three years: And being now, on the death of the dozenth, grown as dully ſober, as if he had been a real huſband, his good Mrs. Thomas (for he had not permitted her to take his own name) prevailed upon him to think the loſs of their children a judgment upon the parents for their wicked way of life [A time will come, Lovelace, if we live to advanced years, in which Reflection will take hold of the enfeebled mind]; and then it was not difficult for his woman to induce him, by way of compounding with Heaven, to marry her. When this was done,

done, he had leiſure to ſit down, and contemplate; and to recollect the many offers of perſons of family and fortune which he had declined in the prime of life: His expences *equal* at leaſt: His reputation not only *leſs*, but *loſt*: His enjoyments *ſtollen*: His partnerſhip *unequal*, and ſuch as he had always been aſhamed of. But the women ſaid, That after twelve or thirteen years cohabitation, Tony did an honeſt thing by her. And that was all my poor couſin got by making his old miſtreſs his new wife—Not a drum, not a trumpet, not a fife, not a tabret, nor the expectation of a new joy, to animate him on!

What Belton will do with his Thomaſine, I know not; nor care I to adviſe him: For I ſee the poor fellow does not like that any-body ſhould curſe her but himſelf. This he does very heartily. And ſo low is he reduced, that he blubbers over the reflection upon his paſt fondneſs for her cubs, and upon his preſent doubts of their being his: 'What a 'damn'd thing is it, Belford, if Tom and Hal ſhould 'be the hoſtler dog's puppies, and not mine!'

Very true! and I think the ſtrong health of the chubby-faced muſcular whelps confirms the too great probability. But I ſay not ſo to him.

You, he ſays, are ſuch a gay, lively mortal, that this ſad tale would make no impreſſion upon you; Eſpecially now, that your whole heart is engaged as it is. *Mowbray* would be too violent upon it: He has not, he ſays, a feeling heart. *Tourville* has no diſcretion: And, a pretty jeſt! although he and his Thomaſine lived without reputation in the world (people gueſſing that they were not married, notwithſtanding ſhe went by his name) yet 'he would not *too much* 'diſcredit the *curſed ingrate* neither!'

Could a man act a weaker part, had he been really married; and were he ſure he was going to ſeparate from the mother of his own children?

I leave this as a leſſon upon thy heart, without make-

ing

ing any application: Only with this remark, 'That 'after we Libertines have indulged our licentious ap- 'petites, reflecting (in the conceit of our vain hearts) 'both with our lips and by our lives, upon our an- 'ceſtors, and the good old ways, we find out, when 'we come to years of diſcretion, if we live till then '(what all who knew us found out before, that is to 'ſay; we find out) our own deſpicable folly; that 'thoſe good old ways would have been beſt for *us*, 'as well as for the reſt of the world; and that in 'every ſtep we have deviated from them, we have 'only expoſed our vanity, and our ignorance at the 'ſame time.'

J. Belford.

LETTER XXVII.

Mr. Lovelace, *To* John Belford, *Eſq;*

Saturday, May 20.

I AM pleaſed with the ſober reflection with which thou concludeſt thy laſt; and I thank thee for it. Poor Belton!—I did not think his Thomaſine would have proved ſo very a devil. But this muſt everlaſtingly be the riſque of a keeper, who takes up with a low-bred girl. This I never did. Nor had I occaſion to do it. Such a one as *I*, Jack, needed only, till now, to ſhake the ſtatelieſt tree, and the mellowed fruit dropt into my mouth:—Always of Montaigne's taſte, thou knoweſt:—Thought it a glory to ſubdue a girl of family.—More truely delightful to me the ſeduction-progreſs than the crowned act: For that's a vapour, a bubble! And moſt cordially do I thank thee for thy indirect hint, that I am right in my preſent purſuit.

From ſuch a woman as Miſs Harlowe, a man is ſecured from all the inconveniences thou expatiateſt upon.

Once

Once more, therefore, do I thank thee, Belford, for thy approbation!—A man need not, as thou ſayeſt, ſneak into *holes* and *corners*, and ſhun the day, in the company of ſuch *a woman as this*. How friendly in thee, thus to abet the favourite purpoſe of my heart!—Nor can it be a diſgrace to me, to permit *ſuch a lady* to be called by my name!—Nor ſhall I be at all concerned about the *world's cenſure*, if I live to the *years of diſcretion*, which thou mentioneſt, ſhould I be taken in, and prevailed upon to tread with her the good old path of my anceſtors.

A bleſſing on thy heart, thou honeſt fellow! I *thought* thou wert in jeſt, and but acquitting thyſelf of an engagement to Lord M. when thou wert pleading for Matrimony in behalf of this Lady!—It could not be Principle, I knew, in thee: It could not be Compaſſion—A little *Envy* indeed I ſuſpected!—But now I ſee thee once more thyſelf: And once more, ſay I, A bleſſing on thy heart, thou true friend, and very honeſt fellow!

Now will I proceed with courage in all my ſchemes, and oblige thee with the continued narrative of my progreſſions towards bringing them to effect!—But I could not forbear to interrupt my Story, to ſhew my gratitude.

LETTER XXVIII.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq;*

AND now will I favour thee with a brief account of our preſent ſituation.

From the higheſt to the loweſt we are all extremely happy.—*Dorcas* ſtands well in her Lady's graces. *Polly* has aſked her advice in relation to a Courtſhip-affair of her own. No oracle ever gave better. *Sally* has had a quarrel with her Woolen-draper; and made my Charmer Lady-chancellor in it. She blamed Sally for behaving tyrannically to a man who loves her.

her. Dear creature! to ſtand againſt a glaſs, and to ſhut her eyes becauſe ſhe will not ſee her face in it!—Mrs. *Sinclair* has paid *her* court to ſo unerring a judge, by requeſting her advice with regard to both Nieces.

This the way we have been in for ſeveral days with the people below. Yet *ſola* generally at her meals, and ſeldom at other times in their company. They now, uſed to her ways [*Perſeverance muſt conquer*] never preſs her; ſo when they meet, all is civility on both ſides. Even married people, I believe, Jack, prevent abundance of quarrels, by ſeeing one another *but ſeldom*.

But how ſtands it between Thyſelf and the Lady, methinks thou aſkeſt, ſince her abrupt departure from thee, and undutiful repulſe of Wedneſday morning?

Why, pretty well in the main. Nay, *very* well. For why? The dear ſaucy-face knows not how to help herſelf. Can fly to no other protection. And has, beſides, overheard a converſation [Who would have thought ſhe had been ſo near?] which paſſed between Mrs. Sinclair, Miſs Martin, and myſelf, that very Wedneſday afternoon; which has ſet her heart at eaſe with reſpect to ſeveral doubtful points.

Such as, particularly, 'Mrs. Fretchville's unhappy 'ſtate of mind—Moſt humanely pitied by Miſs Mar-'tin, who knows her very well—The huſband ſhe 'has loſt, and herſelf (as Sally ſays) Lovers from 'their cradles. Pity from one begets pity from an-'other, be the occaſion for it either ſtrong or weak; 'and ſo many circumſtances were given to poor Mrs. 'Fretchville's diſtreſs, that it was impoſſible but my 'Beloved muſt *extremely* pity *her* whom the leſs ten-'der-hearted Miſs Martin *greatly* pitied.

'My Lord M.'s gout his only hindrance from 'viſiting my ſpouſe. Lady Betty and Miſs Mon-'tague ſoon expected in town.

'My earneſt deſire ſignified to have my ſpouſe

'receive

'receive thoſe Ladies in her own houſe, if Mrs. 'Fretchville would but know her own mind; and I 'pathetically lamented the delay occaſioned by her 'not knowing it.

'My intention to ſtay at Mrs. Sinclair's, *as I ſaid 'I had told them before*, while my ſpouſe reſides in 'her own houſe (when Mrs. Fretchville could be 'brought to quit it) in order to gratify her utmoſt 'punctilio.

'My paſſion for my Beloved (which, as I told them 'in a high and fervent accent, was the trueſt that 'man could have for woman) I boaſted of. It was, 'in ſhort, I ſaid, of the *true Platonic kind*; or I had 'no notion of what Platonic Love was.'

So it is, Jack; and muſt end as Platonic Love generally does end.

'Sally and Mrs. Sinclair next praiſed, *but not groſſly*, 'my Beloved. Sally particularly admired her purity; 'called it exemplary; yet (to avoid ſuſpicion) ex-'preſſed her thoughts that ſhe was *rather over-nice*, 'if ſhe might preſume to ſay ſo *before me*. But never-'theleſs ſhe applauded me for the ſtrict obſervation I 'made of my vow.

'I more freely blamed her reſerves to me; called 'her cruel; inveighed againſt her relations; doubted 'her Love. Every favour I aſked of her denied me. 'Yet my behaviour to her as pure and delicate when 'alone, as when before them—Hinted at ſomething 'that had paſſed between us that very day, that 'ſhewed her indifference to me in ſo ſtrong a light, 'that I could not bear it. But that I would aſk her 'for her company to the Play of *Venice Preſerved*, 'given out for Saturday night as a Benefit-play; the 'prime actors to be in it; and this, to ſee if I were 'to be denied every favour.—Yet, for my own part, 'I *loved not Tragedies*; tho' ſhe did, for the ſake of 'the Inſtruction, the Warning, and the Example 'generally given in them.

'I had

'I had too much *feeling*, I ſaid. There was enough 'in the world to make our hearts ſad, without car-'rying grief into our diverſions, and making the 'diſtreſſes of others our own.'

True enough, Belford; and I believe, generally ſpeaking, that all the men of our caſt are of my mind —They love not any Tragedies but thoſe in which they themſelves act the parts of tyrants and executioners; and, afraid to truſt themſelves with ſerious and ſolemn reflections, run to Comedies, in order to laugh away compunction on the diſtreſſes they have occaſioned, and to find examples of men as immoral as themſelves. For very few of our comic performances, as thou knoweſt, give us good ones.—I anſwer, however, for myſelf—Yet thou, I think, on recollection, loveſt to deal in the *Lamentable*.

Sally anſwered for Polly, who was abſent; Mrs. Sinclair for herſelf, and for all her acquaintance, even for Miſs Partington, in preferring the comic to the tragic ſcenes.—And I believe they are right; for the devil's in it, if a confided-in Rake does not give a girl enough of Tragedy in his Comedy.

'I aſked Sally to oblige my Fair-one with her 'company. She was engaged [That was right, 'thou'lt ſuppoſe]. I aſked Mrs. Sinclair's leave for 'Polly. To be ſure, ſhe anſwered, Polly would 'think it an honour to attend Mrs. Lovelace: But 'the poor thing was tender-hearted; and as the 'Tragedy was deep, would weep herſelf blind.

'Sally, mean time, objected Singleton, that *I* 'might anſwer the objection, and ſave my Beloved 'the trouble of making it, or debating the point 'with me; and on this occaſion I regretted that her 'Brother's projects were not laid aſide; ſince, if 'they had been given up, I would have gone in 'perſon to bring up the Ladies of my family to at-'tend my ſpouſe.

'I then, from a Letter juſt before received from 'one

'one in her Father's family, warned them of a per-
'ſon who had undertaken to find us out, and whom
'I thus in writing [having called for pen and ink]
'deſcribed, that they might arm all the family
'againſt him'—"A ſun-burnt, pock-fretten ſailor,
"ill-looking, big-boned; his ſtature about ſix foot;
"an heavy eye, an over-hanging brow, a deck-
"treading ſtride in his walk; a couteau generally
"by his ſide; lips parched from his gums, as if by
"ſtaring at the ſun in hot climates; a brown coat;
"a coloured handkerchief about his neck; an oaken
"plant in his hand, near as long as himſelf, and
"proportionably thick."

'No queſtions aſked by this fellow muſt be an-
'ſwered. They ſhould call *me* to him. But not
'let my Beloved know a tittle of this, ſo long as
'it could be helped. And I added, that if her Bro-
'ther or Singleton came, and if they behaved civilly,
'I would, for *her ſake*, be civil to *them:* And in
'this caſe, ſhe had nothing to do, but to own her
'Marriage, and there could be no pretence for vio-
'lence on either ſide. But moſt fervently I ſwore,
'that if ſhe were *conveyed away*, either by *perſuaſion*
'or *force*, I would directly, *on miſſing her but one*
'*day*, go to demand her at Harlowe-Place, whether
'ſhe were there or not; and if I recovered not a
'Siſter, I would have a Brother; and ſhould find
'out a captain of a ſhip as well as he.'

And now, Jack, doſt thou think ſhe'll attempt to get from me, do what I will?

'Mrs. Sinclair began to be afraid of miſchief in
'her houſe—I was apprehenſive that ſhe would over-
'do the matter, and be out of character. I there-
'fore winked at her. She primmed; nodded, to
'ſhew ſhe took me; twanged out a high-ho thro'
'her noſe, lapped one horſe lip over the other, and
'was ſilent.'

Here's preparation, Belford!—Doſt think I will throw

throw it all away for any-thing thou canſt ſay, or Lord M. write?—*No indeed!*—as my Charmer ſays, when ſhe bridles.

* * * *

And what muſt neceſſarily be the conſequence of all this with regard to my Beloved's behaviour to me?—Canſt thou doubt, that it was all complaiſance next time ſhe admitted me into her preſence?

Thurſday we were very happy. All the morning *extremely* happy. I kiſſed her charming hand.—I need not deſcribe to thee her hand and arm. When thou ſaweſt her, I took notice that thy eyes dwelt upon them whenever thou couldſt ſpare them from that beauty ſpot of wonders, her face—*Fifty* times kiſſed her hand, I believe—Once her cheek, intending her lip, but ſo rapturouſly, that ſhe could not help ſeeming angry.

Had ſhe not thus kept me at arms-length; had ſhe not denied me thoſe innocent liberties which our Sex, from ſtep to ſtep, aſpire to; could I but have gained acceſs to her in her hours of heedleſſneſs and diſhabille [For full dreſs creates dignity, augments conſciouſneſs, and compels diſtance]; we had been familiarized to each other long ago. But keep her up ever ſo late; meet her ever ſo early; by breakfaſt-time, ſhe is dreſſed for the day; and at her *earlieſt hour*, as nice as others dreſſed. All her forms thus kept up, wonder not that I have made ſo little progreſs in the propoſed trial.—But how muſt all this diſtance ſtimulate!

Thurſday morning, as I ſaid, we were extremely happy—About *noon*, ſhe numbered the hours ſhe had been with me; all of them to me but as one minute; and deſired to be left to herſelf. I was loth to comply: But obſerving the ſun-ſhine begin to ſhut in, I yielded.

I dined out. Returning, I talked of the houſe, and of Mrs. Fretchville—Had ſeen Mennell—Had

preſſed him to get the widow to quit. She pitied Mrs. Fretchville [Another good effect of the overheard converſation]—Had written to Lord M.; expected an anſwer ſoon from him. I was admitted to ſup with her. I urged for her approbation or correction of my written terms. She again promiſed an anſwer as ſoon as ſhe had heard from Miſs Howe.

Then I preſſed for her company to the Play on Saturday night. She made objections, as I had foreſeen: Her brother's projects, warmth of the weather, *&c.* But in ſuch a manner, as if half-afraid to diſoblige me [Another happy effect of the overheard converſation]. I ſoon got over theſe therefore; and ſhe conſented to favour me.

Friday paſſed as the day before.

Here were two happy days to both. Why cannot I make every day equally happy? It looks *as if it were in my power to do ſo.* Strange, I ſhould thus delight in teazing a woman I ſo dearly love! I muſt, I doubt, have ſomething in my temper like Miſs Howe, who loves to plague the man who puts himſelf in her power.—But I could not do thus by ſuch an angel as this, did I not believe, that after her probation-time ſhall be expired, and if ſhe be not to be brought to *cohabitation* (my darling view) I ſhall reward her as ſhe wiſhes.

Saturday is half-over. We are equally happy—Preparing for the play. Polly has offered her company, and is accepted. I have directed her where to weep: And this not only to ſhew her humanity [A weeping eye indicates a gentle heart] but to have a pretence to hide her face with her fan or handkerchief.—Yet Polly is far from being every man's girl; and we ſhall ſit in the Gallery Green-Box.

The woes of others, ſo well repreſented as thoſe of Belvidera particularly will be, muſt, I hope, unlock and open my Charmer's heart. Whenever I have been able to prevail upon a girl to permit me to attend

tend her to a play, I have thought myſelf ſure of her. The female heart (all gentleneſs and harmony by nature) expands, and forgets its forms, when its attention is carried out of itſelf at an agreeable or affecting entertainment—Muſic, and perhaps a Collation afterwards, co-operating.

Indeed, I have no hope of ſuch an effect here; but I have more than one end to anſwer by getting her to a Play. To name but one—Dorcas has a *maſter-key*, as I have told thee.—But it were worth while to carry her to the Play of *Venice Preſerved*, were it but to ſhew her, that there have been, and may be, much deeper diſtreſſes than ſhe can poſſibly know.

Thus exceedingly happy are we at preſent. I hope we ſhall not find any of Nat. Lee's left-handed gods at work, to daſh our bowl of joy with wormwood.

R. Lovelace.

LETTER XXIX.

Miſs Clarissa Harlowe, *To Miſs* Howe.

Friday, May 19.

I Would not, if I could help it, be ſo continually brooding over the dark and gloomy face of my condition [All nature, you know, my dear, and every-thing in it, has a bright and a gloomy ſide] as to be thought unable to enjoy a more hopeful proſpect. And this, not only for my own ſake, but for yours, who take ſuch generous concern in all that befals me.

Let me tell you then, my dear, that I have known four-and-twenty hours together not unhappy ones, my ſituation conſidered,

She then gives the particulars of the converſation which ſhe had overheard between Mr. Lovelace,

Mrs. Sinclair, and Miſs Martin; but accounts more minutely than he had done, for the opportunity ſhe had of overhearing it, unknown to them.

She gives the reaſons ſhe has to be pleaſed with what ſhe heard from each: But is ſhocked at the meaſure he is reſolved to take, if he miſſes her but for one day. Yet is pleaſed, that he propoſes to avoid aggreſſive *violence, if her Brother and he meet in town.*

Even Dorcas, *ſays ſhe*, appears leſs exceptionable to me than before; and I cannot but pity her for her neglected education, as it is matter of ſo much regret to *herſelf:* Elſe, there would not be much in it; as the Low and Illiterate are the moſt uſeful people in the commonwealth (ſince ſuch conſtitute the labouring part of the public); and as a Lettered Education but too generally ſets people above thoſe ſervile offices, by which the buſineſs of the world is carried on. Nor have I any doubt that there are, take the world thro', twenty happy people among the Unlettered, to one among thoſe who have had a School Education.

This, however, concludes not againſt Learning or Letters; ſince one would wiſh to lift to ſome little diſtinction, and more genteel uſefulneſs, thoſe who have capacity, and whoſe Parentage one reſpects, or whoſe ſervices one would wiſh to reward.

Were my mind quite at eaſe, I could enlarge, perhaps not unuſefully, upon this ſubject; for I have conſidered it with as much attention as my years, and little experience and obſervation, will permit.

But the extreme illiterateneſs and indocility of this maid are ſurpriſing, conſidering that ſhe wants not inquiſitiveneſs, appears willing to learn, and, in other reſpects, has quick parts. This confirms to

to me what I have heard remarked, That there is a *docible Seaſon*, a Learning-time, as I may ſay, for every perſon, in which the mind may be led ſtep by ſtep, from the lower to the higher (year by year) to improvement. How induſtriouſly ought theſe Seaſons, as they offer, to be taken hold of, by Tutors, Parents, and other friends, to whom the cultivation of the genius of children and youth is committed; ſince, once elapſed, and no foundation laid, they hardly ever return!—And yet it muſt be confeſſed, that there are ſome genius's, which, like ſome fruits, ripen not till late. And Induſtry and Perſeverance will do prodigious things—But for a learner to have thoſe firſt rudiments to maſter, at twenty years of age ſuppoſe, which others are taught, and they themſelves might have attained, at ten, what an up-hill labour!

Theſe kind of obſervations you have always wiſhed me to interſperſe, as they ariſe to my thoughts. But it is a ſign that my proſpects are a little mended. or I ſhould not, among ſo many more intereſting ones, that my mind has been of late filled with, have had heart's-eaſe enough to make them.

Let me give you my *reflections* on my more hopeful proſpects.

I am now, in the firſt place, better able to account for the delays about the houſe, than I was before—Poor Mrs. Fretchville!—Tho' I know her not, I pity her!—Next, it looks well, that he had appriſed the women (before this converſation with them) of his intention to ſtay in this houſe, after I was removed to the other. By the tone of his voice he ſeemed concerned for the appearance this new delay would have with me.

So handſomely did Miſs Martin expreſs herſelf of me, that I am ſorry, methinks, that I judged ſo hardly of her, when I firſt came hither—Free

people may go a great way, but not all the way: And as ſuch are generally unguarded, precipitate, and thoughtleſs, the ſame quickneſs, changeableneſs, and *ſuddenneſs* of ſpirit, as I may call it, may intervene (if the heart be not corrupted) to recover them to thought and duty.

His reaſon for declining to go in perſon to bring up the Ladies of his family, while my Brother and Singleton continue their machinations, carries no bad face with it; and one may the rather allow for *their* expectations, that ſo proud a ſpirit as his ſhould attend them for this purpoſe, as he ſpeaks of them ſometimes as perſons of punctilio.

Other reaſons I will mention for my being eaſier in my mind than I was before I overheard this converſation.

Such as, the advice he has received in relation to Singleton's mate; which agrees but too well with what you, my dear, wrote to me in yours of May the 10th (*a*).

His not intending to acquaint *me* with it.

His cautions to the ſervants about the ſailor, if he ſhould come, and make enquiries about us.

His reſolution to avoid violence, were he to fall in either with my Brother, or this Singleton; and the eaſy method he has chalked out, in this caſe, to prevent miſchief; ſince I need only *not to deny* my being his. But yet I ſhould be exceedingly unhappy in my own opinion, to be driven into ſuch a tacit acknowlegement to any new perſons, till I am ſo, altho' I have been led (ſo much againſt my liking) to give countenance to the belief of the perſons below that we are married.

I think myſelf obliged, from what paſſed between Mr. Lovelace and me on Wedneſday, and from what I overheard him ſay, to conſent to go with him to the Play; and the rather, as he had the diſcretion to propoſe one of the Nieces to accompany me.

(*a*) See p. 60.

I can-

I cannot but acknowlege that I am pleaſed to find, that he has actually written to Lord M.

I have promiſed to give Mr. Lovelace an anſwer to his propoſals as ſoon as I have heard from you, my dear, on the ſubject.

I hope that in my next Letter I ſhall have reaſon to confirm theſe favourable appearances. Favourable I muſt think them in the wreck I have ſuffered.

I hope, that in the trial which you hint may happen between *me* and *myſelf* (as you (*a*) expreſs it) if he ſhould ſo behave, as to oblige me to leave him, I ſhall be able to act in ſuch a manner, as to bring no diſcredit upon myſelf in your eye; and that is all now that I have to wiſh for. But if I value him ſo much as you are pleaſed to ſuppoſe I do, the trial which you imagine will be ſo difficult to me, will not, I conceive, be upon getting from him, when the means to effect my eſcape are lent me; but how I ſhall behave when got from him; and if, like the Iſraelites of old, I ſhall be ſo weak as to wiſh to return to my Egyptian bondage.

I think it will not be amiſs, notwithſtanding the preſent favourable appearances, that you ſhould perfect the ſcheme (whatever it be) which you tell me (*b*) you have thought of, in order to procure for me an aſylum, in caſe of neceſſity. Mr. Lovelace is certainly a deep and dangerous man; and it is therefore but prudence to be watchful, and to be provided againſt the worſt. Lord bleſs me, my dear, how am I reduced!—Could I ever have thought to be in ſuch a ſituation, as to be obliged to ſtay with a man, of whoſe honour by me I could have but the *ſhadow* of a doubt!—But I will look forward, and hope the beſt.

I am certain, that your Letters are ſafe.—Be perfectly eaſy, therefore, on that head.

Mr. Lovelace will never be out of my company by

(*a*) See p. 113. (*b*) Ibid.

his good-will, otherwiſe I have no doubt that I am miſtreſs of my goings-out and comings-in; and did I think it needful, and were I not afraid of my Brother, and Captain Singleton, I would oftener put it to trial.

LETTER XXX.

Miſs HOWE, *To Miſs* CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Saturday, May 20.

I Did not know, my dear, that you deferred giving an anſwer to Mr. Lovelace's propoſals, till you had my opinion of them. A particular hand occaſionally going to town, will leave this at Wilſon's, that no delay may be made on that account.

I never had any doubt of the man's juſtice and generoſity in matters of Settlement; and all his relations are as noble in their ſpirits, as in their deſcent: But *now*, it may not be amiſs for you to wait, to ſee what returns my Lord makes to his Letter of invitation.

The ſcheme I think of is this.

There is a perſon whom I believe you have ſeen with me; her name Townſend, who is a great dealer in Indian Silks, Bruſſels and French Laces, Cambricks, Linen, and other valuable goods; which ſhe has a way of coming at, duty-free; and has a great vend for them (and for other curioſities which ſhe imports) in the private families of the gentry round us.

She has her days of being in town, and then is at a chamber ſhe rents at an Inn in Southwark, where ſhe keeps patterns of all her Silks, and much of her portable goods, for the conveniency of her London cuſtomers. But her place of reſidence, and where ſhe has her principal warehouſe, is at Deptford, for the opportunity of getting her goods on ſhore.

She was firſt brought to me by my Mother, to whom ſhe was recommended on the ſuppoſal of my

ſpeedy

ſpeedy marriage, 'that I might have an opportunity 'to be as fine as a princeſs,' was my Mother's expreſſion, 'at a moderate expence.'

Now, my dear, I muſt own, that I do not love to encourage theſe contraband traders. What is it, but bidding defiance to the Laws of our country, when we do; and hurting fair traders; and at the ſame time robbing our Prince of his legal due, to the diminution of thoſe duties which poſſibly muſt be made good by new levies upon the public?

But however Mrs. Townſend and I, tho' I have not yet had dealings with her, are upon a very good foot of underſtanding. She is a ſenſible woman; ſhe has been abroad, and often goes abroad in the way of her buſineſs; and gives very entertaining accounts of all ſhe has ſeen. And having applied to me, to recommend her to you (as it is her view to be known to young Ladies who are likely to change their condition) I am ſure I can engage her to give you protection at her houſe at Deptford; which ſhe ſays is a populous village; and one of the laſt, I ſhould think, in which you would be ſought for. She is not much there, you will believe, by the courſe of her dealings; but, no doubt, muſt have ſomebody on the ſpot, in whom ſhe can confide: And there perhaps you might be ſafe, till your couſin comes. And I ſhould not think it amiſs, that you write to him out of hand. I cannot ſuggeſt to you *what* you ſhould write. That muſt be left to your own diſcretion. For you will be afraid, no doubt, of the conſequence of a variance between the two men.

But notwithſtanding all this, and were I ſure of getting you ſafely out of his hands, I will nevertheleſs forgive you, were you to make all up with him, and marry to-morrow. Yet I will proceed with my projected ſcheme in relation to Mrs. Townſend; tho' I hope there will be no occaſion to proſecute it, ſince your proſpects ſeem to be changed, and ſince

you have had *twenty-four not unhappy hours together.* How my indignation riſes for this poor conſolation in the courtſhip [*Courtſhip* muſt I call it?] of ſuch a woman! Let me tell you, my dear, that were you once your own abſolute and independent miſtreſs, I ſhould be tempted, notwithſtanding all I have written, to wiſh you the wife of any man in the world, rather than the wife either of Lovelace, or of Solmes.

Mrs. Townſend, as I have recollected, has two Brothers, each a maſter of a veſſel; and who knows, as ſhe and they have concerns together, but that, in caſe of need, you may have a whole Ship's Crew at your devotion? If Lovelace give you cauſe to leave him, take no thought for the people at Harlowe-Place. Let *them* take care of one another. It is a care they are *uſed* to. The Law will help to ſecure *them.* The wretch is no aſſaſſin, no night-murderer. He is an *open*, becauſe a *fearleſs* enemy; and ſhould he attempt any-thing that would make him obnoxious to the Laws of Society, you might have a fair riddance of him either by flight or the gallows; no matter which.

Had you not been ſo minute in your account of the circumſtances that attended the opportunity you had of overhearing the dialogue between Mr. Lovelace and two of the women, I ſhould have thought the conference contrived on purpoſe for your ear.

I ſhewed Mr. Lovelace's propoſals to Mr. Hickman, who had chambers once at Lincoln's-Inn, being deſigned for the Law, had his elder brother lived. He looked ſo wiſe, ſo proud, and ſo important, upon the occaſion; and wanted to take ſo much conſideration about them—Would take them home if I pleaſed—and weigh them well—and ſo forth—and the like—and all that—that I had no patience with him, and ſnatched them back with anger.

O dear!—to be ſo angry, an't pleaſe me, for his zeal!—

Yes,

Yes, zeal without knowlege, I ſaid—like moſt other zeals—If there were no objections that ſtruck him at once, there were none.

So *haſty*, deareſt Madam!—

And ſo *ſlow*, un-deareſt Sir, I could have ſaid—But, SURELY, ſaid I, with a look which implied, *Would you rebel, Sir!*

He begged my pardon—*Saw* no objection, indeed!—But might he be allowed once more—

No matter—No matter—I would have ſhewn them to my Mother, I ſaid, who, tho' of no Inn of Court, knew more of theſe things than half the lounging Lubbers of them; and that at firſt ſight—only that ſhe would have been angry at the confeſſion of our continued correſpondence.

But, my dear, let the Articles be drawn up, and engroſſed; and ſolemnize upon them; and there's no more to be ſaid.

Let me add, that the Sailor-fellow has been tampering with my Kitty, and offered a bribe, to find where to direct to you. Next time he comes, I will have him laid hold of; and if I can get nothing out of him, will have him drawn through one of our deepeſt fiſh-ponds. His attempt to corrupt a ſervant of mine will juſtify my orders.

I ſend this Letter away directly. But will follow it by another; which ſhall have for its ſubject only my Mother, Myſelf, and your Uncle Antony. And as your proſpects are more promiſing than they have been, I will endeavour to make you ſmile upon the occaſion. For you will be pleaſed to know, that my Mother has had a formal tender from that grey gooſe, which may make her ſkill in Settlements uſeful to herſelf, were ſhe to encourage it.

May your proſpects be ſtill more and more happy, prays

Your own ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XXXI.

Miſs HOWE, *To Miſs* CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Sat. Sunday, May 20, 21.

NOW, my dear, for the promiſed Subject. *You muſt not aſk me*, how I came by the *Originals* [Such they really are] that I am going to preſent you with: For my Mother would not read to me thoſe parts of your Uncle's Letter, which bore hard upon myſelf, and which leave him without any title to mercy from me: Nor would ſhe let me hear but what ſhe pleaſed of hers in anſwer; for ſhe has condeſcended to anſwer him—with a denial, however: But ſuch a denial, as no one but an *Old Bachelor* would take from a Widow.

Any-body, except myſelf, who could have been acquainted with ſuch a fal-lal Courtſhip as this muſt have been had it proceeded, would have been glad it had gone on: And I dare ſay, but for the ſaucy Daughter, it had. My good Mamma, in that caſe, would have been ten years the younger for it, perhaps: And could I but have approved of it, I ſhould have been conſidered by her as if ten years older than I am: Since, very likely, it would have been; 'We 'Widows, my dear, know not how to keep men at 'a diſtance—So as to give them pain, in order to try 'their Love.—You muſt adviſe me, child: You muſt 'teach me to be cruel—Yet not *too* cruel neither— 'So as to make a man heartleſs, who has no time, 'God wot, to throw away.' Then would my behaviour to Mr. Hickman have been better liked; and my Mother would have bridled like her Daughter.

O my dear, how might we have been diverted, by the practiſings for the recovery of the *Long-forgottens!* could I have been ſure that it would have been in my power to have put them aſunder, in the Iriſh ſtyle, *before*

before they had come together. But there's no truſting to a Widow whoſe goods and chattels are in her own hands, addreſſed by an Old Bachelor, who has *fine things*, and offers to leave her *Ten thouſand Pounds better* than he found her, and ſole miſtreſs beſides, of all her *Notables!* for theſe, as you will ſee by-and-by, are his propoſals.

The old Triton's addreſs carries the writer's marks upon the very Superſcription—*To the equally amiable, and worthy admired* [There's for you!] *Mrs.* Annabella Howe, *Widow*; the laſt word added, I ſuppoſe, as *Eſquire* to a man, as a word of honour; or for fear the *bella* to *Anna*, ſhould not enough diſtinguiſh the perſon meant from the Spinſter [Vain huſſy you'll call me, I know]: And then follows:—*Theſe humbly preſent.*—Put down as a memorandum, I preſume, to make a leg, and behave handſomely at preſenting it; he intending very probably to deliver it himſelf.

And now ſtand by—To ſee

Enter Old Neptune.

His head adorned with Sea-weed, and a crown of Cockle-ſhells; as we ſee him decked out in Mrs. Robinſon's ridiculous Grotto.

Madam, *Monday, May* 15.

I Did make a ſort of reſolution ten years ago, never to marry. I ſaw in other families, where they lived *beſt*, you will be pleaſed to mark That, *queerneſſes* I could not away with. Then, liked well enough to live ſingle for the ſake of my Brother's family; and for one child in it more than the reſt. But that girl has turned us all off the hinges: And why I ſhould deny myſelf any comforts for them as will not thank me for ſo doing, I don't know.

So much for my motives, as from Self and Family: But the dear Mrs. Howe makes me go further.

I have a very great Fortune, I bleſs God for it, all of my own getting, or moſt of it; you will be pleaſed to mark That; for I was the youngeſt Brother of three. You have alſo, God be thanked, a great Eſtate, which you have improved by your own frugality and wiſe management. Frugality, let me ſtop to ſay, is one of the greateſt virtues in this mortal life, becauſe it enables us to do juſtice to *all*, and puts it in our power to benefit *ſome* by it, as we ſee they *deſerve*.

You have but one child; and I am a Bachelor, and have never a one—All Bachelors cannot ſay ſo: Wherefore your Daughter may be the better for me, if ſhe will keep up with my humour; which was never thought bad: Eſpecially to my Equals. Servants, indeed, I don't matter being angry with, when I pleaſe: They are paid for bearing it, and too-too often deſerve it; as we have frequently taken notice of to one another. And moreover, if we keep not ſervants at diſtance, they will be familiar. I always made it a rule to find fault, whether reaſonable or not, that ſo I might have *no reaſon* to find fault. Young women and ſervants in general (as worthy Mr. Solmes obſerves) are better governed by Fear than Love. But this my humour as to ſervants, will not affect either You or Miſs, you know.

I will make very advantageous Settlements; ſuch as any common friend ſhall judge to be ſo. But muſt have all in my own power, while I live: Becauſe, you know, Madam, it is as creditable to the wife, as to the huſband, that it ſhould be ſo.

I am not at fine words. We are not children; tho' it is hoped we may have ſome; for I am a very healthy ſound man, I bleſs God for it: And never brought home from my Voyages and Travels, a *worſer* conſtitution than I took out with me. I was none of thoſe, I will aſſure you. But this I will undertake, that

that if you are the ſurvivor, you ſhall be at *the leaſt* Ten thouſand pounds the better for me: What, in the contrary caſe, I ſhall be the better for you, I leave to you, as you ſhall think my kindneſs to you ſhall deſerve.

But one thing, Madam, I ſhould be glad of, that Miſs Howe might not live with us then [She need not know I write thus]—But go home to Mr. Hickman, as ſhe is upon the point of marriage, I hear: And if ſhe behaves dutifully, as ſhe ſhould do, to us both, ſhe ſhall be the better; for ſo I ſaid before.

You ſhall manage all things, both mine and your own; for I know but little of Land-matters. All my oppoſition to you ſhall be out of Love, when I think you take too much upon you for your health.

It will be very pretty for you, I ſhould think, to have a man of experience, in a long Winter's Evening, to ſit down by you, and tell you Stories of Foreign Parts, and the Cuſtoms of the Nations he has conſorted with. And I have fine Curioſities of the Indian growth, ſuch as Ladies love, and ſome that even my Niece Clary, when ſhe was good, never ſaw. Theſe, one by one, as you are kind to me (which I make no queſtion of, becauſe I ſhall be kind to you) ſhall be all yours.—Prettier entertainment by much, than ſitting with a *too ſmartiſh* Daughter, ſometimes out of humour, and thwarting, and vexing, as Daughters will (when women-grown eſpecially, as I have heard you often obſerve); and thinking their parents old, without paying them the reverence due to years; when, as in your caſe, I make no ſort of doubt, they are young enough to wipe their noſes. You underſtand me, Madam.

As for me myſelf, it will be very happy, and I am delighted with the thinking of it, to have, after a pleaſant Ride, or ſo, a Lady of like experience with myſelf, to come home to, and but one Intereſt betwixt us: To reckon up our comings-in together; and

and what this day and this week has produced:—O how this will encreaſe Love!—Moſt mightily will it encreaſe it!—And I believe I ſhould never love you enough, or be able to ſhew you all my Love.

I hope, Madam, there need not be ſuch maiden niceties and hangings off, as I may call them, between *us* (for hanging-off ſake) as that you will deny me a line or two to this propoſal, written down, altho' you would not anſwer me ſo readily when I ſpoke to you; your Daughter being, I ſuppoſe, hard by; for you looked round you, as if not willing to be overheard. So I reſolved to write: That my writing may ſtand as upon record, for my upright meaning; being none of your Lovelaces; you will mark That, Madam; but a downright, true, honeſt, faithful Engliſhman. So hope you will not diſdain to write a line or two to this my propoſal: And I ſhall look upon it as a great honour, I will aſſure you, and be proud thereof.—What can I ſay more?—For you are your own miſtreſs, as I am my own maſter: And you ſhall *always* be your own miſtreſs, be pleaſed to mark That; for ſo a Lady of your prudence and experience ought to be.

This is a long Letter. But the ſubject requires it; becauſe I would not write *twice* where *ance* would do: So would explain my ſenſe and meaning at one time.

I have had writing in my head, *two whole months very near*; but hardly knew how (being unpractiſed in theſe matters) to begin to write. And now, good Lady, be favourable to

Your moſt humble Lover,
and obedient Servant,
ANT. HARLOWE.

Here's a Letter of Courtſhip, my dear!—And let me ſubjoin to it, that if now, or hereafter, I ſhould treat this hideous Lover, who is ſo free with me to my

my Mother with aſperity, and you ſhould be diſguſted at it; I ſhall think you don't give me that preference in your Love, which you have in mine.

And now, Which ſhall I firſt give you; the anſwer of my good Mamma; or, the dialogue that paſſed between the widow Mother, and the pert Daughter, upon her letting the latter know that ſhe had a Love-letter?

I *think* you ſhall have the *dialogue*. But let me promiſe one thing; that if you *think* me too free, you muſt not let it run in your head, that I am writeing of *your* Uncle, or of *my* Mother; but of a couple of old Lovers, no matter whom. Reverence is too apt to be forgotten by children, where the *Reverends* forget *firſt* what belongs to their own characters. A *grave* remark, and therefore at *your* ſervice, my dear.

Well then, ſuppoſe my Mamma (after twice comeing into my cloſet to me, and as often going out, with very meaning features, and lips ready to burſt open, but ſtill cloſed, as if by compulſion, a ſpeech going off in a ſlight cough, that never went near the lungs) grown more reſolute the third time of entrance, and ſitting down by me, thus begin.

Mother. I have a very ſerious matter to talk with you upon, Nancy, when you are diſpoſed to attend to matters *within* ourſelves, and not let matters *without* ourſelves wholly engroſs you.

A good *ſelve-iſh* ſpeech!—But I thought that Friendſhip, Gratitude, and Humanity, were matters that ought to be deemed of the moſt *intimate* concern to us. But not to dwell upon words:

Daughter. I am *now* diſpoſed to attend to everything my Mamma is *diſpoſed* to ſay to me.

M. Why then, child—Why then, my dear—[And the good Lady's face looked *ſo* plump, *ſo* ſmooth, and *ſo* ſhining!]—I ſee you are all attention, Nancy!

—But

—But don't be ſurpriſed!—Don't be uneaſy!—But I have—I have—Where is it?—[And yet it lay next her heart, never another near it.—So no difficulty to have found it]—I have a *Letter*, my dear!—[And out from her boſom it came: But ſhe ſtill held it in her hand]—I have a *Letter*, child.—It is—It is—It is from—from a *Gentleman*, I aſſure you!—[Lifting up her head, and ſmiling].

There is no delight to a Daughter, thought I, in ſuch ſurpriſes as ſeem to be *collecting*. I will deprive my Mother of the ſatisfaction of making a *gradual* diſcovery.

D. From Mr. Antony Harlowe, I ſuppoſe, Madam?

M. [Lips drawn cloſer: Eye raiſed] Why, my dear!—I cannot but own—But how, I wonder, could you think of Mr. Antony Harlowe?

D. How, Madam, could I think of any-body *elſe?*

M. How could you think of any-body *elſe!*—[Angrily, and drawing back her face]. But do you know the ſubject, Nancy?

D. You have told it, Madam, by your manner of breaking it to me. But, indeed, I queſtioned not that he had *two* motives in his viſits here—Both equally agreeable to me; for all that family love me dearly.

M. No Love loſt, if ſo, between you and them. But this [*Riſing*] is what I get— So like your Papa!—I never could open my heart to *him!*

D. Dear Madam, excuſe me. Be ſo good as to open your heart to *me.*—I don't love the Harlowes—But pray excuſe me.

M. You have put me quite out with your forward temper! [Angrily ſitting down again].

D. I will be all patience and attention. May I be allowed to read his Letter?

M. I wanted to *adviſe* with you upon it.—But you are

are ſuch a ſtrange creature!—You are always for anſwering one before one ſpeaks!

D. You'll be ſo good as to forgive me, Madam.—But I thought every-body (he among the reſt) knew, that you had always declared againſt a Second Marriage.

M. And ſo I have. But then *it was in the mind I was in.* Things may offer—

I ſtared.

M. Nay, don't be ſurpriſed!—I don't intend—I don't intend—

D. Not, perhaps, in *the mind you are in*, Madam.

M. Pert creature! [Riſing again]—We ſhall quarrel, I ſee!—There's no—

D. Once more, dear Madam, I beg your excuſe. I will attend in ſilence.—Pray, Madam, ſit down again—Pray do [She ſat down].—May I ſee the Letter?

No; there are ſome things in it, you won't like.—Your temper is known, I find, to be unhappy. But nothing *bad* againſt you; intimations, on the contrary, that you ſhall be the better for him, if you oblige him.

Not a living ſoul but the Harlowes, I ſaid, thought me ill-tempered: And I was contented that *they* ſhould, who could do as they had done by the moſt univerſally acknowleged Sweetneſs in the world.

Here we broke out a little; but at laſt, ſhe read me ſome of the paſſages in the Letter. But not the *moſt mightily* ridiculous; yet I could hardly keep my countenance neither, eſpecially when ſhe came to that paſſage which mentions his *ſound health*; and at which ſhe ſtopt; ſhe beſt knew why—But ſoon reſuming;

M. Well now, Nancy, tell me what you think of it.

D. Nay, pray, Madam, tell me what *you* think of it.

M. I expect to be anſwered by an Anſwer; not by

by a Queſtion!—You don't *uſe* to be ſo ſhy to ſpeak your mind.

D. Not when my Mamma commands me to do ſo.

M. Then ſpeak it now.

D. Without hearing the whole of the Letter?

M. Speak to what you *have* heard.

D. Why then, Madam—You won't be my Mamma HOWE, if you give way to it.

M. I am ſurpriſed at your aſſurance, Nancy!

D. I mean, Madam, you will then be my Mamma HARLOWE.

M. O dear heart!—But I am not a fool.

And her colour went and came.

D. Dear Madam [But, indeed, I don't love a Harlowe—that's what I meant] I *am* your Child, and *muſt* be your Child, do what you will.

M. A very pert one, I am ſure, as ever Mother bore! And you *muſt* be my Child, do what I *will!*—As much as to ſay, you would not, if you could help it, if I—

D. How could I have ſuch a thought!—It would be *forward*, indeed, if I had—when I don't know what your *mind* is as to the propoſal:—When the propoſal is ſo very advantageous a one too.

M. [looking a little leſs diſcompoſed] Why, indeed, Ten thouſand pounds—

D. And to be ſure of outliving him, Madam!

This ſtaggered her a little.

M. Sure!—Nobody can be ſure—But it is very likely, that—

D. Not at all, Madam. You was going to read ſomething (but ſtopt) about his Conſtitution: His Sobriety is well known—Why, Madam, theſe gentlemen who have uſed the Sea, and been in different Climates, and come home to relax from cares in a temperate one, and are ſober—are the likelieſt to live long of any men in the world. Don't you ſee, that his very Skin is a Fortification of Buff?

M. Strange

M. Strange creature!

D. God forbid, that any-body I love and honour, ſhould *marry a man* in hopes to *bury him*—But ſuppoſe, Madam, at your time of life—

M. *My* time of life?—Dear heart!—What is my time of Life, pray?

D. Not old, Madam; and that you are not, may be your danger!

As I hope to live (my dear) my Mother ſmiled, and looked not diſpleaſed with me.

M. Why, indeed, child—Why, indeed, I muſt needs ſay—And then I ſhould chuſe to do nothing (froward as you are ſometimes) to hurt *you*.

D. Why, as to that, Madam, I can't expect that you ſhould deprive yourſelf of any ſatisfaction—

M. *Satisfaction*, my dear!—I don't ſay, it would be a *Satisfaction*—But could I do any-thing that would benefit *you*, it would perhaps be an inducement to hold *one* conference upon the ſubject.

D. My Fortune already will be more conſiderable than my Match, if I am to have Mr. Hickman.

M. Why ſo?—Mr. Hickman has Fortune enough to entitle him to yours.

D. If *you* think ſo, that's enough.

M. Not but I ſhould think the worſe of myſelf, if I deſired any-body's death; but I think, as you ſay, Mr. Antony Harlowe is a healthy man, and bids fair for a long life.

Bleſs me, thought I, how ſhall I do to know whether this be an Objection or a Recommendation!

D. Will you forgive me, Madam?

M. What would the girl ſay? [Looking as if ſhe was half-afraid to hear what].

D. Only, that if you marry a man of *his* time of life, you ſtand two chances inſtead of one, to be a Nurſe at *your* time of life.

M. Saucebox!

D. Dear Madam!—What I mean is only, that theſe

theſe healthy old men ſometimes fall into lingering diſorders all at once. And I humbly conceive, that the Infirmities of age are uneaſily borne with, where the remembrance of the pleaſanter ſeaſon comes not in to relieve the healthier of the two.

M. A ſtrange girl!—Yet his healthy conſtitution an objection juſt now!—But I always told you, that you know either too much to be argued with, or too little for me to have patience with you.

D. I can't but ſay, I ſhould be glad of your commands, Madam, how to behave myſelf to Mr. Antony Harlowe next time he comes.

M. How to behave yourſelf!—Why, if you retire with contempt of him, when he next comes, it will be but as you have been uſed to do of late.

D. Then he *is* to come again, Madam?

M. And ſuppoſe he be?

D. I can't help it, if it be your pleaſure, Madam. He deſires a line in anſwer to his fine Letter. If he come, it will be in purſuance of that line, I preſume?

M. None of your arch and pert leers, girl!—You know I won't bear them. I had a mind to hear what you would ſay to this matter. I have not written; but I ſhall preſently.

D. It is mighty good of you, Madam (I hope the man will think ſo) to anſwer his firſt application by Letter.—Pity *he ſhould write twice, if once will do.*

M. That fetch won't let you into my intention, as to what I ſhall write. It is too ſaucily put.

D. Perhaps I can gueſs at your intention, Madam, were it to become me ſo to do.

M. Perhaps I would not make a *Mr. Hickman* of any man; uſing him the worſe for reſpecting me.

D. Nor, perhaps, would I, Madam, if I *liked* his reſpects.

M. I underſtand you. But, perhaps, it is in *your* power to make me hearken, or not, to Mr. Harlowe.

D. Young

D. Young men, who have probably a great deal of time before them, need not be in haſte for a wife. Mr. Hickman, poor man! muſt ſtay his time, or take his remedy.

M. He bears more from you, than a man ought.

D. Then, I doubt, he gives a reaſon for the treatment he meets with.

M. Provoking creature!

D. I have but one requeſt to make to you, Madam.

M. A *dutiful* one, I ſuppoſe. What is it, pray?

D. That if *you* marry, *I* may be permitted to live ſingle.

M. Perverſe creature, I'm ſure!

D. How can I expect, Madam, that you ſhould refuſe ſuch terms? *Ten thouſand pounds!*—At the *leaſt* ten thouſand pounds!—A very handſome propoſal!—So many *fine things* too, to give you *one by one!*—Deareſt Madam, forgive me!—I hope it is not yet ſo far gone, that raillying *this man* will be thought want of duty to *you.*

M. Your raillying of *him*, and your reverence to *me*, it is plain, have *one* ſource.

D. I hope not, Madam. But Ten thouſand pounds—

M. Is no unhandſome propoſal.

D. Indeed I think ſo. I hope, Madam, you will not be behindhand with him in generoſity.

M. He won't be Ten thouſand pounds the better for me, if he ſurvive me.

D. No, Madam; he can't expect that, as you have a daughter, and as he is a *bachelor, and has not a child!*—Poor Old Soul!

M. Old Soul, Nancy!—And thus to call him for being a bachelor, and not having a child?—Does this become you?

D. Not *Old Soul* for that, Madam—But half the ſum; Five thouſand pounds; you can't engage for leſs, Madam.

M.

M. That Sum has *your* approbation then? [Looking as if ſhe'd be even with me].

D. As he leaves it to your generoſity, Madam, to reward his kindneſs to you, it *can't* be leſs.—Do, dear Madam, permit me, without incurring your diſpleaſure, to call him *poor old Soul* again.

M. Never was ſuch a whimſical creature!—Turning away to hide her involuntary ſmile [for I believe I looked very archly; at leaſt I intended to do ſo]—I hate that wicked ſly look. You give yourſelf very free airs—Don't you?

D. I ſnatched her hand, and kiſſed it—My dear Mamma, be not angry with your girl!—You have told me, that *you* was very lively formerly.

M. Formerly! Good lack!—But were I to encourage his propoſals, you may be ſure, that for Mr. Hickman's ſake, as well as yours, I ſhould make a wiſe agreement.

D. You have both lived to years of prudence, Madam.

M. Yes, I ſuppoſe I am an *Old Soul* too.

D. He alſo is for making a *wiſe agreement*, or hinting at one, at leaſt.

M. Well, the ſhort and the long I ſuppoſe is this: I have not your conſent to marry.

D. Indeed, Madam, you have not my *wiſhes* to marry.

M. Let me tell you, that if prudence conſiſts in wiſhing well to *one's ſelf*, I ſee not but the *Young Flirts* are as prudent as the *Old Souls*.

D. Dear Madam, Would you blame me, if to wiſh you *not* to marry Mr. Antony Harlowe, is to wiſh well to *myſelf?*

M. You are mighty witty. I wiſh you were as dutiful.

D. I am more dutiful, I hope, than witty; or I ſhould be a Fool, as well as a Saucebox.

M. Let *me* judge of both.—Parents are only to

live

live for their Children, let them deſerve it or not. That's *their* dutiful notion!

D. Heaven forbid that I ſhould wiſh, if there be Two intereſts between My Mother and me, that my Mother poſtpone her own for mine! or give up anything that would add to the real comforts of her life, to oblige me!—Tell me, my dear Mamma, if you think the cloſing with this propoſal *will?*

M. I ſay, That Ten thouſand pounds is ſuch an acquiſition to one's family, that the *offer* of it deſerves a civil return.

D. Not the *Offer*, Madam: The *Chance* only!—If indeed you have a view to an increaſe of family, the money may provide—

M. You can't keep within tolerable bounds!—That ſaucy ſleer I cannot away with—

D. Deareſt, deareſt Madam, forgive me; but *Old Soul* ran in my head again!—Nay, indeed and upon my word, I will not be robbed of that charming ſmile! And again I kiſſed her hand.

M. Away, bold creature! Nothing can be ſo provoking as to be made to ſmile when one would *chuſe*, and *ought*, to be angry.

D. But, dear Madam, if it be to *be*, I preſume you won't think of it before *next winter*.

M. What now would the pert one be at?

D. Becauſe he only propoſes to entertain you with pretty Stories of Foreign Nations in a Winter's Evening. Deareſt, deareſt Madam, let me have the reading of his Letter through. I will forgive him all he ſays about *me*.

M. It may be a very difficult thing perhaps, for a man of the beſt ſenſe to write a Love-letter, that may not be cavilled at.

D. That's becauſe Lovers in their Letters hit not the medium. They either write too much nonſenſe, or too little. But do you call this *Odd* Soul's letter

[No more will I call him *Old* Soul, if I can help it] a Love-letter?

M. Well, well, I ſee you are averſe to this matter. I am not to be your *Mother*; *you* will live ſingle, if *I* marry. I had a mind to ſee if generoſity governed you in your views. I ſhall purſue my own inclinations; and if *they* ſhould happen to be ſuitable to yours, pray let me for the future be better rewarded by you, than hitherto I have been.

And away ſhe flung, without ſtaying for a reply.—Vexed, I dare ſay, that I did not better approve of the propoſal—Were it only that the merit of denying might have been all her own, and to lay the ſtronger obligation upon her ſaucy Daughter.

She wrote ſuch a *widow-like* refuſal when ſhe went from me, as might not exclude hope in any other wooer; whatever it may do in Mr. Tony Harlowe.

It will be my part, to take care to beat her off the viſit ſhe half-promiſes to make him (as you will ſee in her Anſwer) upon condition that he withdraw his ſuit. For who knows what effect the old bachelor's exotics [*Far-fetched and dear-bought* you know is a proverb] might otherwiſe have upon a woman's mind, wanting nothing but Unneceſſaries, Gewgaws, and Fineries, and offered ſuch as are not eaſily to be met with, or purchaſed?

Well, but now I give you leave to read here, in this place, the copy of my Mother's Anſwer to your Uncle's Letter. Not one comment will I make upon it. I know my duty better. And here therefore, taking the liberty to hope, that I may, in your preſent leſs diſagreeable, tho' not wholly agreeable ſituation, provoke a ſmile from you, I conclude myſelf,

Your ever affectionate and faithful

ANNA HOWE.

Mrs.

MVSEVM BRITANNICVM

Mrs. ANNABELLA HOWE, *To* ANTONY HARLOWE, *Eſq;*

Mr. Antony Harlowe,

SIR, *Friday, May* 19.

IT is not uſual I believe for our Sex to anſwer by pen and ink the firſt Letter on theſe occaſions. The *firſt* Letter! How odd is that! As if I expected another; which I do not. But then I think, as I do not judge proper to encourage your propoſal, there is no reaſon why I ſhould not anſwer in civility where ſo great a civility is intended. Indeed, I was always of opinion, that a perſon was entitled to That, and not to ill-uſage, becauſe he had a reſpect for me. And ſo I have often and often told my Daughter.

A woman I think makes but a poor figure in a man's eye afterwards, and does no reputation to her Sex neither, when ſhe behaves like a tyrant to him beforehand.

To be ſure, Sir, if I were to change my condition, I know not a gentleman whoſe propoſal could be more agreeable. Your Nephew and your Nieces have enough without you: My Daughter is a fine fortune without me, and I ſhould take care to double it, living or dying, were I to do ſuch a thing: So nobody need to be the worſe for it. But Nancy would not think ſo.

All the comfort I know of in children, is, that when young they do with us what they will, and all is pretty in them to their very faults; and when they are grown up, they think their Parents muſt live for them only; and deny themſelves every-thing for their ſakes. I know Nancy could not bear a Father-in-law. She would fly at the very thought of my being in earneſt to give her one. Not that I ſtand in fear of my Daughter neither. It is not fit I ſhould. But ſhe has her poor Papa's ſpirit. A very violent one

that was. And one would not chuſe, you know, Sir, to enter into any affair, that, one knows, one muſt renounce a Daughter for, or ſhe a Mother.—Except indeed one's heart were *much* in it; which, I bleſs God, mine is not.

I have now been a widow theſe ten years; nobody to controul me: And I am ſaid not to bear controul: So, Sir, you and I are beſt as we are, I believe: Nay, I am ſure of it: For we want not what either has; having both more than we know what to do with. And I know I could not be in the leaſt accountable for any of my ways.

My Daughter indeed, tho' ſhe is a fine girl, as girls go [She has too much ſenſe indeed for one of her Sex; and knows ſhe has it] is more a check to me than one would wiſh a Daughter to be: For who would chuſe to be always ſnapping at each other? But ſhe will ſoon be married; and then, not living together, we ſhall only come together when we are pleaſed, and ſtay away when we are not; and ſo like other Lovers, never ſee any-thing but the beſt ſides of each other.

I own, for all this, that I love her dearly; and ſhe me, I dare ſay: So would not wiſh to provoke her to do otherwiſe. Beſides, the girl is ſo much regarded every-where, that having lived ſo much of my prime a widow, I would not lay myſelf open to her cenſures, or even to her indifference, you know.

Your generous propoſal requires all this explicitneſs. I thank you for your good opinion of me. When I know you acquieſce with This my civil refuſal [And indeed, Sir, I am as much in earneſt in it, as if I had ſpoken broader] I don't know but Nancy and I may, with your permiſſion, come to ſee your fine things; for I am a great admirer of Rarities that come from abroad.

So, Sir, let us only converſe occaſionally as we meet, as we uſed to do, without any other view to

each

each other, than good wiſhes: Which I hope may not be leſſened for this declining. And then I ſhall always think myſelf

Your obliged Servant,

ANNABELLA HOWE

P. S. I ſent word by Mrs. Lorimer, that I would write an Anſwer: But would take time for conſideration. So hope, Sir, you won't think it a ſlight, I did not write ſooner.

LETTER XXXII.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq;*

Sunday, May 21.

I AM too much diſturbed in my mind, to think of any-thing but Revenge; or I did intend to give thee an account of Miſs Harlowe's obſervations on the Play. *Miſs Harlowe's* I ſay. Thou knoweſt that I hate the name of *Harlowe*; and I am exceedingly out of humour with her, and with her ſaucy friend.

What's the matter *now?* thou'lt aſk.

Matter enough; for while we were at the Play, Dorcas, who had her orders, and a key to her Lady's chamber, as well as a maſter-key to her drawers and mahogany cheſt, cloſet-key and all, found means to come at ſome of Miſs Howe's laſt-written Letters. The vigilant wench was directed to them by ſeeing her Lady take a Letter out of her ſtays, and put it to the others, before ſhe went out with me—Afraid, as the women upbraidingly tell me, that I ſhould find it *there.*

Dorcas no ſooner found them, than ſhe aſſembled three ready writers of the *Non-apparents*; and *Sally*, and *ſhe*, and *they* employed themſelves with the utmoſt diligence, in making Extracts, according to former directions, from theſe curſed Letters, for my

uſe. *Curſed*, I may well call them—Such abuſes! Such virulence!—O this little fury Miſs Howe!—Well might her ſaucy friend (who has been equally free with me, or the occaſion could not have been given) be ſo violent as ſhe lately was, at my endeavouring to come at one of theſe Letters.

I was ſure, that this Fair-one, at ſo early an age, with a Conſtitution ſo firm, Health ſo blooming, Eyes ſo ſparkling, Expectations therefore ſo lively, and Hope ſo predominating, could not be abſolutely, and from her own vigilance, ſo guarded, and ſo apprehenſive, as I have found her to be.

Sparkling eyes, Jack, when the poetical tribe have ſaid all they can for them, are an infallible ſign of a Rogue, or room for a Rogue, in the heart.

Thou may'ſt go on with thy Preachments, and Lord M. with his Wiſdom of Nations, I am now more aſſured of her than ever. And now my Revenge is up, and joined with my Love, all reſiſtance muſt fall before it. And moſt ſolemnly do I ſwear, That Miſs Howe ſhall *come in for her ſnack.*

And here, juſt now, is another Letter brought from the ſame little virulent devil. I hope to procure Tranſcripts from that too, very ſpeedily, if it be put to the teſt; for the ſaucy Fair-one is reſolved to go to Church this morning; not ſo much from a ſpirit of Devotion, I have reaſon to think, as to try whether ſhe can go out without check, controul, or my attendance.

*** ***

I HAVE been denied breakfaſting with her. Indeed ſhe was a little diſpleaſed with me laſt night: becauſe, on our return from the Play, I obliged her to paſs the reſt of the night with the women and me, in their parlour, and to ſtay till near One. She told me at *parting*, that ſhe expected to have the whole next day to herſelf. I had not read the Extracts then; ſo was all affectionate reſpect, awe, and diſtance; for

I had

I had reſolved to begin a new courſe, and, if poſſible, to baniſh all jealouſy and ſuſpicion from her heart: And yet I had no reaſon to be much troubled at her paſt ſuſpicions; ſince, if a woman will continue with a man whom ſhe ſuſpects, when ſhe can get from him, or *thinks* ſhe can, I am ſure it is a very hopeful ſign.

*** ***

She is gone. Slipt down before I was aware. She had ordered a chair, on purpoſe to exclude my perſonal attendance. But I had taken proper precautions. Will. attended her by conſent; Peter, the houſe-ſervant, was within Will.'s call.

I had, by Dorcas, repreſented her danger from Singleton, in order to diſſuade her from going at all, unleſs ſhe allowed me to attend her; but I was anſwered, with her uſual ſaucy ſmartneſs, That if there were no cauſe of fear of being met with at the Playhouſe, when there were but *two* Playhouſes, ſurely there was leſs at Church, when there were ſo *many* Churches. The chairmen were ordered to carry her to St. James's Church.

But ſhe would not be ſo careleſs of obliging me, if ſhe knew what I have already come at, and how the women urge me on; for they are continually complaining of *the reſtraint they lie under*, in their behaviour; in their attendance; *neglecting all their concerns in the front-houſe*; and *keeping this elegant back one entirely free from company*, that ſhe may have no ſuſpicion of them. They doubt not my generoſity, they ſay: But *why* for my own ſake, in Lord M.'s ſtyle, *ſhould I make ſo long a harveſt of ſo little corn?*

Women, ye reaſon well. I think I will begin my operations the moment ſhe comes in.

*** ***

I have come at the Letter brought her from Miſs Howe to-day. Plot, Conjuration, Sorcery, Witch-

craft, all going forward! I ſhall not be able to ſee this *Miſs Harlowe* with patience. As the Nymphs below aſk, ſo do I, Why is *night* neceſſary? And Sally and Polly upbraidingly remind me of my firſt attempts upon themſelves. Yet *force* anſwers not my end—And yet it may, if there be truth in that part of the Libertine's Creed, *That once ſubdued, is always ſubdued!* And what woman anſwers *affirmatively* to the queſtion?

*** ***

SHE is returned: But refuſes to admit me; and inſiſts upon having the day to herſelf. Dorcas tells me, that ſhe believes her denial is from motives of Piety—Oons, Jack, is there Impiety in ſeeing me!—Would it not be the higheſt Act of Piety, to reclaim me? And is this to be done by her refuſing to ſee me, when ſhe is in a devouter frame than uſual?—But I hate her, hate her heartily! She is old, ugly, and deformed.—But O the blaſphemy! Yet ſhe is an Harlowe: And I do and *can* hate her for that.

But ſince I muſt not ſee her [She will be miſtreſs of her *own will*, and of her *time*, truly!] let me fill up *my* time, by telling thee what I have come at.

The firſt Letter the Women met with, is dated April 27 (*a*). Where can ſhe have put the *preceding* ones!—It mentions Mr. Hickman as a buſy fellow between them. Hickman had beſt take care of himſelf. She ſays in it, *I hope you have no cauſe to repent returning my Norris—It is forthcoming on demand.* Now, what the devil can this mean!—Her Norris forthcoming on demand!—The devil take me, if I am *out-Norris'd!*—If ſuch innocents can allow themſelves to plot (to *Norris*) well may I.

She is ſorry, that *her Hannah can't be with her*---And what if ſhe could?---What could Hannah do for her in *ſuch a houſe as this?*

(*a*) See Vol. III. Letter lx.

The

The women in the houſe are to be found out in one breakfaſting. The women are enraged at both the correſpondents for this; and more than ever make a point of my ſubduing her. I had a good mind to give Miſs Howe to them in full property. Say but the word, Jack, and it ſhall be done.

She is glad that Miſs Harlowe had thoughts of taking me at my word. She wondered I did not offer again. Adviſes her, if I don't ſoon, *not to ſtay with me.* Cautions her, *to keep me at diſtance; not to permit the leaſt familiarity*---See, Jack! See, Belford!---Exactly as I thought!---Her vigilance all owing to a cool friend; who can ſit down quietly, and give that advice, which in her own caſe ſhe could not take. What an encouragement to me to proceed in my devices, when I have reaſon to think, that my Beloved's reſerves are owing more to Miſs Howe's cautions, than to her own inclinations! But *it is my Intereſt to be honeſt*, Miſs Howe tells her---INTEREST, fools!---I thought theſe girls knew, that my *Intereſt* was ever ſubſervient to my *Pleaſure.*

What would I give to come at the Copies of the Letters to which thoſe of Miſs Howe are Anſwers!

The next Letter is dated May 3 (*a*). In this the little Termagant expreſſes her aſtoniſhment, that her Mother ſhould write to Miſs Harlowe, to forbid her to correſpond with her Daughter. Mr. Hickman, ſhe ſays, is of opinion, *that ſhe ought not to obey her Mother.* How the creeping fellow trims between both! I am afraid, that I muſt puniſh him, as well as this virago; and I have a ſcheme rumbling in my head, that wants but half an hour's muſing to bring into form, that will do my buſineſs upon both. I cannot bear, that the parental authority ſhould be thus deſpiſed, thus trampled under foot---But obſerve the vixen, *'Tis well he* is *of her opinion; for her Mother having ſet her up, ſhe muſt have ſomebody to quar-*

(*a*) See Vol. III. Letter lxviii.

rel with.—Could a Lovelace have allowed himſelf a greater licence? This girl's a deviliſh Rake in her heart. Had ſhe been a man, and one of us, ſhe'd have outdone us all in Enterprize and Spirit.

She wants but very little farther provocation, ſhe ſays, *to fly privately to London. And if ſhe does, ſhe will not leave her till ſhe ſees her either honourably married, or quit of the wretch.* Here, Jack, the tranſcriber Sally has added a prayer—'For the Lord's 'ſake, dear Mr. Lovelace, get this fury to Lon-'don!'—Her fate, I can tell thee, Jack, if we had her among us, ſhould not be ſo long deciding as her friend's. What a gantlope would ſhe run, when I had done with her, among a dozen of her own pitileſs Sex, whom my Charmer ſhall never ſee!—But more of this anon.

I find by this Letter, that my ſaucy captive had been drawing the characters of every varlet of ye. Nor am I ſpared in it more than you. *The man's a fool, to be ſure, my dear.* Let me periſh, if they either of them find me one! *A ſilly fellow, at leaſt.* Curſed contemptible!—*I ſee not but they are a ſet of Infernals*—There's for thee, Belford!—*and he the Beelzebub*—There's for thee, Lovelace!—And yet ſhe would have her friend marry a Beelzebub.—And what have any of us done (within the knowlege of Miſs Harlowe) that ſhe ſhould give ſuch an account of us, as ſhould excuſe ſo much abuſe from Miſs Howe!—But the occaſion that ſhall warrant this abuſe is to come!

She blames her, for *not admitting Miſs Partington to her bed—Watchful as you are, what could have happened?—If violence were intended, he would not ſtay for the night.* I am aſhamed to have this hinted to me by this virago. Sally writes upon this hint—'See, Sir, what is expected from you. An hundred 'and an hundred times have we told you of this.'—And ſo they have. But to be ſure, the advice from

them was not of half the Efficacy as it will be from *Miſs Howe.—You might have ſat up after her, or not gone to bed*, proceeds ſhe.

But can there be ſuch apprehenſions between them, yet the one adviſe her to ſtay, and the other reſolve to wait my imperial motion for marriage? I am glad I know that.

She approves of my propoſal of Mrs. Fretchville's houſe. She puts her upon expecting Settlements; upon naming a Day: And concludes with inſiſting upon her writing, notwithſtanding her Mother's prohibition; or bids her *take the conſequence.* Undutiful wretches! How I long to vindicate againſt them both the inſulted parental character!

Thou wilt ſay to thyſelf, by this time, And can this proud and inſolent girl be the ſame Miſs Howe, who ſighed for honeſt Sir George Colmar; and who, but for this her beloved friend, would have followed him in all his broken fortunes, when he was obliged to quit the kingdom?

Yes, ſhe is the *very* ſame. And I always found in others, as well as in myſelf, that a firſt paſſion thoroughly ſubdued, made the Conqueror of it a Rover; the Conqueress a Tyrant.

Well, but now comes mincing in a Letter from one who has *the honour of dear Miſs Howe's commands* (*a*), to acquaint Miſs Harlowe, that Miſs Howe is *exceſſively concerned for the concern ſhe has given her.*

I have great temptations, on this occaſion, ſays the prim Gothamite, *to expreſs my own reſentments upon your preſent ſtate.*

My own reſentments!——And why did he not fall into this *temptation?*—Why, truly, becauſe he knew not what that State was which gave him ſo *tempting* a ſubject—*Only by a Conjecture*, and ſo forth.

He then dances in his ſtile, as he does in his gaite!

(*a*) See Vol. III. Letter lxx.

To be ſure, to be ſure, he muſt have made the grand Tour, and come home by the way of Tipperary.

And being moreover forbid, ſays the prancer, *to enter into the cruel ſubject*—This prohibition was a mercy to thee, friend Hickman!—But why *cruel ſubject*, if thou knoweſt not what it is, but *conjectureſt* only from the diſturbance it gives to a girl, that is her Mother's diſturbance, will be thy diſturbance, and the diſturbance, in turn, of every-body with whom ſhe is intimately acquainted, unleſs I have the humbling of her?

In another Letter (*a*), the little Fury profeſſes, *that ſhe* will *write, and that no* man *ſhall write for her*, as if ſome medium of that kind had been propoſed. She approves of her fair friend's intention *to leave me, if ſhe can be received by her relations. I* am *a wretch, a fooliſh wretch. She hates me for my teazing ways. She has juſt made an acquaintance with one who knows a vaſt deal of my private hiſtory.* A curſe upon her, and upon her hiſtoriographer!—*The man is really a villain, an execrable one.* Devil take her! *Had I a dozen lives, I might have forfeited them all twenty crimes ago.* An odd way of reckoning, Jack!

Miſs Betterton, Miſs Lockyer, are named—*The man* (ſhe irreverently repeats) ſhe again calls *a villain.* Let me periſh, I repeat, if I am called a villain for nothing!—She *will have her Uncle* (as Miſs Harlowe requeſts) *ſounded about receiving her. Dorcas is to be attached to her intereſt: My Letters are to be come at by ſurprize or trick*—

What thinkeſt thou of this, Jack?

Miſs Howe is alarmed at my attempt to come at a Letter of hers.

Were I to come at the knowlege of her freedoms with my character, ſhe ſays, *ſhe ſhould be afraid to ſtir out without a guard.* I would adviſe the vixen to get her guard ready.

I

(*a*) See Letter xi. of this Volume.

I am at the head of a gang of wretches [Thee, Jack, and thy brother varlets, ſhe owns ſhe means] *who join together to betray innocent creatures, and to ſupport one another in their villainies*—What ſayeſt thou to this, Belford?

She wonders not at her melancholy reflections for meeting me, for being forced upon me, and tricked by me.—I hope, Jack, thou'lt have done preaching after this!

But ſhe comforts her, *that ſhe will be both a Warning and Example to all her Sex.* I hope the Sex will thank me for this.

The Nymphs had not time, they ſay, to tranſcribe all that was worthy of my reſentment in this Letter: So I muſt find an opportunity to come at it myſelf. Noble Rant, they ſay, it contains—But I am a *ſeducer*, and a hundred vile fellows, in it.—*And the devil*, it ſeems, *took poſſeſſion of my heart, and of the hearts of all her friends, in the ſame dark hour, in order to provoke her to meet me.* Again, *There is a fate in her error*, ſhe ſays—Why then ſhould ſhe grieve?—*Adverſity is her ſhining time*, and I can't tell what—Yet never to thank the man to whom ſhe owes the *ſhine!*

In the next Letter (*a*), Wicked as I am, *ſhe fears I muſt be her Lord and Maſter.*

I hope ſo.

She retracts what ſhe ſaid againſt me in her laſt.—My behaviour to my Roſebud; Miſs Harlowe to take poſſeſſion of Mrs. Fretchville's houſe; I to ſtay at Mrs. Sinclair's; the Stake I have in my Country; my Reverſions; my Oeconomy; my Perſon; my Addreſs [Something like in all this!]; are brought in my favour, to induce her now *not* to leave me. How do I love to puzzle theſe *long-ſighted* girls!

Yet *my teazing ways*, it ſeems, *are intolerable.*—Are women only to teaze, I trow?—The Sex may

(*a*) See Letter xvii.

thank

thank themſelves for teaching me to out-teaze them. So the headſtrong Charles XII. of Sweden taught the Czar Peter to beat him, by continuing a war with the Muſcovites againſt the ancient maxims of his kingdom.

May eternal vengeance PURSUE *the villain* [Thank heaven, ſhe does not ſay *overtake*] *if he give room to doubt his honour!*——Women can't ſwear, Jack——Sweet ſouls! they can only curſe.

I am ſaid, *to doubt her love*—Have I not reaſon? And ſhe, *to doubt my Ardor*—Ardor, Jack!—Why, 'tis very right---Women, as Miſs Howe ſays, and as every Rake knows, love Ardors!

She appriſes her of the *Ill Succeſs of the Application made to her Uncle*---By Hickman no doubt!- I muſt have this fellow's ears in my pocket, very quickly, I believe.

She ſays, *She is equally ſhocked, and enraged againſt all her family: Mrs. Norton's weight has been tried upon Mrs. Harlowe, as well as Mr. Hickman's upon the Uncle: But never were there*, ſays the vixen, *ſuch determined brutes in the world. Her Uncle concludes her ruined already.*---Is not that a call upon me, as well as a reproach?---*They all expected applications from her when in diſtreſs---but were reſolved not to ſtir an inch to ſave her life.* She was *accuſed of premeditation and contrivance.* Miſs Howe *is concerned*, ſhe tells her, *for the revenge my pride may put me upon taking for the diſtance ſhe has kept me at*---And well ſhe may.---It is now evident to her, that ſhe muſt be mine (for her *Couſin* Morden, it ſeems, is ſet againſt her too)---An act of Neceſſity, of Convenience!---Thy friend, Jack, to be already made a Woman's Convenience!---Is this to be borne by a Lovelace?

I ſhall make great uſe of this Letter. From Miſs Howe's hints of what paſſed between her Uncle Harlowe and Hickman [It *muſt* be Hickman] I can give room for my *invention* to play; for ſhe tells her, that

ſhe

ſhe will not reveal all. I muſt endeavour to come at this Letter myſelf. I muſt have the very words: Extracts will not do. This Letter, when I have it, muſt be my Compaſs to ſteer by.

The fire of friendſhip then blazes out and crackles. I never before imagined, that ſo fervent a friendſhip could ſubſiſt between two Siſter-beauties, both Toaſts. But even *here* it may be inflamed by Oppoſition, and by that Contradiction which gives vigour to female ſpirits of a warm and romantic turn.

She raves about *coming up, if by ſo doing ſhe could prevent ſo noble a creature from ſtooping too low, or ſave her from ruin*---One Reed to ſupport another! I think I will contrive to bring her up.

How comes it to paſs, that I cannot help being pleaſed with this virago's ſpirit, tho' I ſuffer by it? Had I her but here, I'd engage, in a week's time, to teach her ſubmiſſion without reſerve. What pleaſure ſhould I have in breaking ſuch a ſpirit! I ſhould wiſh for her but for one month, in all, I think. She would be too tame and ſpiritleſs for me after that. How ſweetly pretty to ſee the two lovely friends, when humbled and tame, both ſitting in the darkeſt corner of a room, arm in arm, weeping and ſobbing for each other!—And I their Emperor, their then *acknowleged* Emperor, reclined at my eaſe in the ſame room, uncertain to which I ſhould firſt, Grand Signor like, throw out my handkerchief!

Again mind the girl: *She is enraged at the Harlowes:* She *is angry at her own Mother; ſhe is exaſperated againſt her fooliſh and low-vanity'd Lovelace.* FOOLISH, a little toad! [God forgive me for calling a virtuous girl a toad!] *Let us ſtoop to lift the wretch out of his dirt, tho' we ſoil our fingers in doing it! He has not been guilty of direct indecency to you.*—It ſeems *extraordinary* to Miſs Howe that I have not. *Nor dare he*—She ſhould be ſure of that. If women have ſuch things in their heads, why ſhould not I in my heart?

heart?—*Not ſo much of a devil as that comes to neither. Such villainous intentions would have ſhewn themſelves before now if I had them.*—Lord help them!—

She then puts her friend upon urging for *Settlements, Licence*, and ſo forth.—*No room for delicacy now*, ſhe ſays; and tells her what ſhe ſhall ſay, to *bring all forward from me.*—Is it not as clear to thee, Jack, as it is to me, that I ſhould have carried my point long ago, but for this vixen? She *reproaches her for having* MODESTY'D *away*, as ſhe calls it, *more than one opportunity, that ſhe ought not to have ſlipt.*—Thus thou ſeeſt, that the nobleſt of the Sex mean nothing in the world by their ſhyneſs and diſtance, but to pound the poor fellow they diſlike not, when he comes into their purlieus.

Though *trick'd into this man's power*, ſhe tells her, *ſhe is not meanly ſubjugated to it.* There are hopes of my Reformation, it ſeems, *from my reverence for her; ſince before her I never had any reverence for what was good!* I am *a great, a ſpecious deceiver.* I thank her for this, however. A good moral uſe ſhe ſays, may be made of *my having prevailed upon her to ſwerve.* I am glad that any good may flow from my actions.

Annexed to this Letter is a Paper the moſt ſaucy that ever was written of a Mother by a Daughter. There are in it ſuch free reflections upon Widows and Bachelors, that I cannot but wonder how Miſs Howe came by her Learning. Sir George Colmar, I can tell thee, was a greater fool than thy friend, if ſhe had it all for nothing.

The contents of this paper acquaint Miſs Harlowe, that her Uncle Antony has been making propoſals of marriage to her Mother.

The old fellow's heart ought to be a tough one, if he ſucceed; or ſhe who broke that of a much worthier man, the late Mr. Howe, will ſoon get rid of him.

But be this as it may, the ſtupid family is made more

more irreconcileable than ever to their goddeſs-daughter for old Antony's thoughts of marrying: So I am more ſecure of her than ever. And yet I believe at laſt, that my tender heart will be moved in her favour. For I did not *wiſh*, that ſhe ſhould have *nothing* but perſecution and diſtreſs.——But why loves ſhe the *Brutes*, as Miſs Howe juſtly calls them, ſo much; *me* ſo little?

I have ſtill more unpardonable Tranſcripts from other Letters.

LETTER XXXIII.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq;*

THE next Letter is of ſuch a nature, that, I dare ſay, theſe proud Rogues would not have had it fall into my hands for the world (*a*).

I ſee by it to what her diſpleaſure with me, in relation to my propoſals, was owing. They were not ſummed up, it ſeems, with the warmth, with the *ardor*, which ſhe had expected.

This whole Letter was tranſcribed by Dorcas, to whoſe lot it fell. Thou ſhalt have copies of them all at full length ſhortly.

Men of our caſt, this little devil ſays, *ſhe fancies, cannot have the Ardors that honeſt men have.* Miſs Howe has very pretty fancies, Jack. Charming girl! Would to heaven I knew whether my Fair-one anſwers her as freely as ſhe writes! 'Twould vex a man's heart, that this virago ſhould have come honeſtly by her *fancies*.

Who knows but I may have half a dozen creatures to get off my hands, before I engage for life?—Yet, leſt this ſhould mean me a compliment, as if I would reform, ſhe adds her belief, *that ſhe muſt not expect me to be honeſt on this ſide my grand climacteric.* She has an high opinion of her Sex, to think they can charm

(*a*) See Letter xxii.

ſo

ſo long a man ſo well acquainted with their *Identicalneſs*.

He to ſuggeſt delays, ſhe ſays, *from a compliment to be made to Lord M.!*—Yes, *I*, my dear.—Becauſe a man has not been accuſtomed to be dutiful, muſt he never be dutiful?—In ſo important a caſe as this too! the hearts of his whole family engaged in it? *You did indeed*, ſays ſhe, *want an interpoſing friend—But were I to have been in your ſituation, I would have torn his eyes out, and left it to his heart to furniſh the reaſon for it.* See! See! What ſayeſt thou to this, Jack?

Villain—Fellow that he is! follow. And for what? Only for wiſhing that the next day were to be my happy one; and for being dutiful to my neareſt relation.

It is the cruelleſt of fates, ſhe ſays, *for a woman to be forced to have a man whom her heart deſpiſes.*—That is what I wanted to be ſure of.—I was afraid, that my Beloved was too conſcious of her talents; of her ſuperiority! I was afraid that ſhe *indeed* deſpiſed me.—And I cannot bear to think ſhe does. But, Belford, I do not intend that this Lady ſhall be bound down by ſo cruel a fate. Let me periſh, if I marry a woman who has given her moſt intimate friend reaſon to ſay, *ſhe deſpiſes me!*—A Lovelace to be *deſpiſed*, Jack!

His clenched fiſt to his forehead on your leaving him in juſt diſpleaſure---that is, when ſhe was not ſatisfied with my Ardors, if it pleaſe ye!---I remember the motion: But her back was towards me at the time (*a*). Are theſe watchful Ladies all Eye?---But obſerve what follows; *I wiſh it had been a poll-ax, and in the hands of his worſt enemy.*---

I *will* have patience, Jack; I *will* have patience! *My* day is at hand.---Then will I ſteel my heart with theſe remembrances.

(*a*) She tells Miſs Howe, that ſhe ſaw this motion in the pier-glaſs. See p. 105.

But

But here is a ſcheme to be thought of, in order to *get my fair prize out of my hands, in caſe I give her reaſon to ſuſpect me.*

This indeed alarms me. Now the contention becomes arduous. Now wilt thou not wonder, if I let looſe my plotting genius upon them both. I will not be *out-Norris'd*, Belford.

But once more, *ſhe has no notion*, ſhe ſays, *that I can or dare to mean her diſhonour.* But *then the man is a fool---that's all.*---I ſhould indeed be a fool, to proceed as I do, and mean matrimony! *However, ſince you are thrown upon a fool*, ſays ſhe, *marry the fool, at the firſt opportunity; and tho' I doubt that this man will be the moſt unmanageable of fools, as all witty and vain fools are, take him as a puniſhment, ſince you cannot as a reward*---Is there any bearing this, Belford?

But *ſuch men as myſelf, are the men that women do not naturally hate.*---True as the goſpel, Jack!---The truth is out at laſt. Have I not always told thee ſo? Sweet creatures and true Chriſtians theſe young girls! They love their enemies. But Rakes in their hearts all of them! Like turns to Like; *that*'s the thing. Were I not well aſſured of the truth of this obſervation of the vixen, I ſhould have thought it worth while, if not to be a good man, to be more of an hypocrite, than I found it needful to be.

But in the Letter I came at to-day, while ſhe was at church, her ſcheme is further opened; and a curſed one it is.

Mr. Lovelace then tranſcribes from his ſhort-hand notes, that part of Miſs Howe's Letter, which relates to the deſign of engaging Mrs. Townſend (in caſe of neceſſity) to give her protection till Colonel Morden come (a): And repeats his vows of revenge; eſpecially for theſe words; that ſhould he

(a) See Letter xxx. p. 152.

he attempt any-thing that would make him obnoxious to the Laws of Society, ſhe might have a fair riddance of him, either by flight or the gallows; no matter which.

He then adds;—'Tis my pride, to ſubdue girls who know *too much* to *doubt* their knowlege; and to convince them, that they know *too little*, to defend themſelves from the inconveniences of knowing *too much*.

How paſſion drives a man on! *proceeds he.*—I have written a prodigious quantity in a very few hours! Now my reſentments are warm, I will ſee, and perhaps will puniſh, this proud, this *double*-armed Beauty. I have ſent to tell her, that I muſt be admitted to ſup with her. We have neither of us dined. She refuſed to drink Tea in the afternoon: And I believe neither of us will have much ſtomach to our ſupper.

LETTER XXXIV.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Sunday Morning, Seven o'Clock.

I Was at the Play laſt night with Mr. Lovelace and Miſs Horton. It is, you know, a deep and moſt affecting Tragedy in the reading. You have my Remarks upon it, in the little book you made me write upon the principal acting Plays. You will not wonder, that Miſs Horton, as well as I, was greatly moved at the Repreſentation, when I tell you, and have ſome pleaſure in telling you, that Mr. Lovelace himſelf was very ſenſibly touched with ſome of the moſt affecting Scenes. I mention this in praiſe of the author's performance; for I take Mr. Lovelace to be one of the moſt hard-hearted men in the world. Upon my word, my dear, I do.

His behaviour, however, on this occaſion, and on our return, was unexceptionable; only that he would oblige

oblige me to ſtay to ſupper with the women below, when we came back, and to ſit up with him and them till near One o'clock this morning. I was reſolved to be even with him; and indeed I am not very ſorry to have the pretence; for I love to paſs the Sundays by myſelf.

To have the better excuſe to avoid his teazing, I am ready dreſſed to go to church this morning. I will go only to St. James's Church, and in a *chair*; that I may be ſure I can go out and come in when I pleaſe, without being intruded upon by him, as I was twice before.

Near Nine o'Clock.

I HAVE your kind Letter of yeſterday. He knows I have. And I ſhall expect, that he will be inquiſitive next time I ſee him after your opinion of his propoſals. I doubted not your approbation of them, and had written an anſwer on that preſumption; which is ready for him. He muſt *ſtudy* for occaſions of procraſtination, and to diſoblige me, if now anything happens to ſet us at variance again.

He is very importunate to ſee me. He has deſired to attend me to church. He is angry that I have declined to breakfaſt with him. I am ſure that I ſhould not have been at my own liberty if I had—I bid Dorcas tell him, that I deſired to have this day to myſelf. I would ſee him in the morning as early as he pleaſed. She ſays, ſhe knows not what ails him, but that he is out of humour with every-body.

He has ſent again in a peremptory manner. He warns me of Singleton. I ſent him word, that if *he* was not afraid of Singleton at the Playhouſe laſt night, *I* need not at Church to-day: So many Churches to *one* Playhouſe. I have accepted of his ſervant's propoſed attendance. But he is quite diſpleaſed, it ſeems. I don't care. I will not be perpetually at his inſolent beck.---Adieu, my dear, till I return. The chair waits. He won't ſtop me, ſure, as I go down to it.

I DID

* *

I DID not ſee him as I went down. He is, it ſeems, exceſſively out of humour. Dorcas ſays, Not with me neither, ſhe believes: But ſomething has vexed him. This is put on perhaps to make me dine with him. But I will not, if I can help it. I ſhan't get rid of him for the reſt of the day, if I do.

* *

HE was very earneſt to dine with me. But I was reſolved to carry this one ſmall point; and ſo denied to dine myſelf. And indeed I was endeavouring to write to my Couſin Morden; and had begun three different times, without being able to pleaſe myſelf.

He was very buſy in writing, Dorcas ſays; and purſued it without dining, becauſe I denied him my company.

He afterwards *demanded*, as I may ſay, to be admitted to afternoon-tea with mé: And appealed by Dorcas to his behaviour to me laſt night; as if, as I ſent him word by her, he thought he had a merit in being unexceptionable. However, I repeated my promiſe to meet him as early as he pleaſed in the morning, or to breakfaſt with him.

Dorcas ſays, he raved: I heard him loud, and I heard his ſervant fly from him, as I thought. You, my deareſt friend, ſay, in one of yours (*a*), that you muſt have ſomebody to be angry at, when your Mother ſets you up. I ſhould be very loth to draw compariſons: But the workings of paſſion, when indulged, are but too much alike, whether in man or woman.

* *

HE has juſt ſent me word, that he inſiſts upon ſupping with me. As we had been in a good train for ſeveral days paſt, I thought it not prudent to break with him for little matters. Yet, to be, in a manner, threatned into his will, I know not how to bear that.

* *

(*a*) See Vol. III. Letter lxviii. Paragr. 2.

WHILE

WHILE I was conſidering, he came up, and, tapping at my door, told me, in a very angry tone, he muſt ſee me this night. He could not reſt, till he had been told what he had done to deſerve the treatment I gave him.

Treatment I give him!—A wretch!—Yet perhaps he has nothing new to ſay to me. I ſhall be very angry with him.

As the Lady could not know what Mr. Lovelace's deſigns were, nor the cauſe of his ill humour, it will not be improper to purſue the ſubject from his Letter.

Having deſcribed his angry manner of demanding, in perſon, her company at ſupper; he proceeds as follows:

'Tis hard, anſwered the fair Perverſe, that I am to be ſo little my own miſtreſs. I will meet you in the Dining-room half an hour hence.

I went down to wait that half hour. All the women ſet me hard to give her cauſe for this tyranny. They demonſtrated, as well from the nature of the *Sex*, as of the *Caſe*, that I had nothing to hope for from my tameneſs, and could meet with no worſe treatment, were I to be guilty of the laſt offence. They urged me vehemently to *try* at leaſt what effect ſome greater familiarities than I had ever taken with her, would have: And their arguments being ſtrengthened by my juſt reſentments on the diſcoveries I had made, I was reſolved to take *ſome liberties*, and, as they were received, to take *ſtill greater*, and lay all the fault upon her *tyranny*. In this humour I went up, and never had Paralytic ſo little command of his joints, as I had, while I walked about the Dining-room, attending her motions.

With an erect mien ſhe entered, her face averted, her lovely boſom ſwelling, and the more charmingly protuberant for the erectneſs of her mien. O Jack! that Sullenneſs and Reſerve ſhould add to the charms of this

this haughty maid! But in every attitude, in every humour, in every geſture, is Beauty beautiful.---By her averted face, and indignant aſpect, I ſaw the dear inſolent was diſpoſed to be angry---But by the fierceneſs of mine, as my trembling hands ſeized hers, I ſoon made Fear her predominant paſſion. And yet the moment I beheld her, my heart was daſtardized; and my reverence for the Virgin Purity ſo viſible in her whole deportment, again took place. Surely, Belford, this is an Angel. And yet, had ſhe not been known to be a Female, they would not from *babyhood* have dreſſed her as ſuch, nor would ſhe, but upon that conviction, have continued the dreſs.

Let me aſk you, Madam, I beſeech you tell me, what I have done to deſerve this diſtant treatment?

And let me aſk *you*, Mr. Lovelace, why are my Retirements to be thus invaded?---What can you have to ſay to me ſince laſt night, that I went with you ſo much againſt my will to the Play? And after ſitting up with you, equally againſt my will, till a very late hour?

This I have to ſay, Madam, that I cannot bear to be kept at this diſtance from you under the ſame roof.

Under the ſame roof, Sir!---How came you---

Hear me out, Madam [letting go her trembling hands, and ſnatching them back again with an eagerneſs that made her ſtart]---I have a thouſand things to ſay, to talk of, relating to our preſent and future proſpects; but when I want to open my whole ſoul to you, you are always contriving to keep me at a diſtance. You make me inconſiſtent with myſelf. Your heart is ſet upon delays. You muſt have views that you will not own. Tell me, Madam, I conjure you to tell me, this moment, without ſubterfuge or reſerve, in what light am I to appear to you in future? I cannot bear this diſtance. The ſuſpenſe you hold me in I cannot bear.

In

In what light, Mr. Lovelace! [viſibly terrified]. In no bad light, I hope.—Pray, Mr. Lovelace, do not graſp my hands ſo hard [endeavouring to withdraw them]. Pray let me go.—

You *hate* me, Madam—

I hate nobody, Sir—

You *hate* me, Madam, repeated I.

Inſtigated and reſolved, as I came up, I wanted ſome new provocation. The devil indeed, as ſoon as my angel made her appearance, crept out of my heart; but he had left the door open, and was no farther off than my elbow.

You come up in no good temper, I ſee, Mr. Lovelace—But pray be not violent—*I have done you no hurt*—Pray be not violent—

Sweet creature! And I claſped one arm about her, holding one hand in my other—*You have done me no hurt*—I could have devoured her—But reſtraining myſelf—You have done me the greateſt hurt!—In what have I deſerved the diſtance you keep me at?—I knew not what to ſay.

She ſtruggled to diſengage herſelf—Pray, Mr. Lovelace, let me withdraw. I know not why this is. I know not what I have done to offend you. I ſee you are come with *a deſign to quarrel with me.* If you would not terrify me by the ill-humour you are in, permit me to withdraw. I will hear all you have to ſay another time—To-morrow morning, as I ſent you word—But indeed you frighten me. I beſeech you, if you have any value for me, permit me to withdraw.

Night, *mid*-night, *is* neceſſary, Belford. Surprize, Terror, *muſt* be neceſſary to the ultimate Trial of this charming creature, ſay the women below what they will. I could not hold my purpoſes. This was not the firſt time that I had *intended* to try if ſhe could forgive.

I kiſſed her hand with a fervor, as if I would have

left my lips upon it.—Withdraw then, deareſt and ever-dear creature. Indeed I entered in a very ill humour. I cannot bear the diſtance at which you ſo cauſleſly keep me. Withdraw, Madam, ſince it is your will to withdraw; and judge me generouſly; judge me but as I deſerve to be judged; and let me hope to meet you to-morrow morning early in ſuch a temper as becomes our preſent ſituation, and my future hopes.

And ſo ſaying, I conducted her to the door, and left her there. But inſtead of going down to the women, I went into my own chamber, and locked myſelf in; aſhamed of being awed by her majeſtic lovelineſs, and apprehenſive virtue, into ſo great a change of purpoſe, notwithſtanding I had ſuch juſt provocations from the Letters of her ſaucy Friend, founded on her own repreſentations of facts and ſituations between herſelf and me.

The Lady (dated Sunday night) thus deſcribes her terrors, and Mr. Lovelace's behaviour, on the occaſion.

On my entering the dining-room, he took my hands in his, in ſuch a humour, as I ſaw plainly he was reſolved to quarrel with me—*And for what?—What had I done to him?*—I never in my life beheld in any body ſuch wild, ſuch angry, ſuch impatient airs. I was terrified; and inſtead of being as angry as I intended to be, I was forced to be all mildneſs. I can hardly remember what were his firſt words, I was ſo frighted. But, *You hate me, Madam! You hate me, Madam!* were ſome of them—with ſuch a fierceneſs—I wiſhed myſelf a thouſand miles diſtant from him. I hate nobody, ſaid I; I thank God I hate nobody—You terrify me, Mr. Lovelace—Let me leave you.—The man, my dear, looked *quite ugly*—I never ſaw a man look ſo ugly as paſſion made him look—*And for what?*—And he ſo graſped my hands!

hands!—Fierce creature!—He ſo graſped my hands! In ſhort, he ſeemed by his looks, and by his words (once putting his arms about me) to wiſh me to provoke him. So that I had nothing to do but to beg of him (which I did repeatedly) to permit me to withdraw; and to promiſe to meet him at his own time in the morning.

It was with a very ill grace that he complied, on that condition; and at parting he kiſſed my hand with ſuch a ſavageneſs, that a redneſs remains upon it ſtill.

Do you not think, my dear, that I have reaſon to be incenſed at him, my ſituation conſidered? Am I not under a *neceſſity*, as it were, of quarreling with him; at leaſt every other time I ſee him? No Prudery, no Coquetry, no Tyranny in my heart, or in my behaviour to him, that I know of. No affected Procraſtination. Aiming at nothing but decorum. He as much concerned, and ſo he ought to think, as I, to have That obſerved. Too much in his power: Caſt upon him by the cruelty of my relations. No other protection to fly to but his. One plain path before us; yet ſuch embarraſſes, ſuch difficulties, ſuch ſubjects for doubt, for cavil, for uneaſineſs; as faſt as one is obviated, another to be introduced, and not by myſelf—I know not how introduced—What pleaſure can I propoſe to myſelf in meeting ſuch a wretch?

Perfect for me, my deareſt Miſs Howe, perfect for me, I beſeech you, your kind ſcheme with Mrs. Townſend; and I will then leave this man.

My temper, I believe, is changed. No wonder if it be. I queſtion whether ever it will be what it was. But I cannot make *him* half ſo uneaſy by the change, as I am *myſelf*. See you not how, from ſtep to ſtep, he grows upon me?—I tremble to look back upon his encroachments. And now to give me cauſe to apprehend *more evil from him, than indig-*

nation will permit me to expreſs!—O my dear, perfect your ſcheme, and let me fly from ſo ſtrange a wretch!

Yet, to be firſt an eloper from my friends to him, as the world ſuppoſes; and now to be ſo from him [To *whom* I know not!] how hard to one who ever endeavoured to ſhun intricate paths! But he muſt certainly have views in quarrelling with me thus, which he dare not own!—Yet what can they be?—I am terrified but to think of what they may be!

Let me *but* get from him!—As to my reputation, If I leave him—That is already too much wounded for me, now, to be careful about any-thing, but how to act ſo, as that my own Heart ſhall not reproach me. As to the world's cenſure, I muſt be content to ſuffer that—An unhappy compoſition, however.—What a wreck have my fortunes ſuffered, to be obliged to throw overboard ſo many valuables, to preſerve, indeed, the *only* valuable!—A compoſition that once it would have half-broken my heart to think there would have been the leaſt danger that I ſhould be obliged to ſubmit to.

You, my dear, could not be a ſtranger to my moſt ſecret failings, although you would not tell me of them. What a pride did I take in the applauſe of every one!—What a pride even in ſuppoſing I had *not* that pride!—Which concealed itſelf from my unexamining heart under the ſpecious veil of *Humility*, doubling the merit to myſelf by the *ſuppoſed*, and indeed *imputed*, gracefulneſs in the manner of conferring benefits, when I had not a ſingle merit in what I did, vaſtly overpaid by the pleaſure of doing ſome little good, and impelled, as I may ſay, by talents given me—For what!—Not to be proud of.

So deſirous, in ſhort, to be conſidered as an *Example!* A vanity which my partial admirers put

put into my head!—And ſo ſecure in my own virtue!

I am puniſhed enough, enough mortified, for this my vanity—I hope, *enough*, if it ſo pleaſe the all-gracious Inflicter: Since now, I verily think, I more deſpiſe myſelf for my preſumptuous ſelf-ſecurity, as well as vanity, than ever I ſecretly vaunted myſelf on my good inclinations: *Secretly*, I ſay, however; for indeed I had not given myſelf leiſure to reflect, till I was thus mortified, how very imperfect I was; nor how much truth there is in what Divines tell us, That we ſin in our beſt performances.

But I was very young—But here let me watch over myſelf again: For in thoſe four words, *I was very young*, is there not a palliation couched, that were enough to take all efficacy from the diſcovery and confeſſion?

What ſtrange imperfect beings!—But *Self* here, which is at the bottom of all we do, and of all we wiſh, is the grand miſleader.

I will not apologize to you, my dear, for theſe grave reflections. Is it not enough to make the unhappy creature look into herſelf, and endeavour to detect herſelf, who, from ſuch an high Reputation, left to proud and preſumptuous Self, ſhould, by one thoughtleſs ſtep, be brought to the dreadful ſituation I am in?

Let me, however, look forward: To deſpond would be to add ſin to ſin. And whom have I to raiſe me up, whom to comfort me, if I deſert *myſelf?*—Thou, O Father! who, I hope, haſt not yet deſerted, haſt not yet curſed me!—For I am thine!—It is fit that mediation ſhould ſupply the reſt.—

* *

I WAS ſo diſguſted with him, as well as frighted by him, that on my return to my chamber, in a fit

of paſſionate deſpair, I tore almoſt in two, the Anſwer I had written to his propoſals.

I will ſee him in the morning, becauſe I promiſed I would. But I will go out, and that without him, or any attendant. If he account not tolerably for his ſudden change of behaviour, and a proper opportunity offer of a private lodging in ſome creditable houſe, I will not any more return to this:—At preſent I think ſo.—And there will I either attend the perfecting of your ſcheme; or, by your epiſtolary mediation, make my own terms with the wretch; ſince it is your opinion, that I muſt be his, and cannot help myſelf: Or, perhaps, take a reſolution to throw myſelf at once into Lady Betty's protection; and this will hinder him from making his inſolently-threatened viſit to Harlowe-Place.

The Lady writes again on Monday evening; and gives her friend an account of all that paſſed between herſelf and Mr. Lovelace that day; and of her being terrified out of her purpoſe of going out: But Mr. Lovelace's next Letters giving a more ample account of all, hers are omitted.

It is proper, however, to mention, that ſhe re-urges Miſs Howe (from the diſſatisfaction ſhe has reaſon for from what paſſed between Mr. Lovelace and herſelf) to perfect her ſcheme in relation to Mrs. Townſend. She concludes this Letter in theſe words:

I ſhould ſay ſomething of your laſt favour (but a few hours ago received) and of your dialogue with your Mother—Are you not very whimſical, my dear? I have but two things to wiſh for on this occaſion.—The one, that your charming pleaſantry had a *better ſubject* than that you find for it in this dialogue—The other, that my ſituation were not ſuch, as muſt too often damp that pleaſantry in you, and will not permit

permit me to enjoy it, as I uſed to do. Be, however, happy in yourſelf, tho' you cannot in

Your CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XXXV.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq;*

Monday, Morning, May 22.

NO generoſity in this Lady. None at all. Wouldſt thou not have thought, that after I had permitted her to withdraw, primed for miſchief as I was, ſhe would meet me next morning early; and that with a ſmile; making me one of her beſt courteſies?

I was in the Dining-room before Six, expecting her. She opened not her door. I went up ſtairs and down; and hemm'd; and called Will.; called Dorcas; threw the doors hard to; but ſtill ſhe opened not her door. Thus till half an hour after Eight, fooled I away my time; and then (breakfaſt ready) I ſent Dorcas to requeſt her company.

But I was aſtoniſhed, when (following the wench, as ſhe did at the firſt invitation) I ſaw her enter dreſſed, all but her gloves, and thoſe and her fan in her hand; in the ſame moment bidding Dorcas direct Will. to get her a chair to the door.

Cruel creature, thought I, to expoſe me thus to the deriſion of the women below!

Going abroad, Madam?

I am, Sir.

I looked curſed ſilly, I am ſure. You will breakfaſt firſt, I hope, Madam; and a very humble ſtrain; yet with an hundred tenter-hooks in my heart.

Had ſhe given me more notice of her intention, I had perhaps wrought myſelf up to the frame I was in the day before, and begun my vengeance. And immediately came into my head all the virulence that had been tranſcribed for me from Miſs Howe's Letters, and in that Letter which I had tranſcribed myſelf.

Yes, ſhe would drink one diſh; and then laid her gloves and fan in the window juſt by.

I was perfectly diſconcerted. I hemm'd, and was going to ſpeak ſeveral times; but knew not in what key. Who's modeſt now! thought I. Who's inſolent now!—How a tyrant of a woman confounds a baſhful man! She was acting Miſs Howe, I thought; and I the ſpiritleſs Hickman.

At laſt, I *will* begin, thought I.

She a diſh—I a diſh.

Sip, her eyes her own, ſhe; like an haughty and imperious ſovereign, conſcious of dignity, every look a favour.

Sip, like her vaſſal, I; lips and hands trembling, and not knowing that I ſipp'd or taſted.

I was—I was—I ſipp'd—(drawing in my breath and the liquor together, tho' I ſcalded my mouth with it) I was in hopes, Madam—

Dorcas came in juſt then.—Dorcas, ſaid ſhe, is a chair gone for?

Damn'd impertinence, thought I, thus to put me out in my ſpeech! And I was forced to wait for the ſervant's anſwer to the inſolent miſtreſs's queſtion.

William is gone for one, Madam.

This coſt me a minute's ſilence before I could begin again. And then it was with my hopes, and my hopes, and my hopes, that I ſhould have been early admitted to—

What weather is it, Dorcas? ſaid ſhe, as regardleſs of me as if I had not been preſent.

A little lowering, Madam—The ſun is gone in—It was very fine half an hour ago.

I had no patience. Up I roſe. Down went the Tea-cup, Saucer and all---Confound the Weather, the Sunſhine, and the Wench!---Begone for a devil, when I am ſpeaking to your Lady, and have ſo little opportunity given me.

Up roſe the ſaucy-face, half-frighted; and ſnatched from the window her gloves and fan. You

You muſt not go, Madam!—Seizing her hand—By my Soul you muſt not—

Muſt not, Sir!—But I muſt—You can curſe your maid in my abſence, as well as if I were preſent—Except—Except—you intend for *me*, what you direct to *her*.

Deareſt creature, you muſt not go—You muſt not leave me—Such determined ſcorn! Such contempts!—Queſtions aſked your ſervant of no meaning but to break in upon me—I cannot bear it!

Detain me not, ſtruggling. I will not be withheld. I like you not, nor your ways. You ſought to quarrel with me yeſterday, *for no reaſon in the world that I can think of, but becauſe I was too obliging*. You are an ingrateful man; and I hate you with my whole heart, Mr. Lovelace!

Do not make me deſperate, Madam. Permit me to ſay, that you ſhall not leave me in this humour. Where-ever you go, I will attend you. Had Miſs Howe been my friend, I had not been thus treated. It is but too plain to whom my difficulties are owing. I have long obſerved, that every Letter you receive from *her*, makes an alteration in your behaviour to *me*. She would have *you* treat *me*, as *ſhe* treats Mr. Hickman, I ſuppoſe: But neither does that treatment become your admirable temper to offer, nor me to receive.

This ſtartled her. She did not care to have me think hardly of Miſs Howe.

But recollecting herſelf, Miſs Howe, ſaid ſhe, is a friend to virtue, and to good men. If ſhe like not you, it is becauſe you are not one of thoſe.

Yes, Madam; and therefore to ſpeak of Mr. Hickman and Myſelf, as you both, I ſuppoſe, think of each, ſhe treats *him* as ſhe would not treat a *Lovelace*.—I challenge you, Madam, to ſhew me but one of the many Letters you have received from her, where I am mentioned.

Miſs Howe is juſt; Miſs Howe is good, replied ſhe. She writes, ſhe ſpeaks, of every-body as they deſerve. If you point me out but any one occaſion, upon which you have reaſon to build a merit to yourſelf, as either juſt or good, or even generous, I will look out for her Letter on that occaſion [If ſuch an occaſion there be, I have certainly acquainted her with it]; and will engage it ſhall be in your favour.

Deviliſh ſevere! And as indelicate as ſevere, to put a modeſt man upon hunting backward after his own merits.

She would have flung from me: I will *not* be detained, Mr. Lovelace. I *will* go out.

Indeed you muſt not, Madam, in this humour. And I placed myſelf between her and the door.—And then, fanning, ſhe threw herſelf into a chair, her ſweet face all crimſoned over with paſſion.

I caſt myſelf at her feet. Begone, Mr. Lovelace, ſaid ſhe, with a rejecting motion, her fan in her hand; for your own ſake leave me!—My ſoul is above thee, man! with both her hands puſhing me from her!—Urge me not to tell thee, how ſincerely I think my ſoul above thee!—Thou haſt in mine, a proud, a too proud heart, to contend with!—Leave me, and leave me for ever!—Thou haſt a proud heart to contend with!

Her air, her manner, her voice, were bewitchingly noble, though her words were ſo ſevere.

Let me worſhip an angel, ſaid I, no woman. Forgive me, deareſt creature!—Creature if you be, forgive me!—Forgive my inadvertencies! Forgive my inequalities!—Pity my infirmities!—Who is equal to my Clariſſa?

I trembled between Admiration and Love; and wrapt my arms about her knees, as ſhe ſat. She tried to riſe at the moment; but my claſping round her thus ardently, drew her down again; and never was woman more affrighted. But free as my claſping

ing emotion might appear to her apprehenſive heart, I had not, at the inſtant, any thought but what reverence inſpired. And till ſhe had actually withdrawn [Which I permitted under promiſe of a ſpeedy return, and on her conſent to diſmiſs the chair] all the motions of my heart were as pure as her own.

She kept not her word. An hour I waited before I ſent to claim her promiſe. She could not poſſibly ſee me yet, was the anſwer. As ſoon as ſhe could, ſhe would.

Dorcas ſays, ſhe ſtill exceſſively trembled; and ordered her to give her hartſhorn and water.

A ſtrange apprehenſive creature! Her terror is too great for the occaſion. Evils are often greater in apprehenſion than in reality. Haſt thou never obſerved, that the terrors of a bird caught, and actually in the hand, bear no compariſon to what we might have ſuppoſed thoſe terrors would be, were we to have formed a judgment of the ſame bird by its ſhyneſs before it was taken?

Dear creature!—Did ſhe never romp? Did ſhe never, from girlhood to now, hoyden? The *innocent* kinds of freedom taken and allowed on theſe occaſions, would have familiarized her to greater. Sacrilege but to touch the hem of her garment!—Exceſs of delicacy!—O the conſecrated Beauty! how can ſhe think to be a wife!

But how do I know till I try, whether ſhe may not by a leſs alarming treatment be prevailed upon, or whether [*Day*, I have done with thee!] ſhe may not *yield to nightly ſurprizes?* This is ſtill the burden of my ſong, I can marry her when I will. And if I do, after prevailing (whether by *ſurprize*, or by *reluctant conſent*) whom but myſelf ſhall I have injured?

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It is now Eleven o'clock. She will ſee me as ſoon as ſhe can, ſhe tells Polly Horton, who made her a tender viſit, and to whom ſhe is leſs reſerved than to

any-body elſe. Her emotion, ſhe aſſures her, was not owing to perverſeneſs, to nicety, to ill-humour; but to *weakneſs of heart*. She has not *ſtrength of mind* ſufficient, ſhe ſays, to enable her to ſupport her condition.

Yet what a contradiction!—*Weakneſs of heart*, ſays ſhe, with *ſuch* a *ſtrength of will!*—O Belford! ſhe is a lion-hearted Lady, in every caſe where her Honour, her Punctilio rather, calls for ſpirit. But I have had reaſon more than once in her caſe, to conclude, that the paſſions of the gentle, ſlower to be moved than thoſe of the quick, are the moſt flameing, the moſt irreſiſtible, when raiſed.—Yet her charming Body is not equally organized. The unequal partners pull two ways; and the divinity within her tears her ſilken frame. But had the ſame ſoul informed a maſculine body, never would there have been a truer hero.

Monday, Two o'clock.

NOT yet viſible!—My Beloved is not well. What *Expectations* had ſhe from my ardent admiration of her!—More rudeneſs than revenge apprehended. Yet, how my ſoul thirſts for Revenge upon both theſe Ladies! I muſt have recourſe to my *maſter-ſtrokes*. This curſed project of Miſs Howe and her Mrs. Townſend (if I cannot contrive to render it abortive) will be always a ſword hanging over my head. Upon every little diſobligation my Beloved will be for taking wing; and the pains I have taken to deprive her of every other refuge or protection, in order to make her abſolutely dependent upon me, will be all thrown away. But perhaps I ſhall find out a Smuggler to counterplot Miſs Howe.

Thou remembreſt the contention between the Sun and the North-wind, in the Fable; which ſhould firſt make an honeſt Traveller throw off his cloak.

Boreas began firſt. He puffed away moſt vehemently;

mently; and often made the poor fellow curve and ſtagger; but with no other effect, than to cauſe him to wrap his Surtout the cloſer about him.

But when it came to Phœbus's turn, he ſo played upon the Traveller with his beams, that he made him firſt unbutton, and then throw it quite off:—Nor left he, till he obliged him to take to the friendly ſhade of a ſpreading beach; where proſtrating himſelf on the thrown-off cloak, he took a comfortable nap.

The victor-god then laughed outright, both at Boreas and the Traveller, and purſued his radiant courſe, ſhining upon, and warming and cheriſhing a thouſand new objects, as he danced along: And at night, when he put up his fiery courſers, he diverted his Thetis with the relation of his pranks in the paſſed day.

I, in like manner, will diſcard all my boiſtrous inventions: And if I can oblige my ſweet Traveller to throw aſide, *but for one moment*, the cloak of her rigid virtue, I ſhall have nothing to do, but, like the Sun, to bleſs new objects with my rays. But my choſen hours of converſation and repoſe, after all my peregrinations, will be devoted to my goddeſs.

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And now, Belford, according to my new ſyſtem, I think this houſe of Mrs. Fretchville an embarraſs upon me. I will get rid of it; for ſome time at leaſt. Mennell, when I am out, ſhall come to her, enquiring for me. What for? thou'lt aſk. What for!—Haſt thou not heard what has befallen poor Mrs. Fretchville?—Then I'll tell thee.

One of her maids, about a week ago, was taken with the Small-pox. The reſt kept their miſtreſs ignorant of it till Friday; and *then* ſhe came to know it by accident. The greater half of the plagues poor mortals of condition are tormented with, proceed from the Servants they take, partly for ſhew, partly for uſe, and with a view to leſſen their cares.

This has ſo terrified the widow, that ſhe is taken with

with all the ſymptoms that threaten an attack from that dreadful enemy of fair faces.—So muſt not think of removing: Yet cannot expect, that we ſhould be further delayed on her account.

She now wiſhes, with all her heart, that ſhe had known her own mind, and gone into the country at firſt when I treated about the houſe: This evil then had not happened! A curſed croſs accident *for us*, too! —High-ho! Nothing elſe, I think, in this mortal life! People need not ſtudy to bring croſſes upon themſelves by their petulancies.

So this affair of the houſe will be over; at leaſt, for one while. But then I can fall upon an expedient which will make amends for this diſappointment. I muſt move *ſlow*, in order to be *ſure*. I have a charming contrivance or two in my head, even ſuppoſing my Beloved ſhould get away, to bring her back again.

But what is become of Lord M. I trow, that he writes not to me, in anſwer to my invitation? If he would ſend me ſuch a Letter as I could ſhew, it might go a great way towards a perfect reconciliation. I have written to Charlotte about it. He ſhall ſoon hear from me, and that in a way he won't like, if he writes not quickly. He has ſometimes threatened to diſinherit *me*: But if I ſhould renounce *him*, it would be but juſtice, and would vex him ten times more, than any-thing he can do, will vex me. Then, the Settlements unavoidably delayed, by his neglect!—How ſhall I bear ſuch a life of procraſtination!—I, who, as to my will, and impatience, and ſo forth, am of the true *Lady-make*, and can as little bear controul and diſappointment as the beſt of them!

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ANOTHER Letter, from Miſs Howe. I ſuppoſe it is *that* which ſhe promiſes in her laſt to ſend her relating to the Courtſhip between old Tony the Uncle, and Annabella the Mother. I ſhould be extremely rejoiced to ſee it. No more of the Smuggler-plot in it, ſurely!

ſurely! This Letter, it ſeems, ſhe has put in her pocket. But I hope I ſhall ſoon find it depoſited with the reſt.

Monday Evening.

At my repeated requeſt ſhe condeſcended to meet me in the Dining-room to afternoon-tea, and not before.

She entered with baſhfulneſs, as I thought; in a pretty confuſion, for having carried her apprehenſions too far. Sullen and ſlow moved ſhe towards the Tea-table.—Dorcas preſent, buſy in Tea-cup preparations. I took her reluctant hand, and preſſed it to my lips—Deareſt, loveliеſt of creatures, why this diſtance? Why this diſpleaſure?—How can you thus torture the faithfulleſt heart in the world?

She diſengaged her hand. Again I would have ſnatched it.

Be quiet, peeviſhly withdrawing it. And down ſhe ſat; a gentle palpitation in the Beauty of beauties indicating mingled ſullenneſs and reſentment; her ſnowy handkerchief riſing and falling, and a ſweet fluſh overſpreading her charming cheeks.

For God's ſake, Madam!—And a third time I would have taken her repulſing hand.

And for the ſame ſake, Sir; no more teazing.

Dorcas retired; I drew my chair nearer hers, and with the moſt reſpectful tenderneſs took her hand; and told her, that I could not forbear to expreſs my apprehenſions (from the diſtance ſhe was ſo deſirous to keep me at) that if any man in the world was more *indifferent* to her, to uſe no harſher a word, than another, it was the unhappy wretch before her.

She looked ſteadily upon me for a moment, and with her other hand, not withdrawing that I held, pulled her handkerchief out of her pocket; and by a twinkling motion urged forward a tear or two, which having ariſen in each ſweet eye, it was plain by that motion, ſhe would rather have diſſipated: But anſwered me only with a ſigh, and an averted face.

I urged her to ſpeak; to look up at me; to bleſs me with an eye more favourable.

I had reaſon, ſhe told me, for my complaint of her indifference. She ſaw nothing in my mind that was generous. I was not a man to be obliged or favoured. My ſtrange behaviour to her ſince Saturday night, *for no cauſe at all that ſhe knew of*, convinced her of this. Whatever hopes ſhe had conceived of me, were utterly diſſipated: All my ways were diſguſtful to her.

This cut me to the heart. The guilty, I believe, in every caſe, leſs patiently bear the detecting truth, than the innocent do the degrading falſhood.

I beſpoke her patience, while I took the liberty to account for this change on my part.—I re-acknowleged the pride of my heart, which could not bear the thought of that want of preference in the heart of a Lady whom I hoped to call mine, which ſhe had always manifeſted. Marriage, I ſaid, was a State that was not to be entered upon with indifference on either ſide.

It is inſolence, interrupted ſhe, it is a preſumption, Sir, to expect tokens of value, without reſolving to *deſerve* them. You have no whining creature before you, Mr. Lovelace, overcome by weak motives, to love where there is no merit. Miſs Howe can tell you, Sir, that I never loved the *faults* of my friend; nor ever wiſhed her to love me for mine. It was a rule with us not to ſpare each other. And would a man who has nothing but faults (for pray, Sir, what are your virtues?) expect that I ſhould ſhew a value for him? Indeed if I did, I ſhould not deſerve even *his* value; but ought to be deſpiſed by him.

Well have you, Madam, kept up to this noble manner of thinking. You are in no danger of being deſpiſed for any marks of tenderneſs or favour ſhewn to the man before you. You have been perhaps, *you'll* think, *laudably* ſtudious of making and taking occaſions to declare, that it was far from being owing to your *choice*, that you had any thoughts of me. My whole

whole ſoul, Madam, in all its errors, in all its wiſhes, in all its views, had been laid open and naked before you, had I been encouraged by ſuch a ſhare in your confidence and eſteem, as would have ſecured me againſt your apprehended worſt conſtructions of what I ſhould from time to time have revealed to you, and conſulted you upon. For never was there a franker heart; nor a man ſo ready to accuſe himſelf [*This, Belford, is true*]. But you know, Madam, how much otherwiſe it has been between us.—Doubt, diſtance, reſerve, on your part, begat doubt, fear, awe, on mine.—How little confidence! as if we apprehended each other to be a Plotter rather than a Lover. How have I dreaded every Letter that has been brought you from Wilſon's!—And with reaſon; ſince the laſt, from which I expected ſo much, on account of the propoſals I had made you in writing, has, if I may judge by the effects, and by your denial of ſeeing me yeſterday (tho' you could go abroad, and in a *chair* too, to avoid my attendance on you) ſet you againſt me more than ever.

I was guilty, it ſeems, of going to church, ſaid the indignant Charmer; and without the company of a man, whoſe choice it would not have been to go, had I not gone—I was guilty of deſiring to have the whole Sunday to myſelf, after I had obliged you, againſt my will, at a Play; and after you had detained me (equally to my diſlike) to a very late hour over-night. —Theſe were my faults: For theſe I was to be puniſhed: I was to be compelled to ſee you, and to be terrified when I did ſee you, by the moſt ſhocking ill-humour that was ever ſhewn to a creature in my circumſtances, and not bound to bear it. You have pretended to find free fault with my Father's temper, Mr. Lovelace: But the worſt that he ever ſhewed *after* marriage, was not in the leaſt to be compared to what you have ſhewn twenty times *beforehand*.—And what are my proſpects with you, at the very beſt?

—My

—My indignation riſes againſt you, Mr. Lovelace, while I ſpeak to you, when I recollect the many inſtances, equally ungenerous and unpolite, of your behaviour to one whom you have brought into diſtreſs ---And I can hardly bear you in my ſight.

She turned from me, ſtanding up; and lifting up her folded hands, and charming eyes ſwimming in tears, O my Father, ſaid the inimitable creature, you might have ſpared your heavy curſe, had you known how I have been puniſhed, ever ſince my ſwerving feet led me out of your garden-doors to meet this man!--- Then, ſinking into her chair, a burſt of paſſionate tears forced their way down her glowing cheeks.

My deareſt life, taking her ſtill folded hands in mine, who can bear an invocation ſo affecting, tho' ſo paſſionate?

And, as I hope to live, my noſe tingled, as I once, when a boy, remember it did (and indeed once more very lately) juſt before ſome tears came into my eyes; and I durſt hardly truſt my face in view of hers.

What have I done to deſerve this impatient exclamation?---Have I, at any time, by word, by deeds, by looks, given you cauſe to doubt my honour, my reverence, my *adoration*, I may call it, of your virtues? All is owing to miſapprehenſion, I hope, on both ſides. Condeſcend to clear up but your part, as I will mine, and all muſt ſpeedily be happy.--- Would to Heaven I loved that Heaven as I love you! And yet, if I doubted a Return in Love, let me periſh if I ſhould know to wiſh you mine!---Give me hope, deareſt creature, give me but hope, that I am your preferable choice!---Give me but hope, that you hate me not; that you do not *deſpiſe me*.

O Mr. Lovelace, we have been long enough together, to be tired of each other's humours and ways; ways and humours ſo different, that perhaps you ought to diſlike *me*, as much as I do *you*.---I think, I think, that I cannot make an anſwerable return to the value

you

you profeſs for me. My temper is utterly ruined. You have given me an ill opinion of all mankind; of yourſelf in particular: And withal ſo bad a one of myſelf, that I ſhall never be able to look up, having utterly and for ever loſt all that ſelf-complacency, and conſcious pride, which are ſo neceſſary to carry a woman through this life with tolerable ſatisfaction to herſelf.

She pauſed. I was ſilent. By my Soul, thought I, this ſweet creature will at laſt undo me!

She proceeded.---What now remains, but that you pronounce me free of all obligation to you? And that you hinder me not from purſuing the deſtiny that ſhall be allotted me?

Again ſhe pauſed. I was ſtill ſilent; meditating whether to renounce all further deſigns upon her; whether I had not received ſufficient evidence of a virtue, and of a greatneſs of ſoul, that could not be queſtioned or impeached.

She went on: Propitious to me be your ſilence, Mr. Lovelace!---Tell me, that I am free of all obligation to you. You know, I never made *you* promiſes. You know, that you are not under any to *me*.---My broken fortunes I matter not---

She was proceeding---My deareſt life, ſaid I, I have been all this time, tho' you fill me with doubts of your favour, buſy in the nuptial preparations. I am actually in treaty for Equipage.

Equipage, Sir!---Trappings, Tinſel!---What is Equipage; what is Life; what is any-thing; to a creature ſunk ſo low as I am in my own opinion!---Labouring under a Father's Curſe!---Unable to look backward without ſelf-reproach, or forward without terror!---Theſe reflections ſtrengthened by every croſs accident!---And what but croſs accidents befal me!---All my darling ſchemes daſhed in pieces; all my hopes at an end; deny me not the liberty to refuge myſelf in ſome obſcure corner, where neither the enemies

enemies you have made me, nor the few friends you have left me, may ever hear of the ſuppoſed Raſh-one, till thoſe happy moments are at hand, which ſhall expiate for all!

I had not a word to ſay for myſelf. Such a war in my mind had I never known. Gratitude, and Admiration of the excellent creature before me, combating with villainous Habit, with reſolutions ſo premeditatedly made, and with views ſo much gloried in!—An hundred new contrivances in my head, and in my heart, that to be honeſt, as it is called, muſt all be given up, by a heart delighting in intrigue and difficulty—Miſs Howe's virulences endeavoured to be recollected—Yet recollection refuſing to bring them forward with the requiſite efficacy—I had certainly been a loſt man, had not Dorcas come ſeaſonably in, with a Letter.—On the ſuperſcription written—*Be pleaſed, Sir, to open it now.*

I retired to the window—opened it—It was from Dorcas herſelf.—Theſe the contents—'Be pleaſed to 'detain my Lady: A paper of importance to tranſ-'ſcribe. I will cough when I have done.'

I put the paper in my pocket, and turned to my Charmer, leſs diſconcerted, as ſhe, by that time, had alſo a little recovered herſelf.—One favour, deareſt creature—Let me but know, whether Miſs Howe approves or diſapproves of my propoſals?—I know her to be my enemy. I was intending to account to you for the change of behaviour you accuſed me of at the beginning of the converſation; but was diverted from it by your vehemence. Indeed, my beloved creature, you were *very* vehement. Do you think, it muſt not be matter of high regret to me, to find my wiſhes ſo often delayed and poſtponed in favour of your predominant view to a Reconciliation with relations who will not be reconciled to you?—To this was owing your declining to celebrate our Nuptials before we came to town, tho' you were ſo

ſo atrociouſly treated by your Siſter, and your whole family; and tho' ſo ardently preſſed to celebrate by me—To this was owing the ready offence you took at my four friends; and at the unavailing attempt I made to ſee a dropt Letter; little imagining, from what two ſuch Ladies could write to each other, that there could be room for mortal diſpleaſure.—To this was owing the week's diſtance you held me at, till you knew the iſſue of another application.—But when they had rejected that; when you had ſent my cold-received propoſals to Miſs Howe for her approbation or advice, as indeed I adviſed; and had honoured me with your company at the Play on Saturday night (my whole behaviour unobjectible to the laſt hour); muſt not, Madam, the ſudden change in your conduct the very next morning, aſtoniſh and diſtreſs me?—And this perſiſted in with ſtill ſtronger declarations, after you had received the impatiently-expected Letter from Miſs Howe; muſt I not conclude, that all was owing to her influence; and that ſome other application or project was meditating, that made it neceſſary to keep me again at diſtance till the reſult were known, and which was to deprive me of you for ever? for was not that your conſtantly propoſed preliminary?—Well, Madam, might I be wrought up to a half-phrenſy by this apprehenſion; and well might I charge you with hating me.—And now, deareſt creature, let me know, I once more aſk you, what is Miſs Howe's opinion of my propoſals?

Were I diſpoſed to debate with you, Mr. Lovelace, I could very eaſily anſwer your fine harangue. But at preſent, I ſhall only ſay, that your ways have been very unaccountable. You ſeem to me, if your meanings were always juſt, to have taken great pains to embarraſs them. Whether owing in you to the want of a clear head, or a ſound heart, I cannot determine; but it is to the want of one of them, I verily think,

think, that I am to aſcribe the greateſt part of your ſtrange conduct.

Curſe upon the heart of the little devil, ſaid I, who inſtigates you to think ſo hardly of the faithfulleſt heart in the world!

How dare you, Sir?---And there ſhe ſtopt; having almoſt overſhot herſelf; as I deſigned ſhe ſhould.

How dare I *what*, Madam? And I looked with meaning. How dare I *what?*

Vile man!---And do you---And there again ſhe ſtopt.

Do I *what*, Madam?---And why *vile man?*

How dare you curſe *any-body* in my preſence?

O the ſweet receder! But that was not to go off ſo with a Lovelace.

Why then, deareſt creature, is there *any-body* that inſtigates you?---If there be, again I curſe them, be they whom they will.

She was in a charming pretty paſſion.---And this was the firſt time that I had the odds in my favour.

Well, Madam, it is juſt as I thought. And now I know how to account for a temper that I hope is not *natural* to you.

Artful wretch! And is it thus you would entrap me?—But know, Sir, that I received Letters from nobody but Miſs Howe. Miſs Howe likes ſome of your ways as little as I do; for I have ſet every-thing before her. Yet ſhe is thus far *your* enemy, as ſhe is mine—She thinks I ſhould not refuſe your offers; but endeavour to make the beſt of my lot. And now you have the truth. Would to heaven you were capable of dealing with equal ſincerity!

I *am*, Madam. And here, on my knee, I renew my vows, and my ſupplication, that you will make me yours—Yours for ever.—And let me have cauſe to bleſs you and Miſs Howe in the ſame breath.

To ſay the truth, Belford, I had before begun to think, that the vixen of a girl, who certainly likes not Hickman, was in love with *me*.

Riſe, Sir, from your too-ready knees; and mock me not.

Too-ready knees, thought I!—Though this humble poſture ſo little affects this proud Beauty, ſhe knows not how much I have obtained of others of her Sex, nor how often I have been forgiven for the laſt attempts, by kneeling.

Mock you, Madam!—And I aroſe, and re-urged her for the Day. I blamed myſelf at the ſame time, for the invitation I had given to Lord M. as it might ſubject me to delay from his infirmities: But told her, that I would write to him to excuſe me, if ſhe had no objection; or to give him the Day ſhe would give me, and not wait for him, if he could not come in time.

My Day, Sir, ſaid ſhe, is Never. Be not ſurpriſed. A perſon of politeneſs judging between us, would not be ſurprized that I ſay ſo. But indeed, Mr. Lovelace [and wept through impatience] you either know not how to treat with a mind of the leaſt degree of delicacy, notwithſtanding your Birth and Education, or you are an ingrateful man; and [after a pauſe] a *worſe* than ingrateful one. But I will retire. I will ſee you again to-morrow. I cannot before. I think I hate you—You *may* look—Indeed I think I hate you. And if, upon a re-examination of my own heart, I find I do, I would not for the world that matters ſhould go on farther between us.

But I ſee, I ſee, ſhe does not *hate* me!—How it would mortify my vanity, if I thought there was a woman in the world, much more this, that could *hate* me!—'Tis evident, villain as ſhe thinks me, that I ſhould not be an *odious* villain, if I could but at laſt in *one* inſtance ceaſe to be a villain! She could not hold it, determined as ſhe had thought herſelf, I ſaw by her eyes, the moment I endeavoured to diſſipate her apprehenſions, on my *too-ready knees*,

as

as ſhe calls them. The moment the rough covering my teazing behaviour has thrown over her affections is quite removed, I doubt not to find all ſilk and ſilver at bottom, all ſoft, bright, and charming.

I was however too much vexed, diſconcerted, mortified, to hinder her from retiring—And yet ſhe had not gone, if Dorcas had not coughed.

The wench came in, as ſoon as her Lady had retired, and gave me the copy ſhe had taken. And what ſhould it be but of the anſwer the truly-admirable creature had intended to give to my written propoſals in relation to ſettlements?

I have but juſt dipt into this affecting paper. Were I to read it attentively, not a wink ſhould I ſleep this night. To-morrow it ſhall obtain my ſerious conſideration.

LETTER XXXVI.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq;*

Tueſday Morning, May 23.

THE dear creature deſires to be excuſed ſeeing me till evening. She is not very well, as Dorcas tells me.

Read here, if thou wilt, the paper tranſcribed by Dorcas. It is impoſſible that I ſhould proceed with my projects againſt this admirable woman, were it not that I am reſolved, after a few trials more, if as nobly ſuſtained as thoſe ſhe has already paſſed through, to make her (if ſhe really hate me not) legally mine.

To Mr. LOVELACE.

'WHEN a woman is married, that ſupreme
'earthly obligation requires that in all inſtances
'where her huſband's real honour is concerned, ſhe
'ſhould yield her own will to his. But, beforehand,

'I

'I could be glad, conformably to what I have al-
'ways ſignified, to have the moſt explicit aſſurances,
'that every poſſible way ſhould be tried to avoid li-
'tigation with my Father. Time and patience will
'ſubdue all things. My proſpects of happineſs are
'extremely contracted. A Huſband's right will be
'always the ſame. In my life-time I could wiſh no-
'thing to be done of this ſort. Your circumſtances,
'Sir, will not oblige you to extort violently from
'him what is in his hands. All that depends upon
'*me*, either with regard to my Perſon, to my Di-
'verſions, or to the Oeconomy that no married wo-
'man, of whatever Rank or Quality, ſhould be above
'inſpecting, ſhall be done, to prevent a neceſſity for
'ſuch meaſures being taken. And if there will be
'no *neceſſity* for them, it is to be hoped that motives
'*leſs* excuſable will not have force---Motives which
'muſt be founded in a Littleneſs of Mind, which a
'woman, who has *not* that Littleneſs of Mind, will
'be under ſuch temptations as her duty will hardly
'be able at all times to check, to deſpiſe her Huſband
'for having; eſpecially in caſes where her own fa-
'mily, ſo much a part of herſelf, and which will
'have obligations upon her (tho' then but *ſecondary*
'ones) from which ſhe can never be freed, is inti-
'mately concerned.

'This article, then, I urge to your moſt ſerious
'conſideration, as what lies next my heart. I enter
'not here minutely into the fatal miſunderſtanding
'between them and you: The fault may be in both.
'But, Sir, *yours* was the foundation-fault: At leaſt,
'you gave a too plauſible pretence for my Brother's
'antipathy to work upon. Condeſcenſion was no part
'of your ſtudy. You c. oſe to bear the imputations
'laid to your charge, rather than to make it your
'endeavour to obviate them.

'But this may lead into hateful recrimination---
'Let it be remembred, I will only ſay, in this

'place, that, in *their* eye, you have robbed them 'of a daughter they doated upon; and that their re-'ſentments on this occaſion riſe but in proportion to 'their love, and their diſappointment. If they were 'faulty in ſome of the meaſures they took, while 'they themſelves did not think ſo, who ſhall judge 'for *them?* You, Sir, who will judge every-body 'as you pleaſe, and will let no-body judge you 'in *your own* particular, muſt not be *their* judge.— 'It may therefore be expected, that they will ſtand 'out.

'As for *myſelf*, Sir, I muſt leave it [So ſeems it 'to be deſtined] to your juſtice, to treat me as you 'ſhall think I deſerve: But if your future behaviour 'to *them* is not governed by that harſh-ſounding im-'placableneſs, which you charge upon ſome of *their* 'tempers, the ſplendor of your family, and the ex-'cellent character of *ſome* of them (of *all* indeed, 'unleſs your own conſcience furniſhes you with one '*only* exception) will, on better conſideration, do 'every-thing with them: For they *may* be over-'come; perhaps, however, with the more difficulty, 'as the greatly proſperous leſs bear controul and diſ-'appointment than others: For I will own to you, 'that I have often in ſecret lamented, that their great 'acquirements have been a ſnare to them; perhaps 'as great a ſnare, as ſome *other* accidentals have been 'to you; which being leſs immediately your own 'gifts, you have ſtill leſs reaſon than they to value 'yourſelf upon them.

'Let me only, on this ſubject, further obſerve, 'that Condeſcenſion is not Meanneſs. There is a 'glory in yielding, that hardly any violent ſpirit can 'judge of. My Brother perhaps is no more ſenſible 'of *this* than you. But as you have talents, which 'he has not (who, however, has, as I hope, that 'regard for morals, the want of which makes one 'of his objections to you) I could wiſh it may not

'be

'be owing to *you*, that your mutual diſlikes to each 'other do not ſubſide; for it is my earneſt hope, 'that in time you may ſee each other, without ex- 'citing the fears of a Wife and a Siſter for the 'conſequence. Not that I ſhould wiſh you to yield 'in points that truly concerned your honour: No, 'Sir; I would be as delicate in ſuch, as you your- 'ſelf: *More* delicate, I will venture to ſay, becauſe 'more *uniformly* ſo. How vain, how contemptible, 'is that pride, which ſhews itſelf in ſtanding upon 'diminutive obſervances; and gives up, and makes a 'jeſt of, the moſt important Duties!

'This article being conſidered as I wiſh, all the 'reſt will be eaſy. Were I to accept of the hand- 'ſome ſeparate proviſion you ſeem to intend me; 'added to the conſiderable ſums ariſen from my 'Grandfather's Eſtate ſince his death (more con- 'ſiderable, than perhaps you may ſuppoſe from your 'offer); I ſhould think it my duty to lay up for the 'family good, and for unforeſeen events, out of it: 'For, as to my donations, I would generally con- 'fine myſelf in them to the tenth of my income, 'be it what it would. I aim at no glare in what I 'do of that ſort. All I wiſh for, is the power of 'relieving the Lame, the Blind, the Sick, and the 'induſtrious Poor, and thoſe whom accident has 'made ſo, or ſudden diſtreſs reduced. The com- 'mon or bred beggars I leave to others, and to the 'public proviſion. They cannot be lower: Perhaps 'they wiſh not to be higher: And, not able to do 'for every one, I aim not at works of ſupererо- 'gation. Two hundred pounds a year would do all 'I wiſh to do of the ſeparate ſort: For all above, 'I would content myſelf to aſk you; except, miſ- 'truſting your own œconomy, you would give up 'to my management and keeping, in order to pro- 'vide for future contingencies, a larger portion;

'for which, as your ſteward, I would regularly account.

'As to cloaths, I have particularly two ſuits, 'which, having been only in a manner tried on, 'would anſwer for any preſent occaſion. Jewels I 'have of my Grandmother's, which want only new-'ſetting: Another Set I have, which on particular 'Days I uſed to wear. Although theſe are not ſent 'me, I have no doubt, being merely perſonals, but 'they will, when I ſend for them in *another name*: 'Till when I ſhould not chuſe to wear any.

'As to your complaints of my diffidences, and 'the like, I appeal to your own heart, if it be poſ-'ſible for you to make my caſe your own for one 'moment, and to retroſpect ſome parts of your be-'haviour, words, and actions, whether I am not 'rather to be juſtified than cenſured: And whether, 'of all men in the world, *avowing what you avow*, 'you ought not to think ſo. If you do not, let 'me admoniſh you, Sir, from the very great *miſ-'match*, that then muſt appear to be in our minds, 'never to ſeek, nor ſo much as wiſh, to bring 'about the *moſt intimate* union of intereſts between 'Yourſelf and

May 20. 'CLARISSA HARLOWE.'

The original of this charming paper, as Dorcas tells me, was torn almoſt in two. In one of her pets, I ſuppoſe! What buſineſs have the Sex, whoſe principal glory is meekneſs, and patience, and reſignation, to be in a paſſion, I trow?—Will not ſhe, who allows herſelf ſuch liberties as a Maiden, take greater when married?

And a *wife* to be in a paſſion!—Let me tell the Ladies, it is an impudent thing, begging their pardon, and as *imprudent* as impudent, for a *wife* to be in a paſſion, if ſhe mean not eternal ſeparation, or wicked defiance, by it: For is it not rejecting at once

once all that expoſtulatory meekneſs, and gentle reaſoning, mingled with ſighs as gentle, and graced with bent knees, ſupplicating hands, and eyes lifted up to your imperial countenance, juſt running over, that ſhould make a reconciliation ſpeedy, and as laſting as ſpeedy? Even ſuppoſe the huſband is in the wrong, will not his being ſo, give the greater force to her expoſtulation?

Now I think of it, a man *ſhould* be in the wrong now-and-then, to make his wife ſhine. Miſs Howe tells my Charmer, that Adverſity is *her* ſhining-time. 'Tis a generous thing in a man, to make his wife ſhine at his own expence: To give her leave to triumph over him by patient reaſoning: For were he to be *too imperial* to acknowlege his fault *on the ſpot*, ſhe will find the benefit of her duty and ſubmiſſion *in future*, and in the high opinion he will conceive of her prudence and obligingneſs—And ſo, by degrees, ſhe will become her maſter's maſter.

But for a wife to come up with a kemboed arm, the other hand thrown out, perhaps with a pointing finger—Look ye here, Sir!—Take notice!—If *you* are wrong, *I'll* be wrong!—If *you* are in a paſſion, *I'll* be in a paſſion!—Rebuff, for rebuff, Sir!—If *you* fly, *I'll* tear!—If *you* ſwear, *I'll* curſe!—And the ſame room, and the ſame bed, ſhall not hold us, Sir!—For, remember, I am married, Sir!—I am a wife, Sir!—You can't help yourſelf, Sir!—Your honour, as well as your peace, is in my keeping!—And, if you like not this treatment, you may have worſe, Sir!

Ah! Jack! Jack! What man, who has obſerved theſe things, either *implied*, or *expreſſed*, in *other* families, would wiſh to be an huſband!

Dorcas found this paper in one of the drawers of her Lady's dreſſing-table. She was reperuſing it, as ſhe ſuppoſes, when the honeſt wench carried my

meſſage to deſire her to favour me at the tea-table; for ſhe ſaw her pop a paper into the drawer as ſhe came in; and there, on her miſtreſs's going to meet me in the Dining-room, ſhe found it; and to be This.

But I had better not to have had a copy of it, as far as I know: For, determined as I was before upon my operations, it inſtantly turned all my reſolutions in her favour. Yet I would give ſomething to be convinced, that ſhe did not pop it into her drawer before the wench, in order for me to ſee it; and perhaps (if I were to take notice of it) to diſcover whether Dorcas, according to Miſs Howe's advice, were moſt *my* friend, or *hers*.

The very ſuſpicion of this will do her no good: For I cannot bear to be *artfully dealt with*. People love to enjoy their own peculiar talents in *monopoly*, as I may ſay. I am aware, that it will ſtrengthen thy arguments againſt me in her behalf. But I know every tittle thou canſt ſay upon it. Spare therefore thy wambling nonſenſe, I deſire thee; and leave this ſweet excellence and me to our fate: That will determine *for* us, as it ſhall pleaſe itſelf: For as Cowley ſays,

An unſeen hand makes all our moves:
And ſome are great, and ſome are ſmall;
Some climb to good, ſome from good fortune fall:
Some wiſe men, and ſome fools we call:
Figures, alas! of ſpeech!—For deſtiny plays us all.

But, after all, I am ſorry, *almoſt* ſorry (for how ſhall I do to be *quite* ſorry, when it is not *given* to me to be ſo?) that I cannot, until I have made further trials, reſolve upon wedlock.

I have juſt read over again this intended anſwer to my propoſals: And how I adore her for it!

But yet; another *Yet!*—She has not given it or ſent

ſent it to me.—It is not therefore *her* anſwer. It is not written *for* me, though to me.

Nay, ſhe has not *intended* to ſend it to me: She has even torn it, perhaps with indignation, as thinking it too *good* for me. By this action ſhe abſolutely retracts it. Why then does my fooliſh fondneſs ſeek to eſtabliſh for her the ſame merit in my heart, as if ſhe avowed it? Pr'ythee, dear Belford, once more, leave us to our fate; and do not thou interpoſe with thy nonſenſe, to weaken a ſpirit already too ſqueamiſh, and ſtrengthen a conſcience that has declared itſelf of her party.

Then again, remember thy recent diſcoveries, Lovelace! Remember her indifference, attended with all the appearance of contempt and hatred. View her, even *now*, wrapt up in reſerve and myſtery; meditating plots, as far as thou knoweſt, againſt the Sovereignty thou haſt, by right of conqueſt, obtained over her. Remember, in ſhort, all thou haſt *threatened* to remember againſt this inſolent Beauty, who is a Rebel to the power ſhe has liſted under.

But yet, how doſt thou propoſe to ſubdue thy ſweet enemy!—Abhorred be *force*, be the *neceſſity* of force, if that can be avoided! There is no triumph in *force*—No conqueſt over the will—No prevailing, by gentle degrees, over the gentle paſſions!—*Force* is the devil!

My curſed character, as I have often ſaid, was againſt me at ſetting-out—Yet is ſhe not a *woman?* Cannot I find one yielding or but half-yielding moment, if ſhe do not abſolutely hate me?

But with what can I tempt her?—Riches ſhe was born to, and deſpiſes, knowing what they are. Jewels and Ornaments, to a mind ſo much a jewel, and ſo richly ſet, her worthy conſciouſneſs will not let her value. Love—If ſhe be ſuſceptible of Love, it ſeems to be ſo much under the direction of Pru-

dence, that one unguarded moment, I fear, cannot be reaſonably hoped for: And ſo much VIGILANCE, ſo much Apprehenſiveneſs, that her fears are ever aforehand with her dangers. Then her LOVE OF VIRTUE ſeems to be *Principle*, native Principle, or, if *not* native, ſo deeply rooted, that its fibres have ſtruck into her heart, and, as ſhe grew up, ſo blended and twiſted themſelves with the ſtrings of life, that I doubt there is no ſeparating of the one without cutting the others aſunder.

What then can be done to make ſuch a matchleſs creature get over the firſt teſts, in order to put her to the grand proof, *whether once overcome, ſhe will not be always overcome?*

Our Mother and her nymphs ſay, I am a perfect Craven, and no Lovelace: And ſo I think. But this is no ſimpering, ſmiling charmer, as I have found others to be, when I have touched upon affecting ſubjects at a diſtance; as once or twice I have tried to her, the Mother introducing them (to make Sex palliate the freedom to Sex) when only we three together. She is above the affectation of not ſeeming to underſtand you. She ſhews by her diſpleaſure, and a fierceneſs not natural to her eye, that ſhe judges of an impure heart by an impure mouth, and darts dead at once even the embryo hopes of an encroaching Lover, however diſtantly inſinuated, before the meaning hint can dawn into *double entendre*.

By my faith, Jack, as I ſit gazing upon her, my whole ſoul in my eyes, contemplating her perfections, and thinking, when I have ſeen her eaſy and ſerene, what would be her thoughts, did *ſhe* know my heart as well as *I* know it; when I behold her diſturbed and jealous, and think of the *juſtneſs* of her apprehenſions, and that ſhe cannot fear ſo much, as there is *room* for her to fear; my heart often miſgives me.

And

And muſt, think I, O creature ſo divinely excellent, and ſo beloved of my ſoul, thoſe arms, thoſe incircling arms, that would make a monarch happy, be uſed to repel brutal force; all their ſtrength, unavailingly perhaps, exerted to repel it, and to defend a perſon ſo delicately framed? Can violence enter into the heart of a wretch, who might entitle himſelf to all her willing, yet virtuous Love, and make the bleſſings he aſpireth after, her *duty* to confer?—Begone, villain-purpoſes! Sink ye all to the hell that could only inſpire ye! And I am then ready to throw myſelf at her feet, to confeſs my villainous deſigns, to avow my repentance, and put it out of my power to act unworthily by ſuch an excellence.

How then comes it, that all theſe compaſſionate, and, as ſome would call them, *honeſt* Senſibilities go off?—Why, Miſs Howe will tell thee: She ſays, I am the *devil*.—By my conſcience, I think he has at preſent a great ſhare in me.

There's ingenuouſneſs!—How I lay myſelf open to thee!—But ſeeſt thou not, that the more I ſay againſt myſelf, the leſs room there is for thee to take me to taſk?—O Belford, Belford! I cannot, cannot (at leaſt *at preſent* I cannot) marry.

Then her family, my bitter enemies—To ſupple to them, or, if I do not, to make her *as* unhappy as ſhe can be from my *attempts*—

Then does ſhe not love Them too much, Me too little?

She now ſeems to deſpiſe me: Miſs Howe declares, that ſhe really does deſpiſe me. To be *deſpiſed by a* WIFE!—What a thought is that!—To be *excelled by a* WIFE too, in every part of praiſeworthy knowlege!—To *take leſſons*, to *take inſtructions*, from a WIFE!—*More* than deſpiſe me, ſhe herſelf has taken time to conſider whether ſhe does not *hate* me:—*I hate you*, Lovelace, *with my whole heart*, ſaid ſhe to me but yeſterday! *My ſoul*

is above thee, man!—Urge me not to tell thee, how ſincerely I think my ſoul above thee!—How poor indeed was I then, even in my own heart!—So *viſible* a ſuperiority, to ſo proud a ſpirit as mine!—And *here* from Below, from BELOW indeed! from theſe *women!* I am ſo goaded on—

Yet 'tis poor too, to think myſelf a machine in the hands of ſuch wretches.---I am *no* machine.---Lovelace, thou art baſe to thyſelf, but to *ſuppoſe* thyſelf a machine.

But having gone thus far, I ſhould be unhappy, if after marriage, in the petulance of ill humour, I had it to reproach myſelf, that I did not try her to the utmoſt. And yet I don't know how it is, but this Lady, the moment I come into her preſence, half-aſſimilates me to her own virtue.---Once or twice (to ſay nothing of her triumph over me on Sunday night) I was prevailed upon to fluſter myſelf, with an intention to make ſome advances, which, if obliged to recede, I might lay upon raiſed ſpirits: But the inſtant I beheld her, I was ſoberized into awe and reverence: And the majeſty of her even *viſible* purity firſt damped, and then extinguiſhed, my *double* flame.

What a ſurpriſingly powerful effect, ſo much and ſo long in my power *ſhe!* ſo inſtigated by ſome of her own Sex, and ſo ſtimulated by Paſſion, *I!*---How can this be accounted for, in a Lovelace!

But, what a heap of ſtuff have I written!---How have I been run away with!---By what?---Canſt thou ſay, by what?---O thou lurking varleteſs CONSCIENCE!---Is it Thou, that haſt thus made me of party againſt myſelf?---How cameſt thou in?---In what diſguiſe, thou egregious haunter of my more agreeable hours?---Stand *thou*, with *fate*, but neuter in this controverſy; and, if I cannot do credit to human nature, and to the female Sex, by bringing down ſuch an angel as this to claſs with and adorn

it

it (for adorn it ſhe does in her very foibles) then I am all yours, and never will reſiſt you more.

Here I aroſe. I ſhook myſelf. The window was open. Away the troubleſome boſom-viſitor, the intruder, is flown.---I ſee it yet!---I ſee it yet!---And now it leſſens to my aching eye!---And now the cleft Air is cloſed after it, and it is out of ſight!---And once more I am

ROBERT LOVELACE.

LETTER XXXVII.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq;*

Tueſday, May 23.

WELL did I, and but juſt in time, conclude to have done with Mrs. Fretchville and the houſe: For here Mennell has declared, that he cannot in conſcience and honour go any farther.---He would not for the world be acceſſory to the deceiving of ſuch a Lady!---I was a fool to let either you or him ſee her; for ever *ſince* ye have both had ſcruples, which neither would have had, were a *woman* to have been in the queſtion.

Well, I can't help it!

Mennell has, however, though with ſome reluctance, conſented to write me a Letter, provided I will allow it to be the laſt ſtep he ſhall take in this affair.

I preſumed, I told him, that if I could cauſe Mrs. Fretchville's *woman* to ſupply *his* place, he would have no objection to that.

None, he ſays---*But is it not pity*---

A pitiful fellow! Such a ridiculous kind of pity *his*, as thoſe ſilly ſouls have, who would not kill an innocent chicken for the world; but when killed to their hands, are always the moſt greedy devourers of it.

Now this Letter gives the ſervant the Small-pox: And ſhe has given it to her unhappy vapouriſh Lady. Vapouriſh people are perpetual ſubjects for diſeaſes to work upon. *Name* but the malady, and it is *theirs* in a moment. *Ever* fitted for Inoculation.—The phyſical tribe's milch-cows.—A vapouriſh or ſplenetic patient is a Fiddle for the doctors; and they are eternally playing upon it. Sweet muſic does it make them. All their difficulty, except a caſe extraordinary happens (as poor Mrs. Fretchville's, who has *realized* her apprehenſions) is but to hold their countenance, while their patient is drawing up a Bill of Indictment againſt himſelf;—and when they have heard it, proceed to *puniſh:*—The right word for *preſcribe.* Why ſhould they not, when the criminal has confeſſed his guilt?—And *puniſh* they generally do with a vengeance.

Yet, ſilly toads too, now I think of it. For why, when they know they cannot do good, may they not as well endeavour to gratify, as to nauſeate, the patient's palate?

Were I a phyſician, I'd get all the trade to myſelf: For Malmſey, and Cyprus, and the generous product of the Cape, a little diſguiſed, ſhould be my principal doſes: As theſe would create new ſpirits, how would the revived patient covet the phyſic, and adore the doctor!

Give all the paraders of the faculty whom thou knoweſt, this hint.—There could but one inconvenience ariſe from it. The APOTHECARIES would find their medicines coſt them *ſomething:* But the demand for quantities would anſwer that: Since the honeſt NURSE would be the patient's taſter; perpetually requiring repetitions of the laſt cordial julap.

Well, but to the Letter—Yet what need of further explanation after the hints in my former? The widow can't be removed; and that's enough: And Men-

Mennell's work is over; and his Conſcience left to plague him for his own ſins, and not another man's: And, very poſſibly, plague enough will it give him for thoſe.

This Letter is directed, *To Robert Lovelace, Eſq; or, in his abſence, To his Lady.* She had refuſed dining with me, or ſeeing me; and I was out when it came. She opened it: So is my Lady by her own conſent, proud and ſaucy as ſhe is.

I am glad at my heart that it came before we entirely make up. She would elſe perhaps have concluded it to be *contrived for a delay:* And now, moreover, we can accommodate our old and new quarrels together; and that's contrivance, you know. But how is her dear haughty heart humbled to what it was when I knew her firſt, that ſhe can apprehend any delays from me; and have nothing to do but to vex at them!

I came in to dinner. She ſent me down the Letter, deſiring my excuſe for opening it.—Did it before ſhe was aware. Lady-pride, Belford!—Recollection, then Retrogradation!

I requeſted to ſee her upon it that moment.—But ſhe deſires to ſuſpend our Interview till morning. I will bring her to own, before I have done with her, that ſhe can't ſee me too often.

My impatience was ſo great, on an occaſion ſo *unexpected*, that I could not help writing to tell her, 'How much vexed I was at the accident: But that 'it need not delay my happy Day, as That did not 'depend upon the houſe. [*She knew that before, ſhe'll 'think; and ſo did I*]: And as Mrs. Fretchville, by 'Mr. Mennell, ſo handſomely expreſſed her concern 'upon it, and her wiſhes, that it could ſuit us to 'bear with the unavoidable delay, I hoped, that going 'down to the Lawn for two or three of the ſummer-'months, when I was made the happieſt of men, 'would be favourable to all round.'

The

The dear creature takes this incident to heart, I believe: She has ſent word to my repeated requeſt to ſee her notwithſtanding her denial, that ſhe cannot till the morning: It ſhall be then at Six o'clock, if I pleaſe!

To be ſure I *do* pleaſe!

Can ſee her but once a day now, Jack!

Did I tell thee, that I wrote a Letter to my Couſin Montague, wondering that I heard not from Lord M. as the ſubject was ſo very intereſting! In it I acquainted her with the houſe I was about taking; and with Mrs. Fretchville's vapouriſh delays.

I was very loth to engage my own family, either man or woman, in this affair; but I muſt take my meaſures ſecurely: And already they all think as bad of me as they well can. You obſerve by my Lord M.'s Letter to yourſelf, that the well-manner'd Peer is afraid I ſhould play this admirable creature one of my *uſual dog's tricks*.

I have received juſt now an anſwer from Charlotte.

Charlot i'n't well. A Stomach-diſorder!

No wonder a Girl's ſtomach ſhould plague her. A ſingle woman; that's it. When ſhe has a man to plague, it will have ſomething beſides itſelf to prey upon. Knoweſt thou not moreover, that Man is the Woman's Sun; Woman is the Man's Earth? —How dreary, how deſolate, the Earth, that the Sun ſhines not upon!

Poor Charlotte! But I *heard* ſhe was not well: That encouraged me to write to her; and to expreſs myſelf a little concerned, that ſhe had not of her own accord thought of a viſit in town to my Charmer.

Here follows a copy of her Letter. Thou wilt ſee by it, that every little monkey is to catechiſe *me*. They all depend upon my good-nature.

Dear

Dear Couſin, *M. Hall, May* 22.

WE have been in daily hope for a long time, I muſt call it, of hearing that the happy knot was tied. My Lord has been very much out of order: And yet nothing would ſerve him, but he would himſelf write an Anſwer to your Letter. It was the only opportunity he ſhould ever have, perhaps, to throw in a little good advice to you, with the hope of its being of any ſignification; and he has been ſeveral hours in a day, as his gout would let him, buſied in it. It wants now only his laſt reviſal. He hopes it will have the greater weight with you, if it appear all in his own hand-writing.

Indeed, Mr. Lovelace, his worthy heart is wrapt up in you. I wiſh you loved yourſelf but half as well. But I believe too, that if all the family loved you leſs, you would love yourſelf more.

His Lordſhip has been very buſy, at the times he could not write, in conſulting Pritchard about thoſe Eſtates, which he propoſes to transfer to you on the happy occaſion, that he may anſwer your Letter in the moſt acceptable manner; and ſhew, by effects, how kindly he takes your invitation. I aſſure you, he is mighty proud of it.

As for myſelf, I am not at all well, and have not been for ſome weeks paſt, with my old Stomach-diſorder. I had certainly elſe before now have done myſelf the honour you wonder I have *not* done myſelf. Lady Betty, who would have accompanied me (for we had laid it all out) has been exceedingly buſy in her Law-affair; her antagoniſt, who is actually on the ſpot, having been making propoſals for an accommodation. But you may aſſure yourſelf, that when our dear Relation-elect ſhall be entered upon the new habitation you tell me of, we will do ourſelves the honour of viſiting her; and if any delay ariſes from the dear Lady's want of courage (which con-

conſidering her man, let me tell you, may very well be) we will endeavour to inſpire her with it, and be ſponſors for you;---for, Couſin, I believe you have need to be chriſtened over again before you are entitled to ſo great a bleſſing. What think you?

Juſt now, my Lord tells me, he will diſpatch a man on purpoſe with his Letter to-morrow: So I needed not to have written. But now I have, let it go; and by Empſon, who ſets out directly on his return to town.

My beſt compliments, and Siſter's, to the moſt deſerving Lady in the world [you will need no other direction to the perſon meant] conclude me

Your affectionate Couſin and Servant,

CHARL. MONTAGUE.

Thou ſeeſt how ſeaſonably this Letter comes. I hope my Lord will write nothing but what I may ſhew to my Beloved. I have actually ſent her up this Letter of Charlotte's; and hope for happy effects from it.

R. L.

The Lady, in her next Letter, gives Miſs Howe an account of what has paſſed between Mr. Lovelace and herſelf. She reſents his behaviour with her uſual dignity: But when ſhe comes to mention Mr. Mennell's Letter, ſhe re-urges Miſs Howe to perfect her ſcheme for her deliverance; being reſolved to leave him. But, dating again, on his ſending up to her Miſs Montague's Letter, ſhe alters her mind, and deſires her to ſuſpend for the preſent her application to Mrs. Townſend.

I HAD begun, *ſays ſhe*, to ſuſpect all he had ſaid of Mrs. Fretchville and her houſe; and even Mr. Mennell himſelf, though ſo well-appearing a man. But now that I find Mr. Lovelace had appriſed his relations

lations of his intention to take it, and had engaged ſome of the Ladies to viſit me there; I could hardly forbear blaming myſelf for cenſuring him as capable of ſo vile an impoſture. But may he not thank himſelf for acting ſo very unaccountably, and taking ſuch needleſly-awry ſteps, as he has done; embarraſſing, as I told him, his own meanings, if they were good?

LETTER XXXVIII.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq;*

Wedneſday, May 24.

He gives his friend an account of their Interview that morning; and of the happy effects of his Couſin Montague's Letter in his favour. Her reſerves, however, he tells him, are not abſolutely baniſhed. But this he imputes to form.

IT is *not* in the power of woman, *ſays he*, to be altogether ſincere on theſe occaſions. But why? —Do they think it ſo great a diſgrace to be found out to be really what they *are?*

I regretted the illneſs of Mrs. Fretchville; as the intention I had to fix her dear ſelf in the houſe before the happy knot was tied, would have ſet her in that independence in *appearance*, as well as *fact*, which was neceſſary to ſhew to all the world, that her choice was free; and as the Ladies of my family would have been proud to make their court to her there; while the Settlements and our Equipages were preparing. But on any other account, there was no great matter in it; ſince when my happy day was over, we could, with ſo much convenience, go down to the Lawn, to my Lord M.'s, and to Lady Sarah's or Lady Betty's, in turn; which would give full time to provide ourſelves with ſervants, and other accommodations.

How

How ſweetly the Charmer liſtened!

I aſked her, If ſhe had had the Small-pox?

Ten thouſand pounds the worſe in my eſtimation thought I, if ſhe has not; for not one of her charming graces can I diſpenſe with.

'Twas always a doubtful point with her Mother and Mrs. Norton, ſhe owned. But altho' ſhe was not afraid of it, ſhe choſe not unneceſſarily to ruſh into places where it was.

Right, thought I—Elſe, I ſaid, it would not have been amiſs for her to ſee the houſe before ſhe went into the country; for, if *ſhe* liked it not, I was not obliged to have it.

She aſked, If ſhe might take a copy of Miſs Montague's Letter?

I ſaid, ſhe might keep the Letter itſelf, and ſend it to Miſs Howe, if ſhe pleaſed; for *that*, I ſuppoſed was her intention.

She bowed her head to me.

There, Jack!—I ſhall have her courteſy to me by-and-by, I queſtion not. What a-devil had I to do, to terrify the ſweet creature by my termagant projects!—Yet it was not amiſs, I believe, to make her afraid of me. She *ſays*, I am an unpolite man—And every polite inſtance from ſuch a one, is deemed a favour.

Talking of the Settlements, I told her, I had rather that Pritchard (mentioned by my Couſin Charlotte) had not been conſulted on this occaſion. Pritchard, indeed, was a very honeſt man; and had been for a generation in the Family; and knew the Eſtates, and the condition of them, better than either my Lord or myſelf: But Pritchard, like other old men, was diffident and ſlow; and valued himſelf upon his ſkill as a draughts-man; and for the ſake of that paltry reputation, muſt have all his forms preſerved, were an imperial crown to depend upon his diſpatch.

I kiſſ

I kiſſed her unrepulſing hand no leſs than five times during this converſation. Lord, Jack, how my generous heart ran over!—She was quite obliging at parting.—She in a manner aſked me *leave* to retire; to reperuſe Charlotte's Letter.—I think ſhe bent her knees to me; but I won't be ſure.—How happy might we have both been long ago, had the dear creature been always as complaiſant to me! For I do love reſpect, and, whether I deſerve it or not, always had it, till I knew this proud Beauty.

And now, Belford, are we in a train, or the duce is in it. Every fortified town has its ſtrong and its weak place. I had carried on my attacks againſt the impregnable parts. I have no doubt but I ſhall either *mine* or *ſmuggle* her out of her cloak, ſince ſhe and Miſs Howe have intended to employ a Smuggler againſt *me*.—All we wait for now is my Lord's Letter.

But I had like to have *forgot* to tell thee, that we have been not a little alarmed, by ſome enquiries that have been made after me and my Beloved, by a man of good appearance; who yeſterday procured a tradeſman in the neighbourhood to ſend for Dorcas: Of whom he aſked ſeveral queſtions relating to us; and particularly (as we boarded and lodged in one houſe) whether we were married?

This has given my Beloved great uneaſineſs. And I could not help obſerving upon it, to her, *how right a thing it was, that we had given out below, that we were married.* The enquiry, moſt probably, I ſaid, was from her Brother's quarter; and now perhaps that our Marriage was owned, we ſhould hear no more of his machinations. The perſon, it ſeems, was curious to know the *day* that the ceremony was performed. But Dorcas refuſed to give him any other particulars, than that we *were* married; and he was the more reſerved, as he declined to tell her the motives of his enquiry.

LET-

LETTER XXXIX.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Esq;*

May 2

THE devil take this Uncle of mine! He has laſt ſent me a Letter, which I cannot ſhew without expoſing the head of our family for a fo A confounded parcel of pop-guns has he let off up me. I was in hopes he had exhauſted his whole ſto of this ſort, in his Letter to you.—To keep it bac to delay ſending it, till he had recollected all t *farrago* of nonſenſe—Confound his *Wiſdom of natio* if ſo much of it is to be ſcraped together, in diſgra of itſelf, to make one egregious ſimpleton!—B I am glad I am fortified with this piece of flagra folly, however; ſince, in all human affairs, the *co venient* and *inconvenient*, the *good* and the *bad*, are mingled, that there is no having the one without t other.

I have already offered the Bill incloſed in it to n Beloved; and read to her part of the Letter. B ſhe refuſed the Bill: And as I am in caſh myſelf, ſhall return it. She ſeemed very deſirous to peru the whole Letter. And when I told her, that w it not for expoſing the writer, I would oblige h ſhe ſaid, It would not be expoſing his Lordſhip ſhew it to her; and that ſhe always preferred t Heart to the Head. I knew her meaning; but not thank her for it.

All that makes for me in it, I will tranſcribe her—Yet hang it, ſhe ſhall have the Letter, and Soul with it, for one conſenting kiſs.

*** ***

SHE has got the Letter from me, without the R ward. Duce take me, if I had the courage to p poſe the condition. A new character this of Ba fulneſs in thy friend. I ſee, *that a truly modeſt*

an may make even a confident man keep his diſtance.
y my ſoul, Belford, I believe, that Nine women
Ten, who fall, fall either *from their own Vanity,*
Levity, or for want of *Circumſpection,* and *proper*
eſerves.

*** ***

I DID intend to take my reward on her returning
Letter ſo favourable to us both. But ſhe ſent it to
e, ſealed up, by Dorcas. I might have thought
at there were two or three hints in it, that ſhe
ould be too nice immediately to appear to. I ſend
to thee; and here will ſtop, to give thee time to
ead it. Return it as ſoon as thou haſt peruſed it.

LETTER XL.

Lord M. *To* ROBERT LOVELACE, *Eſq;*

Tueſday, May 23.

IT is a long Lane that has no turning—Do not de-
ſpiſe me for my proverbs—You know I was al-
ays fond of them; and if you had been ſo too, it
ould have been the better for you, let me tell you.
dare ſwear, the fine Lady you are ſo likely to be
on happy with, will be far from deſpiſing them;
or I am told, that ſhe writes well, and that all her
Letters are full of Sentences. God convert you! for
obody but He and this Lady can.

I have no manner of doubt now but that you will
arry, as your Father, and all your anceſtors, did
efore you: Elſe you would have had no title to be
y heir; nor can your deſcendents have any title to
e yours, unleſs they are legitimate; that's worth
our remembrance, Sir!—*No man is always a fool,*
very man is ſometimes.—But your follies, I hope, are
ow at an end.

I know, you have vowed revenge againſt this fine
Lady's family: But no more of that, now. You
uſt look upon them all as your relations; and for-

give,

give, and forget. And when they ſee you make a good huſband and a good father [Which God ſend for all our ſakes!] they will wonder at their non-ſenſical antipathy, and beg your pardon: But while they think you a vile fellow, and a Rake, how can they either love you, or excuſe their daughter?

And methinks I could wiſh to give a word of comfort to the Lady, who, doubtleſs, muſt be under great fears, how ſhe ſhall be able to hold-in ſuch a wild creature, as you have hitherto been. I would hint to her, that by ſtrong arguments, and gentle words, ſhe may do any thing with you; for though you are too apt to be hot, gentle words will cool you, and bring you into the temper that is neceſſary for your cure.

Would to God, *my* poor Lady, your Aunt, who is dead and gone, had been a proper patient for the ſame remedy! God reſt her ſoul! No reflections upon her memory! *Worth is beſt known by want!* I know *hers* now; and if I had went firſt, ſhe would by this time have known *mine.*

There is great wiſdom in that ſaying, *God ſend me a friend, that may tell me of my faults: If not, a enemy, and he will.* Not that I am your enemy, and that you well know. *The more noble any one is, the more humble:* So bear with me, if you would be thought noble.—Am I not your Uncle? And do I not deſign to be better to you than your Father could be? Nay, I will be your Father too, when the happy Day comes; ſince you deſire it: And pray make my compliments to my dear Niece; and tell her, I wonder much that ſhe has ſo long deferred your happineſs.

Pray let her know as that I will preſent HER (not *you*) either my Lancaſhire ſeat, or *The Lawn* in Hertfordſhire; and ſettle upon her a thouſand pounds a year peny-rents; to ſhew her, that we are not a family to take baſe advantages: And you may have writing

itings drawn, and ſettle as you will.—Honeſt itchard has the Rent-roll of both theſe Eſtates; d as he has been a good old ſervant, I recommend m to your Lady's favour. I have already conſulted m: He will tell you what is beſt for you, and moſt eaſing to me.

I am ſtill very bad with my gout; but will come a litter, as ſoon as the Day is fixed: It would be e joy of my heart to join your hands. And, let e tell you, if you do not make the beſt of huſbands ſo good a young Lady, and one who has had ſo uch courage for your ſake, I will renounce you; d ſettle all I can upon her and hers by you, and ave you out of the queſtion.

If any-thing be wanting for your further ſecurity, am ready to give it; though you know, that y word has always been looked upon as my bond. nd when the Harlowes know all this, let us ſee hether they are able to bluſh, and take ſhame to emſelves.

Lady Sarah and Lady Betty want only to know the ay, to make all the country round them blaze, and their tenants mad. And, if any one of mine be ber upon the occaſion, Pritchard ſhall eject him. nd, on the birth of the firſt child, if a Son, I will ſomething more for you, and repeat all our re-icings.

I ought indeed to have written ſooner. But I new, that if you thought me long, and were in ſuſpe as to your nuptials, you would write and tell e ſo. But my gout was very troubleſome: And I n but a ſlow writer, you know, at beſt: For Com-ſing is a thing, that tho' formerly I was very ready it (as my Lord Lexington uſed to ſay); yet have-g left it off a great while, I am not ſo now. And choſe, on this occaſion, to write all out of my wn head and memory; and to give you my beſt dvice; for I may never have ſuch an opportunity

again. You have had [God mend you!] a ſtrange way of turning your back upon all I have ſaid: This once, I hope, you will be more attentive to the advice I give for your own good.

I had ſtill another end; nay, two other ends.

The one was, That now you are upon the borders of wedlock, as I may ſay, and *all your wild oats will be ſown*, I would give you ſome inſtructions as to your public as well as private behaviour in life; which, intending you ſo much good as I do, you ought to hear; and perhaps would never have liſtened to, on any leſs extraordinary occaſion.

The ſecond is, That your dear Lady-elect (who it ſeems herſelf ſo fine and ſo ſententious a writer will ſee by this, that it is not our faults, nor for want of the beſt advice, that you was not a better man than you have hitherto been.

And now, in few words, for the conduct I would wiſh you to follow in public, as well as in private, if you would think me worthy of adviſing.—It ſhall be ſhort; ſo be not uneaſy.

As to the *private* life: Love your Lady as ſhe deſerves. *Let your actions praiſe you.* Be a good husband; and ſo give the lye to all your enemies; and make them aſhamed of their ſcandals. And let us have pride in ſaying, that Miſs Harlowe has not done either herſelf or family any diſcredit by coming among us. Do this; and I, and Lady Sarah and Lady Betty, will love you for ever.

As to your *public* conduct—This as follows is what I could wiſh: But I reckon your Lady's wiſdom will put us both right—No diſparagement, Sir; ſince with all your Wit, you have not hitherto ſhewn much Wiſdom, you know.

Get into Parliament as ſoon as you can: For you have *talons* to make a great figure there. Who more proper to aſſiſt in making new holding Laws, as those whom no Law in being could hold?

Then, for ſo long as you will give attendance in St. Stephen's chapel—Its being called a chapel, I hope, will not *diſguſt* you: I am ſure I have known many a Riot there:—A Speaker has a hard time of it! But we *Peers* have more decorum—But what was I going to ſay?—I muſt go back.

For ſo long as you will give your attendance in Parliament, for ſo long will you be out of miſchief; out of *private* miſchief, at leaſt: And may St. Stephen's fate be yours, if you wilfully do *public* miſchief!

When a new Election comes, you will have two or three Boroughs, you know, to chuſe out of:—But if you ſtay till then, I had rather you were for the Shire.

You will have intereſt enough, I am ſure; and being ſo handſome a man, the women will *make* their huſbands vote for you.

I ſhall long to read your Speeches. I expect you will ſpeak, if occaſion offer, the very firſt day. You want no courage; and think highly enough of yourſelf, and lowly enough of every-body elſe, to ſpeak on all occaſions.

As to the methods of the Houſe, you have ſpirit enough, I fear, to be too much above them: Take care of that.—I don't ſo much fear your want of good-manners. To *men*, you want no decency, if they don't provoke you: As to that, I wiſh you would only learn to be as patient of contradiction from *others*, as you would have other people be to *you*.

Altho' I would not have you to be a Courtier; neither would I have you to be a Malcontent. I remember *(for I have it down)* what my old friend Archibald Hutcheſon ſaid; and it was a very good ſaying—(to Mr. Secretary Craggs, I think, it was)—I look upon an Adminiſtration, as entitled to every Vote I can with good conſcience give it; for a

'House of Commons ſhould not needleſly put Drags upon the Wheels of Government: And, when I have *not* given it my Vote, it was with regret: And, for my Country's ſake, I wiſhed with all my heart, the meaſure had been ſuch as I could have approved.'

And another Saying he had, which was this; 'Neither can an Oppoſition, neither can a Miniſtry, be always wrong. To be a plumb man therefore with either, is an infallible mark, that that man muſt mean more and worſe than he will own he does mean.'

Are theſe Sayings bad, Sir? Are they to be deſpiſed?—Well then, why ſhould I be deſpiſed for remembering them, and quoting them, as I love to do? Let me tell you, if you loved my company more than you do, you would not be the worſe for it. I may ſay ſo without any vanity; ſince it is *other mens* wiſdom, and not *my own*, that I am ſo fond of.

But to add a word or two more on this occaſion, and I may never have ſuch another; for you *muſt* read this thro'—*Love honeſt men, and herd with them in the houſe and out of the houſe*; by whatever name they be dignified or diſtinguiſhed: *Keep good men company, and you ſhall be of their number.* But did I, or did I not, write this before?—Writing, at ſo many different times, and ſuch a quantity, one may forget.

You may come in for the title when I am dead and gone—God help me!—So I would have you keep an equilibrium. If once you get the name of being a fine ſpeaker, you may have any-thing: And, to be ſure, you have naturally a great deal of Elocution, a tongue that would delude an angel, as the women ſay—To their ſorrow, ſome of them, poor creatures!—A leading man in the Houſe of Commons is a very important character; becauſe that Houſe has

the giving of money: And *Money makes the mare to go*; ay, and Queens and Kings too, ſometimes, to go in a manner very different from what they might otherwiſe chuſe to go, let me tell you.

However, methinks, I would not have you take a Place neither—It will double your value, and your intereſt, if it be believed, that you will not: For, as you will then ſtand in no man's way, you will have no envy; but pure ſterling reſpect; and both ſides will court you.

For your part, you will not want a Place, as ſome others do, to piece up their broken fortunes. If you can now live reputably upon Two thouſand pounds a year, it will be hard if you cannot hereafter live upon Seven or Eight—Leſs you will not have, if you oblige me; as now by marrying ſo fine a Lady, very much you will—And all this, over and above Lady Betty's and Lady Sarah's favours! What, in the name of wonder, could poſſibly poſſeſs the proud Harlowes!—That Son, that Son of theirs!—But, for his dear Siſter's ſake, I will ſay no more of him.

I never was offered a Place myſelf: And the only one I would have taken, had I been offered it, was *Maſter of the Buckhounds*; for I loved hunting when I was young; and it carries a good ſound with it for us who live in the country. Often have I thought of that excellent old adage; *He that eats the King's goose, ſhall be choaked with his feathers.* I wiſh to the Lord, this was thoroughly conſidered by Place-hunters! It would be better for them, and for their poor families.

I could ſay a great deal more, and all equally to the purpoſe. But really I am tired; and ſo I doubt are you. And beſides, I would reſerve ſomething for converſation.

My Nieces Montague, and Lady Sarah and Lady Betty, join in compliments to my Niece that is to be.

If ſhe would chuſe to have the knot tied among us, pray tell her that we ſhall ſee it *ſecurely done:* And we will make all the country ring and blaze for a week together. But ſo I believe I ſaid before.

If any-thing further may be needful toward promoting your reciprocal felicity, let me know it; and how you order about the Day; and all that. The incloſed Bill is very much at your ſervice. 'Tis payable at ſight, as whatever elſe you may have occaſion for, ſhall be.

So God bleſs you both; and make things as convenient to my gout as you can; tho' be it whenever it will, I will hobble to you; for I long to ſee you; and ſtill more to ſee my Niece; and am (in expectation of that happy opportunity)

Your moſt affectionate Uncle, M.

LETTER XLI.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq;*

Thurſday, May 25

THOU ſeeſt, Belford, how we now drive before the wind.—The dear creature now comes almoſt at the firſt word, whenever I deſire the honour of her company. I told her laſt night, that apprehending delay from Pritchard's ſlowneſs, I was determined to leave it to my Lord to make his compliments in his own way; and had actually that afternoon put my writings into the hands of a very eminent Lawyer, Counſellor Williams, with direction for him to draw up Settlements from my own Eſtate and conformable to thoſe of my Mother; which I put into his hands at the ſame time. It had been, I aſſured her, no ſmall part of my concern, that her frequent diſpleaſure, and our mutual miſapprehenſions, had hindered me from adviſing with her before on this ſubject. Indeed, indeed, my deareſt life

life, ſaid I, you have hitherto afforded me but a very thorny courtſhip.

She was ſilent. *Kindly* ſilent. For well know I, that ſhe could have recriminated upon me with a vengeance. But I was willing to ſee, if ſhe were not loth to diſoblige me now. I comforted myſelf, I ſaid, with the hopes, that all my difficulties were now over; and that every paſt diſobligation would be buried in oblivion.

Now, Belford, I have actually depoſited theſe writings with Counſellor Williams; and I expect the draughts in a week at fartheſt. So ſhall be doubly armed. For if I *attempt*, and *fail*, theſe will be ready to throw in, to make her have patience with me *till I can try again*.

I have more contrivances ſtill in embryo. I could tell thee of an hundred, and yet hold another hundred in petto, to pop in as I go along, to excite thy ſurprize, and to keep up thy attention. Nor rave thou at me; but, if thou art my friend, think of *Miſs Howe's Letters*, and of her *Smuggling Scheme*. All owing to my fair captive's informations and incitements. Am I not a *Villain*, a *Fool*, a *Beelzebub*, with them already?—Yet no harm done by me, nor ſo much as attempted?

Every-thing of this nature, the dear creature anſwered (with a downcaſt eye, and a bluſhing cheek) ſhe left to me.

I propoſed my Lord's Chapel for the celebration, where we might have the preſence of Lady Betty, Lady Sarah, and my two Couſins Montague.

She ſeemed not to favour a public celebration; and waved this ſubject for the preſent. I doubted not but ſhe would be as willing as I, to decline a public wedding; ſo I preſſed not this matter farther juſt then.

But patterns I *actually produced*; and a Jeweller was to bring as this day ſeveral ſets of jewels for her

choice. But the patterns ſhe would not open. She ſighed at the mention of them: The ſecond patterns, ſhe ſaid, that had been offered to her (*a*): And very peremptorily forbid the Jeweller's coming; as well as declined my offer of cauſing my Mother's to be new-ſet at leaſt for the preſent.

I do aſſure thee, Belford, I was in earneſt in all this. My whole Eſtate is nothing to me, put in competition with her hoped-for favour.

She then told me, that ſhe had put into writing her opinion of my general propoſals; and there had expreſſed her mind, as to cloaths and jewels: But on my ſtrange behaviour to her (*for no cauſe that ſhe knew of*) on Sunday night, ſhe had torn the paper in two.

I earneſtly preſſed her to let me be favoured with a ſight of this paper, torn as it was. And after ſome heſitation, ſhe withdrew, and ſent it to me by Dorcas.

I peruſed it again. It was in a manner new to me, tho' I had read it ſo lately: And, by my ſoul, I could hardly ſtand it. An hundred admirable creatures I called her to myſelf. But I charge thee, write not a word to me in her favour, if thou meaneſt her well; for if I ſpare her, it muſt be all *ex mero motu*.

You may eaſily ſuppoſe, when I was re-admitted to her preſence, that I ran over in her praiſes, and in vows of Gratitude, and everlaſting Love. But here's the devil; ſhe ſtill receives all I ſay with reſerve; or if it be not with reſerve, ſhe receives it ſo much *as her due*, that ſhe is not at all raiſed by it. Some women are undone by praiſe, by flattery. I myſelf, a man, am proud of praiſe. Perhaps thou wilt ſay, that thoſe are moſt proud of it, who leaſt deſerve it; as thoſe are of riches and grandeur, who are not born to either. I own, that to be ſuperior

(*a*) See Vol. I. p. 281.

to

to theſe foibles, it requires a Soul. Have I not then a Soul?—Surely, I have.—Let me then be conſidered as an Exception to the Rule.

Now have I foundation to go upon in my terms. My Lord, in the exuberance of his generoſity, mentions a thouſand pounds a year peny-rents. *This I* know, that were I to marry this Lady, he would rather ſettle upon her all he has a mind to ſettle, than upon me. He has even threatened, that if I prove not a good huſband to her, he will leave all he can at his death from me to her. Yet conſiders not that a woman ſo perfect can never be diſpleaſed with her huſband but to *his* diſgrace; for who will blame *her?* —Another reaſon, why a LOVELACE ſhould not wiſh to marry a CLARISSA.

But what a pretty fellow of an Uncle is this fooliſh Peer, to think of making a wife independent of her Emperor, and a Rebel of courſe; yet ſmarted himſelf for an error of this kind!

My Beloved, in her torn paper, mentions but Two hundred pounds a year, for her ſeparate uſe. I inſiſted upon her naming a larger ſum. She ſaid it might then be Three; and I, for fear ſhe ſhould ſuſpect very large offers, named only Five; but added the entire diſpoſal of all Arrears in her Father's hands, for the benefit of Mrs. Norton, or whom ſhe pleaſed.

She ſaid, that the good woman would be uneaſy if any-thing more than a competency were done for her. She was for ſuiting all her diſpoſitions of this kind, ſhe ſaid, *to the uſual way of life of the perſon.* To go beyond it, was but to put the benefited upon projects, or to make them aukward in a new ſtate; when they might ſhine in that to which they were accuſtomed. And to put it into ſo good a Mother's power to give her Son a beginning in his buſineſs at a proper time; yet to leave her ſomething for herſelf, to ſet her above want, or above the neceſſity of

taking back from her child what ſhe had been enabled to beſtow upon him; would be the height of ſuch a worthy parent's ambition.

Here's prudence! Here's judgment in ſo young a creature! How do I hate the Harlowes for producing ſuch an angel!—O why, why, did ſhe refuſe my ſincere addreſs to tie the knot before we came to this houſe!

But yet, what mortifies my pride, is, that this exalted creature, if I *were* to marry her, would not be governed in her behaviour to me by Love, but by Generoſity merely, or by blind Duty; and had rather live ſingle, than be mine.

I cannot bear this. I would have the woman whom I honour with my name, if ever I confer this honour upon any, forego even her *ſuperior duties* for me. I would have her look after me when I go out as far as ſhe can ſee me, as my Roſebud after her Johnny; and meet me at my return with rapture. I would be the ſubject of her dreams, as well as of her waking thoughts. I would have her think every moment loſt, that is not paſſed with me: Sing to me, read to me, play to me when I pleaſed: No joy ſo great as in obeying me. When I ſhould be inclined to Love, overwhelm me with it; when to be ſerious or ſolitary, if apprehenſive of intruſion, retiring at a nod; approaching me only if I ſmiled encouragement: Steal into my preſence with ſilence; out of it, if not noticed, on tiptoe. Be a *Lady Eaſy* to all my pleaſures, and valuing thoſe moſt who moſt contributed to them; only ſighing in private, that it was not *herſelf* at the time. Thus of old did the contending wives of the honeſt patriarchs; each recommending her handmaid to her Lord, as ſhe thought it would oblige him, and looking upon the genial product as her own.

The gentle Waller ſays, *Women are born to be controul'd.* Gentle as he was, he knew that. A tyrant, huſband

huſband makes a dutiful wife. And why do the Sex love Rakes, but becauſe they know how to direct their uncertain wills, and manage them?

*** ***

ANOTHER agreeable converſation. The Day of days the ſubject. As to fixing a particular one, that need not be done, my Charmer ſays, till the Settlements are completed. As to marrying at my Lord's Chapel, the Ladies of my family preſent, that would be making a public affair of it; and the dear creature obſerved with regret, that it ſeemed to be my Lord's intention to make it ſo.

It could not be imagined, I ſaid, but that his Lordſhip's ſetting out in a Litter, and coming to town, as well as his taſte for glare, and the joy he would take to ſee me married at laſt, and to her dear ſelf, would give it as much the air of a public marriage, as if the ceremony were performed at his own Chapel, all the Ladies preſent.

I cannot, ſaid ſhe, endure the thoughts of a public day. It will carry with it an air of inſult upon my whole family. And for my part, if my Lord will not take it amiſs [And perhaps he will not, as the motion came not from himſelf, but from you, Mr. Lovelace] I will very willingly diſpenſe with his Lordſhip's preſence; the rather, as dreſs and appearance will then be unneceſſary; for I cannot bear to think of decking my perſon while my parents are in tears.

How excellent this! Yet do not her parents richly deſerve to be in tears?

See, Belford, with ſo charming a niceneſs, we might have been a long time ago upon the verge of the State, and yet found a great deal to do, before we entered into it.

All obedience, all reſignation—No will but hers. I withdrew, and wrote directly to my Lord; and

ſhe not diſapproving of it, I ſent it away. The purport as follows; for I took no copy.

'That I was much obliged to his Lordſhip for 'his intended goodneſs to me, on an occaſion the 'moſt ſolemn of my life. That the admirable Lady, 'whom he ſo juſtly praiſed, thought his Lordſhip's 'propoſals in her favour too high. That ſhe choſe 'not to make a public appearance, if, without diſ-'obliging my friends, ſhe could avoid it, till a Re-'conciliation with her own could be effected. That 'altho' ſhe expreſſed a grateful ſenſe of his Lordſhip's 'conſent to give her to me with his own hand; yet 'preſuming, that the motive to this kind intention 'was rather to do her honour, than it otherwiſe 'would have been his own choice (eſpecially as tra-'velling would be at this time ſo inconvenient to him) 'ſhe thought it adviſeable to ſave his Lordſhip trouble 'on this occaſion; and hoped he would take as meant 'her declining the favour.

'That the Lawn will be moſt acceptable to us 'both to retire to; and the rather, as it is ſo to his 'Lordſhip.

'But, if he pleaſes, the jointure may be made from 'my own Eſtate; leaving to his Lordſhip's goodneſs 'the alternative.'

I conclude with telling him, 'That I had offered 'to preſent the Lady his Lordſhip's Bill; but on her 'declining to accept of it (having myſelf no preſent 'occaſion for it) I return it incloſed, with my 'thanks, &c.'

And is not this going a plaguy length? What a figure ſhould I make in Rakiſh Annals, if at laſt I ſhould be caught in my own gin?

The Sex may ſay what they will, but a poor innocent fellow had need to take great care of himſelf, when he dances upon the edge of the matrimonial precipice. Many a faint-hearted man, when he began in jeſt, or only deſigned to ape gallantry, has been

been forced into earneſt, by being over-prompt, and taken at his word, not knowing how to own that he meant leſs than the Lady ſuppoſed he meant. I am the better enabled to judge that this muſt have been the caſe of many a ſneaking varlet; becauſe I, who know the female world as well as any man in it of my ſtanding, am ſo frequently in doubt of myſelf, and know not what to make of the matter.

Then theſe little ſly rogues, how they lie couchant, ready to ſpring upon us harmleſs fellows the moment we are in their reach!—When the ice is once broken for them, how ſwiftly can they make to port!—Mean time, the ſubject they can leaſt *ſpeak* to, they moſt *think* of. Nor can you talk of the ceremony before they have laid out in their minds how it is all to be. Little ſaucy-face deſigners! how firſt they draw themſelves in, then us!

But be all theſe things as they will, Lord M. never in his life received ſo handſome a Letter as this from his Nephew LOVELACE.

The Lady, after having given to Miſs Howe the particulars contained in Mr. Lovelace's laſt Letter, thus expreſſes herſelf:

A principal conſolation ariſing from theſe favourable appearances, is, that I, who have now but one only friend, ſhall moſt probably, and if it be not my own fault, have as many new ones as there are perſons in Mr. Lovelace's family; and this whether Mr. Lovelace treat me kindly or not. And who knows, but that by degrees, thoſe new friends, by their rank and merit, may have weight enough to get me reſtored to the favour of my relations? Till which can be effected, I ſhall not be tolerably eaſy. Happy I never expect to be. Mr. Lovelace's mind and mine are vaſtly different; different in *eſſentials*.

But as matters are at preſent circumſtanced, I pray you, my dear friend, to keep to yourſelf every-thing

that might bring diſcredit to him, if revealed.—Better any-body expoſe a man than a wife, if I *am* to be his; and what is ſaid by you will be thought to come from me.

It ſhall be my conſtant prayer, that all the felicities which this world can afford, may be yours: And that the Almighty will never ſuffer you nor yours, to the remoteſt poſterity, to want ſuch a friend as my Anna Howe has been to

Her CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XLII.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq;*

AND now, that my Beloved ſeems ſecure in my net, for my project upon the vixen Miſs Howe, and upon her Mother: In which the officious prancer Hickman is to come in for a daſh.

But why upon her Mother, methinks thou aſkeſt; who, unknown to herſelf, has only acted, by thy impulſe, thro' thy agent Joſeph Leman, upon the folly of old Tony the Uncle?

No matter for that: She believes ſhe acts upon her own judgment; and deſerves to be puniſhed for pretending to judgment, when ſhe has none.—Every living ſoul, but myſelf, I can tell thee, ſhall be puniſhed, that treats either cruelly or diſreſpectfully ſo adored a Lady.—What a plague! is it not enough that ſhe is teazed and tormented in perſon by me?

I have already broken the matter to our three confederates; as a *ſuppoſed*, not a *reſolved-on* caſe indeed. And yet they know, that with me, in a piece of miſchief, Execution with its ſwifteſt feet, is ſeldom three paces behind Projection, which hardly ever limps neither.

MOWBRAY is not againſt it. It is a ſcheme, he ſays, worthy of us: And we have not done any-thing for a good while, that has made a noiſe.

BELTON

BELTON indeed heſitates a little, becauſe matters go wrong between him and his Thomaſine; and the poor fellow has not the courage to have his ſore place probed to the bottom.

TOURVILLE has ſtarted a freſh game, and ſhrugs his ſhoulders, and ſhould not *chuſe* to go abroad at preſent, *if I pleaſe*. For I apprehend that (from the *nature* of the project) there will be a kind of neceſſity to travel, till all is blown over.

To ME, one country is as good as another; and I ſhall ſoon, I ſuppoſe, chuſe to quit this paltry Iſland; except the miſtreſs of my fate will conſent to cohabit at *home*; and ſo lay me under no neceſſity of *ſurpriſing her into foreign parts*. TRAVELLING, thou knoweſt, gives the Sexes charming opportunities of being familiar with one another. A very few days and nights muſt now decide all matters betwixt me and my fair Inimitable.

DOLEMAN, who can act in theſe cauſes only as chamber-counſel, will inform us by pen and ink [his right hand and right ſide having not yet been ſtruck, and the other ſide beginning to be ſenſible] of all that ſhall occur in our abſence.

As for THEE, we had rather have thy company toan not; for, although thou art a wretched fellow at contrivance, yet art thou intrepid at execution. But as thy preſent engagements make thy attendance uncertain, I am not for making thy part neceſſary to our ſcheme; but for leaving thee to come after us when abroad. I know thou canſt not long live without us.

The project, in ſhort, is this:—Mrs. Howe has an elder Siſter in the Iſle of Wight, who is lately a widow; and I am well informed, that the Mother and Daughter have engaged, before the latter is married, to pay a viſit to this Lady, who is rich, and intends Miſs for her heireſs; and in the interim

terim will make her ſome valuable preſents on her approaching Nuptials; which, as Mrs. Howe, who loves money more than any-thing but herſelf, told one of my acquaintance, would be *worth fetching*.

Now, Jack, nothing more need be done, than to hire a little trim veſſel, which ſhall ſail a pleaſuring backward and forward to Portſmouth, Spithead, and the Iſle of Wight, for a week or fortnight before we enter upon our parts of the plot. And as Mrs. Howe will be for making the beſt bargain ſhe can for her paſſage, the maſter of the veſſel may have orders (as a perquiſite allowed him by his owners) to take what ſhe will give: And the Maſter's name, be it what it will, ſhall be *Ganmore* on the occaſion; for I know a rogue of that name, who is not obliged to be of any country, any more than we.

Well, then, we will imagine them on board. I will be there in diſguiſe. They know not any of ye four—ſuppoſing (the ſcheme ſo inviting) that thou canſt be one.

'Tis plaguy hard, if we cannot *find*, or *make*, a ſtorm.

Perhaps they will be ſea-ſick: But whether they be or not, no doubt they will keep their Cabin.

Here will be Mrs. Howe, Miſs Howe, Mr. Hickman, a Maid, and a Footman, I ſuppoſe; and thus we will order it:

I know it will be hard weather: I *know* it will: And before there can be the leaſt ſuſpicion of the matter, we ſhall be in ſight of Guernſey, Jerſey, Dieppe, Cherbourg, or any-whither on the French coaſt that it ſhall pleaſe us to agree with the winds to blow us: And then, ſecuring the footman, and the women being ſeparated, one of us, according to lots that may be caſt, ſhall overcome, either by perſuaſion or force, the maid-ſervant: That will

be

be no hard taſk; and ſhe is a likely wench [I have ſeen her often]: One, Mrs. Howe; nor can there be much difficulty there; for ſhe is full of health and life, and has been long a Widow: Another [*That*, ſays the princely Lion, muſt be *I!*] the ſaucy Daughter; who will be too much frighted to make great reſiſtance [*Violent* ſpirits, in that Sex, are ſeldom *true* ſpirits—'Tis but where they *can*—]: And after beating about the coaſt for three or four days for recreation's ſake, and to make ſure work, and till we ſee our ſullen birds begin to eat and ſip, we will ſet them all aſhore where it will be moſt convenient; ſell the veſſel [To Mrs. Townſend's agents, with all my heart, or to ſome other Smugglers] or give it to Ganmore; and purſue our travels, and tarry abroad till all is huſhed up.

Now I know thou wilt make difficulties, as it is thy way; while it is mine to conquer them. My other vaſſals made theirs; and I condeſcended to obviate them: As thus I will thine, firſt ſtating them for thee according to what I know of thy phlegm.

What, in the firſt place, wilt thou aſk, ſhall be done with Hickman? who will be in full parade of dreſs and primneſs, in order to ſhew the old Aunt what a deviliſh clever fellow of a Nephew ſhe is to have.

What!—I'll tell thee—Hickman, in good manners, will leave the women in their Cabin—and, to ſhew his courage with his breeding, be upon deck—

Well, and ſuppoſe he is?

Suppoſe he is!—Why then I hope it is eaſy for Ganmore, or any-body elſe, myſelf ſuppoſe in my pea-jacket and great watch-coat (if any other make a ſcruple to do it) while he ſtands in the way, gapeing and ſtaring like a novice, to ſtumble againſt him, and puſh him overboard!—A rich thought!—

Is

Is it not, Belford?—He is certainly plaguy officious in the Ladies correſpondence; and, I am informed, plays double between Mother and Daughter, in fear of both.—Doſt not ſee him, Jack?—I do—popping up and down, his wig and hat floating by him; and paddling, pawing, and daſhing, like a frighted mongrel—I am afraid he never ventured to learn to ſwim.

But thou wilt not drown the poor fellow; wilt thou?

No, no!—That is not neceſſary to the project—I hate to do miſchiefs ſupererogatory. The ſkiff ſhall be ready to ſave him, while the veſſel keeps its courſe: He ſhall be ſet on ſhore with the loſs of wig and hat only, and of half of his little wits, at the place where he embarked, or any-where elſe.

Well, but ſhall we not be in danger of being hanged for three ſuch enormous Rapes, although Hickman ſhould eſcape with only a bellyful of ſea-water?

Yes, to be ſure, when caught—But is there any likelihood of that?—Beſides, have we not been in danger before now for worſe facts?—And what is there in being only in *danger?*—If we actually were to appear in open day in England before matters are made up, there will be greater likelihood, that theſe women will not proſecute, than that they *will.*—For my own part, I ſhould wiſh they *may.* Would not a brave fellow chuſe to appear in court to ſuch an arraignment, confronting women who would do credit to his attempt? The country is more merciful in *theſe* caſes, than in *any others:* I ſhould therefore like to put myſelf upon my country.

Let me indulge a few reflections upon what thou mayeſt think the *worſt* that *can* happen. I will ſuppoſe that thou art one of us; and that all five are actually

actually brought to tryal on this occaſion: How bravely ſhall we enter a court, *I* at the head of you, dreſſed out each man, as if to his wedding-appearance!—You are ſure of all the women, old and young, of your ſide.—What brave fellows!—What fine gentlemen!—There goes a charming handſome man!—meaning me, to be ſure!—Who could find in their hearts to hang ſuch a gentleman as that? whiſpers one Lady, ſitting perhaps on the right-hand of the Recorder [I ſuppoſe the ſcene to be in London]: While another diſbelieves that any woman could *fairly* ſwear againſt me. All will croud after *me:* It will be each man's happineſs (if ye ſhall chance to be baſhful) to be neglected: I ſhall be found to be the greateſt criminal; and my ſafety, for which the general voice will be engaged, will be yours.

But then comes the triumph of triumphs, that will make the accuſed look up, while the accuſers are covered with confuſion.

Make room there!—Stand by!—Give back!—One receiving a rap, another an elbow, half a ſcore a puſh apiece!—

Enter the ſlow-moving, hooded-faced, down-looking Plaintiffs.—

And firſt the Widow, with a ſorrowful countenance, tho' half-veil'd, pitying her Daughter more than herſelf. The people, the women eſpecially, who on this occaſion will be five ſixths of the ſpectators, reproaching her—You'd have the conſcience, would you, to have five ſuch brave gentlemen as theſe hanged for you know not what?

Next comes the poor maid—who perhaps had been raviſhed twenty times before; and had not appeared now, but for company-ſake; mincing, ſimpering, weeping, by turns; not knowing whether ſhe ſhould be ſorry or glad.

But every eye dwells upon Miſs!—See, ſee, the handſome gentleman bows to her!

To the very ground, to be ſure, I ſhall bow; and kiſs my hand.

See her confuſion! See! She turns from him!—Ay! that's becauſe it is in open court, cries an arch one!—While others admire her—Ay! that's a girl worth venturing one's neck for!

Then we ſhall be praiſed—Even the Judges, and the whole crouded Bench, will acquit us in their hearts; and every ſingle man wiſh he had been me!—The women, all the time, diſclaiming proſecution, were the caſe to be their own. To be ſure, Belford, the ſufferers cannot put half ſo good a face upon the matter as we.

Then what a noiſe will this matter make!—Is it not enough, ſuppoſe us moving from the Priſon to the Seſſions-houſe (*a*), to make a noble heart thump it away moſt glorioufly, when ſuch an one finds himſelf attended to his tryal by a parade of guards and officers, of miens and aſpects warlike and unwarlike; himſelf their whole care, and their buſineſs!—weapons in their hands, ſome bright, ſome ruſty, equally venerable for their antiquity and inoffenſiveneſs! others of more authoritative demeanour, ſtrutting before with fine painted ſtaves! ſhoals of people following, with a Which is he whom the *young* Lady appears againſt?—Then, let us look down, look up, look round, which way we will, we ſhall ſee all the doors, the ſhops, the windows, the ſign-irons and balconies (garrets, gutters, and chimney-tops included) all white-capt, black-hooded, and periwigg'd, or crop-ear'd up by the *Immobile Vulgus:* While the floating *ſtreet-ſwarmers*, who

(*a*) Within theſe few years paſt, a paſſage has been made from the Priſon to the Seſſions-houſe, whereby malefactors are carried into court without going thro' the ſtreet. Lovelace's triumph on their ſuppoſed march ſhews the wiſdom of this alteration.

have

have ſeen us paſs by at one place, run with ſtretched-out necks, and ſtrained eye-balls, a round-about way, and elbow and ſhoulder themſelves into places by which we have not paſſed, in order to obtain another ſight of us; every ſtreet continuining to pour out its ſwarms of late-comers, to add to the gathering ſnowball; who are content to take deſcriptions of our perſons, behaviour, and countenances, from thoſe who had the good fortune to have been in time to ſee us.

Let me tell thee, Jack, I ſee not why (to judge according to our principles and practices) we ſhould not be as much elated in our march, were this to happen to us, as others may be upon any other the moſt *mob-attracting* occaſion—Suppoſe a Lord-Mayor on his *Gawdy*; ſuppoſe a victorious General, or Embaſſador, on his public Entry—Suppoſe (as I began with the *loweſt*) the *grandeſt* parade that can be ſuppoſed, a Coronation—For, in all theſe, do not the royal guard, the heroic trained-bands, the pendent, clinging throngs of ſpectators, with their waving heads rolling to-and-fro from houſe-tops to houſe-bottoms and ſtreet-ways, as I have above deſcribed, make the principal part of the Raree-ſhew?

And let me aſk thee, If thou doſt not think, that either the Mayor, the Embaſſador, or the General, would not make very pitiful figures on their Gala's, did not the trumpets and tabrets call together the Canaille to gaze at them?—Nor perhaps ſhould we be the moſt guilty Heroes neither: For who knows how the Magiſtrate may have obtained his gold chain? While the General probably returns from cutting of throats, and from murders, ſanctified by cuſtom only.—Cæſar, we are told (*a*), had won, at the age of Fifty-ſix, when he was aſſaſſinated,

(*a*) Pliny gives this account, putting the number of men ſlain at 1,100,092. See alſo Lipſius *de Conſtantia*.

fifty

fifty pitched battles, had taken by aſſault above a thouſand towns, and ſlain near 1,200,000 men; I ſuppoſe excluſive of thoſe who fell on his own ſide in ſlaying them. Are not you and I, Jack, innocent men, and babes in ſwadling-clothes, compared to Cæſar, and to his predeceſſor in heroiſm, Alexander, dubbed for murders and depredation *Magnus?*

The principal difference that ſtrikes me in the compariſon between us and the Mayor, the Embaſſador, the General, on *their* Gawdies, is, that the mob make a greater noiſe, a louder huzzaing, in the one caſe than the other, which is called *acclamation*, and ends frequently in *higher* taſte, by throwing dead animals at one another, before they diſperſe; in which they have as much joy, as in the former part of the triumph: While they will attend us with all the marks of an awful or ſilent (at moſt only a whiſpering) reſpect; their mouths diſtended, as if ſet open with gags, and their voices generally loſt in goggle-eyed admiration.

Well, but ſuppoſe, after all, we are convicted; what have we to do, but in time make over our eſtates, that the ſheriffs may not revel in our ſpoils? —There is no fear of being hanged for ſuch a crime as this, while we have *money* or *friends*.—And ſuppoſe even the worſt, that two or three were to die, have we not a chance, each man of us, to eſcape? The devil's in them, if they'll hang Five for raviſhing Three!

I know I ſhall get off for one—were it but for family ſake: And being a handſome fellow, I ſhall have a dozen or two of young maidens, all dreſſed in white, go to Court to beg my life—And what a pretty ſhew they will make, with their white hoods, white gowns, white petticoats, white ſcarves, white gloves, kneeling for me, with their white handkerchiefs at their eyes, in two pretty rows, as his Majeſty walks

walks through them and nods my pardon for their ſakes!—And, if once pardoned, all is over: For, Jack, in a crime of this nature there lies no appeal, as in a murder.

So thou ſeeſt the worſt that can happen, ſhould we *not* make the Grand Tower upon this occaſion, but ſtay and take our tryals. But it is moſt likely, that they will not proſecute at all. If not, no riſque on our ſide will be run; only taking our pleaſure abroad, at the worſt; leaving friends tired of us, in order, after a time, to return to the ſame friends endeared to us, as we to them, by abſence.

This, Jack, is my ſcheme, at the firſt running. I know it is capable of improvement—For example: I can land theſe Ladies in France; whip over before they can get a paſſage back, or before Hickman can have recovered his fright; and ſo find means to entrap my Beloved on board—And then all will be right; and I need not care if I were never to return to England.

Memorandum, To be conſidered of—Whether, in order to complete my vengeance, I cannot contrive to kidknap away either James Harlowe or Solmes? or both? A man, Jack, would not go into exile for nothing.

LETTER XLIII.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq*;

IF, Belford, thou likeſt not my plot upon Miſs Howe, I have three or four more as good in my own opinion; better, perhaps, they will be in thine: And ſo 'tis but getting looſe from thy preſent engagement, and thou ſhalt pick and chuſe. But as for thy three brethren, they muſt do as I would have them: And ſo, indeed, muſt thou—Elſe why am I your general? But I will refer this ſubject to its proper

ſeaſon. Thou knoweſt, that I never abſolutely conclude upon a project, till 'tis time for execution; and then Lightning ſtrikes not quicker than I.

And now to the ſubject next my heart.

Wilt thou believe me, when I tell thee, that I have ſo many contrivances riſing up and crouding upon me for preference, with regard to my Gloriana, that I hardly know which to chuſe?—I could tell thee of no leſs than ſix princely ones, any of which *muſt* do. But as the dear creature has not grudged giving me trouble, I think I ought not, in gratitude, to ſpare combuſtibles for her; but on the contrary, to make her ſtare and ſtand aghaſt, by ſpringing three or four mines at once.

Thou remembreſt what Shakeſpeare, in his Troilus and Creſſida, makes Hector, who, however, is not uſed to boaſt, ſay to Achilles in an interview between them; and which, applied to this watchful Lady, and to the vexation ſhe has given me, and to the certainty I now think I have of ſubduing her, will run thus: Suppoſing the Charmer before me; and I meditating her ſweet perſon from head to foot:

Henceforth, O watchful Fair-one, *guard thee well:*
For I'll not kill thee There! nor There! nor There!
But, by the zone that circles Venus' waiſt,
I'll kill thee Ev'ry where; yea, o'er and o'er.
Thou, wiſeſt Belford, *pardon me this brag:*
Her watchfulneſs *draws folly from my lips;*
But I'll endeavour deeds *to match the* words,
Or may I never——

Then, I imagine thee interpoſing to qualify my impatience, as Ajax did to Achilles:

——*Do not chafe thee, Couſin:*
——*And let theſe threats alone,*
Till accident *or* purpoſe *bring thee to it.*

All

All that vexes me, in the midſt of my gloried-in devices, is, that there is a ſorry fellow in the world, who has preſumed to queſtion, whether the prize, when obtained, is worthy of the pains it coſts me: Yet knows, with what patience and trouble a bird-man will ſpread an acre of ground with gins and ſnares; ſet up his ſtalking horſe, his glaſſes; plant his decoy-birds, and invite the feathered throng by his whiſtle; and all his prize at laſt (the reward of early hours, and of a whole morning's pains) only a ſimple Linnet.

To be ſerious, Belford, I muſt acknowlege, that all our purſuits, from childhood to manhood, are only trifles of different ſorts and ſizes, proportioned to our years and views: But then is not a fine woman the nobleſt trifle, that ever was or could be obtained by man?—And to what purpoſe do we ſay *obtained*, if it be not in the way we wiſh for?—If a man is rather to be *her* prize, than ſhe *his?*

*** ***

And now, Belford, what doſt think?

That thou art a curſed fellow, if—

If—No If's—But I ſhall be very ſick to-morrow. I ſhall, 'faith.

Sick!—Why ſick? What a devil ſhouldſt thou be ſick for?

For more good reaſons than one, Jack.

I ſhould be glad to hear but one.—Sick, quotha! Of all thy roguiſh inventions I ſhould not have thought of this.

Perhaps thou thinkeſt my view to be, to draw the Lady to my bedſide. That's a trick of three or four thouſand years old; and I ſhould find it much more to my purpoſe, if I could get to hers. However, I'll condeſcend to make thee as wiſe as myſelf.

I am exceſſively diſturbed about this Smuggling ſcheme of Miſs Howe. I have no doubt, that my Fair-one, were I to make an attempt, and miſcarry, will

will fly from me, if ſhe can. I once believed ſhe loved me: But now I doubt whether ſhe does or not: At leaſt, that it is with ſuch an *ardor*, as Miſs Howe calls it, as will make her overlook a premeditated fault, ſhould I be guilty of one.

And what will being ſick do for thee?

Have patience. I don't intend to be ſo very bad as Dorcas ſhall repreſent me to be. But yet I know I ſhall reach confoundedly, and bring up ſome clotted blood. To be ſure, I ſhall break a veſſel: There's no doubt of that: And a bottle of Eaton's Styptic ſhall be ſent for; but no doctor. If ſhe has *Humanity*, ſhe will be concerned. But if ſhe has *Love*, let it have been puſhed ever ſo far back, it will, on this occaſion, come forward, and ſhew itſelf; not only in her eye, but in every line of her ſweet face.

I will be very intrepid. I will not fear death, or any-thing elſe. I will be ſure of being well in an hour or two, having formerly found great benefit by this aſtringent medicine, on occaſion of an inward bruiſe by a fall from my horſe in hunting, of which perhaps this malady may be the remains. And this will ſhew her, that though thoſe about me may make the moſt of it, I do not; and ſo can have no deſign in it.

Well, methinks thou ſayeſt, I begin to think tolerably of this device.

I knew thou wouldſt, when I explained myſelf. Another time prepare to wonder; and baniſh doubt.

Now, Belford, I ſhall expect, that ſhe will ſhew ſome concern at the broken veſſel, as it may be attended with fatal effects, eſpecially to one ſo fiery in his temper as I have the *reputation* to be thought to be: And the rather, as I ſhall calmly attribute the accident to the haraſſes and doubts under which I have laboured for ſome time paſt. And this will be a further proof of my Love, and will demand a grateful return—

And

And what then, thou egregious contriver?

Why then I ſhall have the *leſs remorſe*, if I am to uſe a little violence: For can *ſhe* deſerve compaſſion, who ſhews none?

And what if ſhe ſhew a *great deal of concern?*

Then ſhall I be in hopes of *building on a good foundation.* Love hides a multitude of faults, and diminiſhes thoſe it cannot hide. Love, when acknowleged, authorizes freedom; and freedom begets freedom; and I ſhall then ſee how far I can go.

Well but, Lovelace, how the duce wilt thou, with that full health and vigour of conſtitution, and with that bloom in thy face, make any-body believe thou art ſick?

How!—Why, take a few grains of Ipecacuanha; enough to make me reach like a fury.

Good!—But how wilt thou manage to bring up blood, and not hurt thyſelf?

Fooliſh fellow! Are there not pigeons and chickens in every poulterer's ſhop?

Cry thy mercy.

But then I will be perſuaded by Mrs. Sinclair, that I have of late confined myſelf too much; and ſo will have a chair called, and be carried to the Park; where I will try to walk half the length of the Mall, or ſo; and in my return, amuſe myſelf at White's or the Cocoa.

And what will this do?

Queſtioning again!—I am afraid thou'rt an Infidel, Belford—Why then ſhall I not know if my Beloved offers to go out in my abſence?—And ſhall I not ſee whether ſhe receives me with tenderneſs at my return? But this is not all: *I have a foreboding that ſomething affecting will happen while I am out.* But of this more in its place.

And now, Belford, wilt thou, or wilt thou not, allow, that it is a right thing to be ſick?—Lord, Jack, ſo much delight do I take in my contrivances,

that I ſhall be half-ſorry, when the occaſion for them is over; for never, never, ſhall I again have ſuch charming exerciſe for my invention.

Mean time theſe plaguy women are ſo impertinent, ſo full of reproaches, that I know not how to do anything but curſe them. And then, truly, they are for helping me out with ſome of *their* trite and vulgar artifices. Sally particularly, who pretends to be a mighty contriver, has juſt now in an inſolent manner told me, on my rejecting her proffered aids, that I had no mind to conquer; and that I was ſo *wicked* as to intend to marry, though I would not own it to her.

Becauſe this little devil made her firſt ſacrifice at my altar, ſhe thinks ſhe may take any liberty with me: And what makes her outrageous at times, is, that I have, for a long time, *ſtudiouſly*, as ſhe ſays, ſlighted her too readily-offered favours: But is it not very impudent in her to think, that I will be any man's *ſucceſſor?* It is not come to that neither. This thou knoweſt, was always my rule---*Once any other man's*, and *I* know it, and *never more mine*. It is for ſuch as thou, and thy brethren, to take up with *harlots*. I have been always aiming at the merit of a firſt diſcoverer.

The more devil I, perhaps thou wilt ſay, to endeavour to corrupt the uncorrupted.

But I ſay, *Not*; ſince, hence, I have but very few adulteries to anſwer for.

One affair, indeed, at Paris, with a married Lady [I believe I never told thee of it] touched my conſcience a little: Yet brought on by the ſpirit of intrigue, more than by ſheer wickedneſs. I'll give it thee in brief:

'A French Marquis, ſomewhat in years, em-
'ployed by his Court in a public function at that of
'Madrid, had put his charming young new-married
'wife under the controul and *wardſhip*, as I may ſay,
'of his inſolent Siſter, an old Prude.

'I ſaw

'I ſaw the Lady at the Opera. I liked her at firſt 'ſight, and better at ſecond, when I knew the ſitua-'tion ſhe was in. So, pretending to make my ad-'dreſſes to the Prude, got admittance to Both.

'The firſt thing I had to do, was to compliment 'my prude into ſhyneſs by complaints of ſhyneſs: 'Next, to take advantage of the Marquiſe's ſituation, 'between her Huſband's jealouſy, and his Siſter's 'arrogance; and to inſpire her with reſentment; and, 'as I hoped, with a regard to my perſon. The 'French Ladies have no diſlike to intrigue.

'The Siſter began to ſuſpect me: The Lady had 'no mind to part with the company of the only man 'who had been permitted to viſit there; and told 'me of her Siſter's ſuſpicions. I put her upon con-'cealing the Prude, as if unknown to me, in a cloſet 'in one of her own apartments, locking her in, and 'putting the key in her own pocket: And ſhe was 'to queſtion me on the ſincerity of my profeſſions to 'her Siſter, in her Siſter's hearing.

'She complied. My Miſtreſs was locked up. The 'Lady and I took our ſeats. I owned fervent Love, 'and made high profeſſions: For the Marquiſe put 'it home to me. The Prude was delighted with what 'ſhe heard.

'And how doſt think it ended?—I took my ad-'vantage of the Lady herſelf, who durſt not for her 'life cry out; and drew her after me to the next 'apartment, on pretence of going to ſeek her Siſter, 'who all the time was locked up in the cloſet.'

No woman ever gave me a private meeting for no-thing; my deareſt Miſs Harlowe excepted.

'My ingenuity obtained my pardon: The Lady 'being unable to forbear laughing through the whole 'affair, to find both ſo uncommonly tricked; her 'gaolereſs her priſoner, ſafe locked up, and as much 'pleaſed as either of us.'

The Engliſh, Jack, do not often out-wit the French.

'We had contrivances afterwards equally ingenious, in which the Lady, the ice once broken [*Once ſubdued, always ſubdued*] co-operated—But a more tender Tell-tale revealed the ſecret—Revealed it, before the Marquis could come to cover the diſgrace. The Siſter was inveterate; the Huſband irreconcileable; in every reſpect unfit for a Huſband, even for a *French* one—made, perhaps, more delicate to theſe particulars by the cuſtoms of a people among whom he was then reſident, ſo contrary to thoſe of his own countrymen. She was obliged to throw herſelf into my protection—Nor thought herſelf unhappy in it, till childbed pangs ſeized her: Then Penitence, and Death, overtook her the ſame hour!'

Excuſe a tear, Belford!—She deſerved a better fate! What hath ſuch a vile inexorable Huſband to anſwer for!—The Siſter was puniſhed effectually—That pleaſes me on reflection—The Siſter was effectually puniſhed!---But perhaps I have told thee this Story before.

LETTER XLIV.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq;*

Friday Evening.

JUST returned from an Airing with my Charmer, complied with after great importunity. She was attended by the two Nymphs. They both topt their parts; kept their eyes within bounds; made moral reflections now-and-then. O Jack! what devils are women, when all teſts are got over, and we have completely ruined them!

The coach carried us to Hamſtead, to Highgate, to Muſwell-hill; back to Hamſtead to the Upper-Flaſk: There, in compliment to the Nymphs, my Beloved conſented to alight, and take a little repaſt. Then home early by Kentiſh Town.

Delight-

Delightfully eaſy ſhe, and ſo reſpectful and obliging I, all the way, and as we walked out upon the Heath, to view the variegated proſpects which that agreeable elevation affords, that ſhe promiiſed to take now-and-then a little excurſion with me. I think, Miſs Howe, I *think*, ſaid I to myſelf, every now-and-then as we walked, that thy wicked devices are ſuperſeded.

But let me give thee a few particulars of our converſation in the *circumrotation* we took, while in the coach—She had received a Letter from Miſs Howe yeſterday, I preſumed?

She made no anſwer. How happy ſhould I think myſelf to be admitted into their correſpondence? I would joyfully make an exchange of communications.

So, though I hoped not to ſucceed by her conſent [and little did ſhe think I had ſo happily in part ſucceeded without it] I thought it not amiſs to urge for it, for ſeveral reaſons: Among others, that I might account to her for my conſtant employment at my pen; in order to take off her jealouſy, that *ſhe* was the ſubject of thy correſpondence and mine: And that I might juſtify *my* ſecrecy and *uncommunicativeneſs* by her *own*.

I proceeded therefore—That I loved Familiar-letter-writing, as I had more than once told her, above all the ſpecies of writing: It was writing from the heart (without the fetters preſcribed by method or ſtudy) as the very word *Cor-reſpondence* implied. Not the heart only; the *ſoul* was in it. Nothing of body, when friend writes to friend; the mind impelling ſovereignly the vaſſal-fingers. It was, in ſhort, friendſhip recorded; friendſhip given under hand and ſeal; demonſtrating that the parties were under no apprehenſion of changing from time or accident, when they ſo liberally gave teſtimonies, which

would always be ready, on failure or infidelity, to be turned againſt them.—For my own part, it was the principal diverſion I had in her abſence; but for this innocent amuſement, the diſtance ſhe ſo frequently kept me at, would have been intolerable.

Sally knew my drift; and ſaid, She had had the honour to ſee two or three of my letters, and of Mr. Belford's; and ſhe thought them the moſt entertaining that ſhe had ever read.

My friend Belford, I ſaid, had a happy talent in the Letter-writing way; and upon all ſubjects.

I expected my Beloved would have been inquiſitive after our ſubject: But (lying perdue, as I ſaw) not a word ſaid ſhe. So I touched upon this article myſelf.

Our topics were various and diffuſe: Sometimes upon literary articles [She was very attentive upon this]; ſometimes upon the public entertainments; ſometimes amuſing each other with the fruits of the different correſpondencies we held with perſons abroad, with whom we had contracted friendſhips; ſometimes upon the foibles and perfections of our particular friends; ſometimes upon our own preſent and future hopes; ſometimes aiming at humour and raillery upon each other.—It might indeed appear to ſavour of vanity, to ſuppoſe my Letters would entertain a Lady of her delicacy and judgment: But yet I could not but ſay, that perhaps ſhe would be far from thinking ſo hardly of me as ſometimes ſhe had ſeemed to do, if ſhe were to ſee the Letters which generally paſſed between Mr. Belford and me [I hope, Jack, thou haſt more manners, than to give me the lye, though but in thy heart].

She then ſpoke: After declining my compliment in ſuch a manner, as only a perſon could do, who deſerved it, ſhe ſaid, For her part, ſhe had always thought me a man of ſenſe [A man of ſenſe, Jack! What

What a niggardly praiſe!]—And ſhould therefore hope, that, when I wrote, it exceeded even my ſpeech: For that it was impoſſible, be the Letters written in as eaſy and familiar a ſtyle as they would, but that they muſt have that advantage from ſitting down to write them which prompt ſpeech could not always have. She ſhould think it very ſtrange therefore, if my Letters were barren of ſentiment; and *as* ſtrange, if I gave myſelf liberties upon *premeditation*, which could have no excuſe at all, but from a thoughtleſſneſs, which itſelf wanted excuſe.—But if Mr. Belford's Letters and mine were upon ſubjects ſo general, and ſome of them equally (ſhe preſumed) inſtructive and entertaining, ſhe could not but ſay, that ſhe ſhould be glad to ſee any of them; and particularly thoſe which Miſs Martin had ſeen and praiſed.

This was put cloſe.

I looked at her, to ſee if I could diſcover any tincture of jealouſy in this hint; that *Miſs Martin* had ſeen what I had not ſhewn to *her*. But ſhe did not look it: So I only ſaid, I ſhould be very proud to ſhew her not only thoſe, but all that paſſed between Mr. Belford and me; but I muſt remind her, that ſhe knew the condition.

No, indeed! with a ſweet lip pouted out, as ſaucy as pretty; implying a lovely ſcorn, that yet can only be lovely in youth ſo blooming, and beauty ſo divinely diſtinguiſhed.

How I long to ſee ſuch a motion again! *Her* mouth only can give it.

But I am mad with Love—Yet eternal will be the diſtance, at the rate I go on: Now fire, now ice, my ſoul is continually upon the *hiſs*, as I may ſay. In vain, however, is the trial to quench—what, after all, is unquenchable.

Pr'ythee, Belford, forgive my nonſenſe, and my Vulcan-like metaphors—Did I not tell thee, not

that I am *ſick* of Love, but that I am *mad* with it? Why brought I ſuch an angel into ſuch a houſe? into ſuch company?—And why do I not ſtop my ears to the Sirens, who, knowing my averſion to wedlock, are perpetually touching that ſtring?

I was not willing to be anſwered ſo eaſily: I was ſure, that what paſſed between two ſuch young Ladies (friends ſo dear) might be ſeen by every-body: I had more reaſon than any-body to wiſh to ſee the Letters that paſſed between her and Miſs Howe; becauſe I was ſure they muſt be full of admirable inſtruction, and one of the dear correſpondents had deigned to wiſh my entire reformation.

She looked at me, as if ſhe would look me through: I thought I *felt* eye-beam, after eye-beam, penetrate my ſhivering reins.—But ſhe was ſilent. Nor needed her eyes the aſſiſtance of ſpeech.

Nevertheleſs, a little recovering myſelf, I hoped that nothing unhappy had befallen either Miſs Howe or her Mother. The Letter of yeſterday ſent by a particular hand; ſhe opening it with great emotion—ſeeming to have expected it ſooner—were the reaſons for my apprehenſions.

We were then at Muſwell-hill: *A pretty country within the eye*, to Polly, was the remark, inſtead of replying to *me*.

But I was not ſo to be anſwered—I ſhould expect ſome charming ſubjects and characters from two ſuch pens: I hoped every-thing went on well between Mr. Hickman and Miſs Howe. Her Mother's heart, I ſaid, was ſet upon that match: Mr. Hickman was not without his merits: He was what the Ladies called a SOBER man: But I muſt needs ſay, that I thought Miſs Howe deſerved a huſband of a very different caſt!

This, I ſuppoſed, would have engaged her into a ſubject from which I could have wiredrawn ſomething:—For Hickman is one of her favourites—

Why,

Why, I can't divine, except for the ſake of oppoſition of character to that of thy honeſt friend.

But ſhe cut me ſhort by a look of diſapprobation, and another cool remark upon a diſtant view; and, *How far off, Miſs Horton, do you think that clump of trees may be?* pointing out of the coach—So I had done.

Here endeth all I have to write concerning our converſation on this our agreeable airing.

We have both been writing ever ſince we came home. I am to be favoured with her company for an hour, before ſhe retires to reſt.

All that obſequious Love can ſuggeſt, in order to engage her tendereſt ſentiments for me againſt tomorrow's ſickneſs, will I aim at when we meet. But at parting will complain of a diſorder in my ſtomach.

*** ***

We have met. All was Love and unexceptionable Reſpect on my part. Eaſe and Complaiſance on hers. She was concerned for my Diſorder. So ſudden!—Juſt as we parted! But it was nothing. I ſhould be quite well by morning.

Faith, Jack, I think I am ſick already. Is it poſſible for ſuch a giddy fellow as me to *perſuade* myſelf to be ill! I am a better Mimic at this rate than I wiſh to be. But every nerve and fibre of me is always ready to contribute its aid, whether by health or by ailment, to carry a reſolved-on roguery into execution.

Dorcas has tranſcribed for me the whole Letter of Miſs Howe, dated Sunday, May 14 (*a*), of which before I had only extracts. She found no other Letter added to that parcel: But this, and that which I copied myſelf in character laſt Sunday while ſhe was at

(*a*) See p. 76, & *ſeq.*

church, relating to the ſmuggling ſcheme (*a*), are enough for me.

*** ***

DORCAS tells me, that her Lady has been removing her papers from the mahogany-cheſt into a wainſcot-box, which held her linen, and which ſhe put into her dark cloſet. We have no key of that at preſent. No doubt but all her Letters, previous to thoſe I have come at, are in that box. Dorcas is uneaſy upon it: Yet hopes that her Lady does not ſuſpect her; for ſhe is ſure that ſhe laid in everything as ſhe found it.

LETTER XLV.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq;*

Cocoa-tree, Saturday, May 27.

THIS Ipecacuanha is a moſt diſagreeable medicine. That theſe curſed phyſical folks can find out nothing to do us good, but what would poiſon the devil! In the other world, were they only to take phyſic, it would be puniſhment enough of itſelf for a miſ-ſpent life. A Doctor at one elbow, and an Apothecary at the other, and the poor ſoul labouring under their preſcribed operations, he need no worſe tormentors.

But now this was to take down my countenance. It has done it: For, with violent reachings, having taken enough to make me ſick, and not enough water to carry it off, I preſently looked as if I had kept my bed a fortnight. *Ill jeſting*, as I thought in the midſt of the exerciſe, *with edge tools*, and work with *phyſical ones*.

Two hours it held me. I had forbid Dorcas to let her Lady know any-thing of the matter; out of tenderneſs to her; being willing, when ſhe knew

(*a*) See p. 152, *& ſeq.*

my prohibition, to let her ſee that I *expected* her to be concerned for me.—

Well, but Dorcas was nevertheleſs a *woman*, and ſhe can *whiſper* to her Lady the ſecret ſhe is enjoined to keep!

Come hither, Toad [ſick as a devil at the inſtant]; Let me ſee what a mixture of grief and ſurprize may be beat up together in thy pudden-face.

That won't do. That dropt jaw, and mouth diſtended into the long oval, is more upon the Horrible, than the Grievous.

Nor that pinking and winking with thy *odious eyes*, as my Charmer once called them.

A little better *That*; yet not quite right: But keep your mouth cloſer. You have a muſcle or two which you have no command of, between your cheek-bone and your lips, that ſhould carry one corner of your mouth up towards your crow's-foot, and that down to meet it.

There! Begone! Be in a plaguy hurry running up ſtairs and down, to fetch from the Dining-room what you carry up on purpoſe to fetch, till motion extraordinary put you of breath, and give you the ſigh-natural.

What's the matter, Dorcas?

Nothing, Madam.

My Beloved wonders ſhe has not ſeen me this morning, no doubt; but is too ſhy to ſay ſhe wonders. Repeated What's the matter, however, as Dorcas runs up and down ſtairs by her door, bring on, Oh! Madam! my maſter! my poor maſter!

What! How! When!—And all the monoſyllables of ſurprize.

[*Within Parentheſes* let me tell thee, that I have often thought, that the little words in the Republic of Letters, like the little folks in a nation, are the moſt ſignificant. The *triſyllables*, and the *rumblers*

of ſyllables more than *three*, are but the good-for-little *magnates*.]

I muſt not tell you, Madam—My maſter ordered me not to tell you—But he is in a worſe way than he thinks for!—But he would not have *you* frighted.

High concern took poſſeſſion of every ſweet feature. She pitied me!—By my ſoul, ſhe pitied me!

Where is he?

Too much in a hurry for good-manners [*Another parentheſis, Jack!* Good-manners are ſo little natural, that we ought to be *compoſed* to obſerve them: Politeneſs will not live in a ſtorm]. I cannot ſtay to anſwer queſtions, cries the wench—though deſirous to anſwer [*A third Parentheſis*—Like the people crying proclamations, running away from the cuſtomers they want to ſell to]. This hurry puts the Lady in a hurry to aſk [*A fourth*, by way of embelliſhing the third!] as the other does the people in a hurry to buy. And I have in my eye now a whole ſtreet raiſed, and running after a proclamation or expreſs-crier, as if the firſt was a thief, the other his purſuers.

At laſt, O Lord! let Mrs. Lovelace know!—There is danger, to be ſure! whiſpered from one Nymph to another; but at the door, and ſo loud, that my liſtening Fair-one might hear.

Out ſhe darts—As how! as how, Dorcas!

O Madam—A vomiting of blood! A veſſel broke, to be ſure!

Down ſhe haſtens; finds every one as buſy over my blood in the entry, as if it were that of the Neapolitan Saint.

In ſteps my Charmer, with a face of ſweet concern.

How do you, Mr. Lovelace?

O my beſt Love!—Very well!—Very well!—Nothing at all! Nothing of conſequence!—I ſhall be well in an inſtant!—Straining again! for I was indeed plaguy ſick, though no more blood came.

In

In ſhort, Belford, I have gained my end. I ſee the dear ſoul loves me. I ſee ſhe forgives me all that's paſt. I ſee I have credit for a new ſcore.

Miſs Howe, I defy thee, my dear—Mrs. Townſend!—Who the devil are you?—Troop away with your contrabands. No Smuggling! Nor Smuggler, but myſelf! Nor will the choiceſt of my Fair-one's favours be long prohibited goods to me!

* * * *

EVERY one now is ſure that ſhe loves me. Tears were in her eyes more than once for me. She ſuffered me to take her hand, and kiſs it as often as I pleaſed. On Mrs. Sinclair's mentioning, that I too much confined myſelf, ſhe preſſed me to take an Airing; but obligingly deſired me to be careful of myſelf. Wiſhed I would adviſe with a phyſician. *God made phyſicians*, ſhe ſaid.

I did not think That, Jack. God indeed made us All. But I fanſy ſhe meant *phyſic* inſtead of *phyſicians*; and then the phraſe might mean what the vulgar phraſe means;—*God ſends meat, the Devil cooks.*

I was well already, on taking the Styptic from *her* dear hands.

On her requiring me to take the air, I aſked, If I might have the honour of her company in a coach; and this, that I might obſerve if ſhe had an intention of going out in my abſence.

If ſhe thought a chair were not a more proper vehicle for my caſe, ſhe would with all her heart!

There's a precious!

I kiſſed her hand again! She was all goodneſs!—Would to Heaven I better deſerved it, I ſaid!—But all were golden days before us!—Her preſence and generous concern had done every-thing. I was well! Nothing ailed me. But ſince my Beloved will have it ſo, I'll take a little Airing!—Let a chair be called!—O my Charmer! *were I to have owed this indiſpoſition to my late haraſſes, and to the uneaſineſs I have had*

had for diſobliging you; all is infinitely compenſated by your goodneſs—All the Art of Healing is in your ſmiles!—Your late diſpleaſure was the only malady!

While Mrs. Sinclair, and Dorcas, and Polly, and even poor ſilly Mabell [for Sally went out, as my angel came in] with uplifted hands and eyes, ſtood thanking Heaven that I was better, in audible whiſpers: See the power of Love, cried one!—What a charming huſband, another!—Happy couple, all!

O how the dear creature's cheek mantled!—How her eyes ſparkled!—How ſweetly acceptable is praiſe to conſcious merit, while it but reproaches when applied to the undeſerving!—What a new, what a gay creation it makes at once in a diffident or diſpirited heart?

And now, Belford, was it not worth while to be ſick? And yet I muſt tell thee, that too many pleaſanter expedients offer themſelves, to make trial any more of this confounded Ipecacuanha.

LETTER XLVI.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Saturday, May 27.

MR. Lovelace, my dear, has been very ill. Suddenly taken. With a vomiting of blood in great quantities. Some veſſel broken. He complained of a diſorder in his ſtomach over-night. I was the more affected with it, *as I am afraid it was occaſioned by the violent contentions between us.*—But was I in fault?

How lately did I think I hated him!—But hatred and anger, I ſee, are but temporary paſſions with me. One cannot, my dear, hate people in danger of death, or who are in diſtreſs or affliction. My heart, I find, is not proof againſt kindneſs, and acknowlegement of errors committed.

He

He took great care to have his illneſs concealed from me as long as he could. So tender in the violence of his diſorder!—So deſirous to make the beſt of it!—I wiſh he had not been ill in my ſight. I was too much affected—Every-body alarming me with his danger---The poor man, from ſuch high health, ſo *ſuddenly* taken!---And ſo unprepared!---

He is gone out in a chair. I adviſed him to do ſo. I fear that my advice was wrong; ſince Quiet in ſuch a diſorder muſt needs be beſt. We are apt to be ſo ready, in caſes of emergency, to give our advice, without judgment, or waiting for it!---I propoſed a phyſician indeed; but he would not hear of one. I have great honour for the faculty; and the greater, as I have always obſerved, that thoſe who treat the profeſſors of the Art of healing contemptuouſly, too generally treat higher inſtitutions in the ſame manner.

I am really very uneaſy. For I have, I doubt, expoſed myſelf to him, and to the women below. *They* indeed will excuſe me, as they think us married. But if he be not generous, I ſhall have cauſe to regret this ſurprize; which (as I had reaſon to think myſelf unaccountably treated by him) has taught me more than I knew of myſelf.

'Tis true, I have owned more than once, that I could have liked Mr. Lovelace above all men. I remember the debates you and I uſed to have on this ſubject, when I was your happy gueſt. You uſed to ſay, and once you wrote (*a*), that men of his caſt are the men that our Sex do not *naturally* diſlike: Whle I held, that ſuch were not (however *that* might be) the men we *ought* to like. But what with my Relations precipitating of me, on one hand, and what with his unhappy character, and embarraſſing ways, on the other, I had no more leiſure than inclination to examine my own heart

(*a*) See p. 113.

in

in this particular. And this reminds me of a paſſage in one of your former Letters, which I will tranſcribe, though it was written in raillery. *May it not be*, ſay you (*a*), *that you have had ſuch perſons to deal with, as have not allowed you to attend to the throbs; or, if you had them a little now-and-then, whether, having had two accounts to place them to, you have not by miſtake put them to the wrong one?* A paſſage, which, although it came into my mind when Mr. Lovelace was leaſt exceptionable, yet that I have denied any efficacy to, when he has teazed and vexed me, and given me cauſe of ſuſpicion. For, after all, my dear, Mr. Lovelace is not wiſe in all his ways. And ſhould we not endeavour, as much as is poſſible (where we are not attached by *natural* ties) to like and diſlike as reaſon bids us, and according to the merit or demerit of the object? If Love, as it is called, is allowed to be an excuſe for our moſt unreaſonable follies, and to lay level all the fences that a careful education has ſurrounded us by, what is meant by the doctrine of ſubduing our paſſions?—But, O my deareſt friend, am I not guilty of a puniſhable fault, were I to love this man of errors? And has not my own heart deceived me, when I thought I did not? And what muſt be that Love, that has not ſome degree of purity for its object? I am afraid of recollecting ſome paſſages in my Couſin Morden's Letter (*b*).—And yet why fly I from ſubjects that, duly conſidered, might tend to correct and purify my heart? I have carried, I doubt, my notions on this head too high, not for practice, but for *my* practice. Yet think me not guilty of Prudery neither; for had I found out as much of myſelf before; or, rather, had he given me heart's-eaſe enough before to find it out, you ſhould have had my confeſſion ſooner.

(*a*) See Vol. I. p. 66. (*b*) See p. 28, *& ſeq.* of this Volume.

Never-

Nevertheleſs let me tell you (what I hope I may juſtly tell you) that if again he give me cauſe to reſume diſtance and reſerve, I hope my reaſon will gather ſtrength enough from his imperfections, to enable me to keep my paſſions under.—What can we do more than govern ourſelves by the temporary lights lent us?

You will not wonder that I am grave on this detection—*Detection*, muſt I call it? What can I call it?—

Diſſatisfied with myſelf, I am afraid to look back upon what I have written: And yet know not how to have done writing. I never was in ſuch an odd frame of mind.—I know not how to deſcribe it.—Was *you* ever *ſo?*—Afraid of the cenſure of her you love—Yet not conſcious that you deſerve it?

Of this, however, I am convinced, that I ſhould *indeed* deſerve cenſure, if I kept any ſecret of my heart from you.

But I will not add another word, after I have aſſured you, that I will look ſtill more narrowly into myſelf: And that I am

Your equally ſincere and affectionate

CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XLVII.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq;*

Sat. Evening.

I Had a charming Airing. No return of my malady. My heart perfectly eaſy, how could my ſtomach be otherwiſe?

But when I came home, I found that my ſweet ſoul had been alarmed by *a new incident*—The enquiry after us both, in a very ſuſpicious manner, and that by deſcription of our perſons, and not by names, by a ſervant in a blue livery turn'd up and trimm'd with yellow.

Dorcas

Dorcas was called to him, as the upper ſervant; and ſhe refuſing to anſwer any of the fellow's queſtions, unleſs he told his buſineſs, and from whom he came, the fellow (as ſhort as ſhe) ſaid, That if ſhe would not anſwer *him*, perhaps ſhe might anſwer ſomebody *elſe*; and went away out of humour.

Dorcas hurried up to her Lady, and alarmed her not only with the fact, but with her own conjectures; adding, that he was an ill-looking fellow, and ſhe was ſure could come for no good.

The livery and the features of the ſervant were particularly enquired after, and as particularly deſcribed—*Lord bleſs her! no end of her alarms, ſhe thought!* And then did her apprehenſions anticipate every evil that could happen.

She wiſhed Mr. Lovelace would come in.

Mr. Lovelace came in ſoon after; all lively, grateful, full of hopes, of duty, of love, to thank his Charmer, and to congratulate with her upon the cure ſhe had performed. And then ſhe told the Story, with all its circumſtances; and Dorcas, to point her Lady's fears, told us, that the ſervant was a ſun-burnt fellow, and looked as if he had been at Sea.

He was then, no doubt, Captain Singleton's ſervant, and the next news ſhe ſhould hear, was, that the houſe was ſurrounded by a whole Ship's crew; the veſſel lying no farther off, as ſhe underſtood, than Rotherhith.

Impoſſible, I ſaid. Such an *attempt* would not be uſhered in by ſuch a *manner of enquiry*. And why may it not rather be a ſervant of your Couſin Morden, with notice of his arrival, and of his deſign to attend you?

This ſurmize delighted her. Her apprehenſions went off, and ſhe was at leiſure to congratulate me upon my ſudden recovery; which ſhe did in the moſt obliging manner.

But we had not ſat long together, when Dorcas

again came fluttering up to tell us, that the footman, the *very* footman, was again at the door, and enquired, whether Mr. Lovelace and his Lady, *by name*, had not lodgings in this houſe? He aſked, he told Dorcas, for no harm: But his diſavowing of harm, was a demonſtration with my apprehenſive Fair-one, that harm was intended. And as the fellow had not been anſwered by Dorcas, I propoſed to go down to the Street-parlour, and hear what he had to ſay.

I ſee your cauſeleſs terror, my deareſt life, ſaid I, and your impatience—Will you be pleaſed to walk down—And without being obſerved (for he ſhall come no farther than the Parlour-door) you may hear all that paſſes?

She conſented. We went down. Dorcas bid the man come forward. Well, friend, what is your buſineſs with Mr. and Mrs. Lovelace?

Bowing, ſcraping, I am ſure *you* are the gentleman, Sir. Why, Sir, my buſineſs is only to know if your Honour be here, and to be ſpoken with; or if you ſhall be here for any time?

Whom came you from?

From a gentleman who ordered me to ſay, if I was *made* to tell, but not elſe, it was from a friend of Mr. John Harlowe, Mrs. Lovelace's eldeſt Uncle.

The dear creature was ready to ſink upon this. *It was but of late that ſhe had provided herſelf with Salts.* She pulled them out.

Do you know any-thing of Colonel Morden, friend? ſaid I.

No; I never heard of his name.

Of Captain Singleton?

No, Sir. But the gentleman, my maſter, is a Captain too.

What is his name?

I don't know if I ſhould tell.

There

There can be no harm in telling the gentleman's name, if you come upon a good account.

That I do; for my maſter told me ſo; and there is not an honeſter gentleman on the face of *God's yearth*.—His name is Captain Tomlinſon, Sir.

I don't know ſuch a one.

I believe not, Sir. He was pleaſed to ſay, He don't know your Honour, Sir; but I heard him ſay as how he ſhould not be an unwelcome viſitor to you for all that.

Do you know ſuch a man as Captain Tomlinſon, my deareſt life [*Aſide*], your Uncle's friend?

No; but my Uncle may have acquaintance, no doubt, that I don't know.—But I hope [trembling] this is not a trick.

Well, friend, if your maſter has any-thing to ſay to Mr. Lovelace, you may tell him, that Mr. Lovelace is here; and will ſee him whenever he pleaſes.

The dear creature looked as if afraid that my engagement was too prompt for my own ſafety; and away went the fellow—*I wondering, that ſhe might not wonder*, that this Captain Tomlinſon, whoever he were, came not himſelf, or ſent not a Letter the ſecond time, when he had reaſon to ſuppoſe that I might be here.

Mean time, for fear that this ſhould be a contrivance of James Harlowe, who, I ſaid, loved plotting, though he had not a head turned for it, I gave ſome precautionary directions to the ſervants, and the women, whom, for the greater parade, I aſſembled before us: And my Beloved was reſolved *not to ſtir abroad till ſhe ſaw the iſſue of this odd affair*.

And here muſt I cloſe, *though in ſo great a puzzle*.

Only let me add, that poor Belton wants thee; for I dare not ſtir for my life.

Mowbray and Tourville ſkulk about like vaga-

bonds,

bonds, without heads, without hands, without ſouls; having neither You nor Me to conduct them. They tell me, they ſhall ruſt beyond the power of oil or action to brighten them up, or give them motion.

How goes it with thy Uncle?

LETTER XLVIII.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq;*

Sunday, May 28.

THIS Story of Captain Tomlinſon employed us not only for the time we were together laſt night, but all the while we ſat at breakfaſt this morning. She would ſtill have it, that it was the prelude to ſome miſchief from Singleton. I inſiſted (according to my former hint) that it might much more probably be a method taken by Colonel Morden to alarm her, previous to a perſonal viſit. Travelled gentlemen affected to ſurpriſe in this manner. And why, deareſt creature, ſaid I, muſt every-thing that happens, which we cannot immediately account for, be what we leaſt wiſh?

She had had ſo many diſagreeable things befal her of late, that her fears were too often ſtronger than her hopes.

And this, Madam, makes me apprehenſive, that you will get into ſo low-ſpirited a way, that you will not be able to enjoy the happineſs that ſeems to await us.

Her duty and her gratitude, ſhe gravely ſaid, to the Diſpenſer of all good, would ſecure her, ſhe hoped, againſt unthankfulneſs. And a thankful ſpirit was the ſame as a joyful one.

So, Belford, for all her future joys ſhe depends entirely upon the Inviſible Good. She is certainly right; ſince thoſe who fix leaſt upon Second Cauſes are the leaſt likely to be diſappointed—And is not this gravity for her gravity?

She

She had hardly done ſpeaking, when Dorcas came running up in a hurry—She ſet even *my* heart into a palpitation—Thump, thump, thump, like a precipitated pendulum in a clock-caſe—Flutter, flutter, flutter, my Charmer's, as by her ſweet boſom riſing to her chin I ſaw.

This lower claſs of People, my Beloved herſelf obſerved, were for ever aiming at the *ſtupid Wonderful*, and for making even common incidents matter of ſurprize.

Why the devil, ſaid I to the wench, this alarming hurry?—And with your ſpread fingers, and your O Madams, and O Sirs!—and be curs'd to you! Would there have been a ſecond of time difference, had you come up ſlowly?

Captain Tomlinſon, Sir!

Captain Devilſon, what care I?—Do you ſee how you have diſordered your Lady?

Good Mr. Lovelace, ſaid my Charmer, trembling [ſee, Jack, when ſhe has an end to ſerve, I am *good* Mr. Lovelace] If—if my brother,—if Captain Singleton ſhould appear—Pray now—I beſeech you—Let me beg of you—to govern your temper—My Brother is my Brother—Captain Singleton is but an *Agent*.

My deareſt life, folding my arms about her [When ſhe aſks favours, thought I, the devil's in it, if ſhe will not allow of ſuch innocent freedom as this, from *good* Mr. Lovelace too] you ſhall be witneſs of all that paſſes between us.—Dorcas, deſire the gentleman to walk up.

Let me retire to my chamber firſt!—Let me not be known to be in the houſe!

Charming dear!—Thou ſeeſt, Belford, ſhe is afraid of leaving me!—O the little witchcrafts! Were it not for ſurprizes now-and-then, how would an honeſt man know where to have them?

She withdrew to liſten—And tho' this incident has not

not turned out to anſwer *all I wiſhed from it*, yet is it neceſſary, if I would acquaint thee with my *whole circulation*, to be very particular in what paſſed between Captain Tomlinſon and me.

Enter Captain Tomlinſon in a riding-dreſs, whip in hand.

Your ſervant, Sir,—Mr. Lovelace, I preſume?

My name is Lovelace, Sir.

Excuſe the Day, Sir.—Be pleaſed to excuſe my Garb. I am obliged to go out of town directly, that I may return at night.

The Day is a good day. Your Garb needs no apology.

When I ſent my ſervant, I did not *know that I ſhould find time to do myſelf this honour*. All that I thought I could do to oblige my friend this journey, was *only* to aſſure myſelf of your abode; and whether there were a probability of being admitted to the ſpeech either of you, or your Lady.

Sir, you beſt know your own motives. What your time will permit you to do, you alſo beſt know. And here I am, attending your pleaſure.

My Charmer owned afterwards her concern on my being ſo ſhort. Whatever I ſhall mingle of her emotions, thou wilt eaſily gueſs I had afterwards.

Sir, I hope no offence. I intend none.

None—None at all, Sir.

Sir, I have no intereſt in the affair I come about. I may appear officious; and if I thought I ſhould, I would decline any concern in it, after I have juſt hinted what it is.

And pray, Sir, what is it?

May I aſk you, Sir, without offence, whether you wiſh to be reconciled, and to co-operate upon honourable terms, with *one* gentleman of the name of Harlowe; preparative, as it may be hoped, to a general reconciliation?

O how my heart fluttered! cried my Charmer.

I can't tell, Sir—[*And then it fluttered ſtill more, no doubt*]: The whole family have uſed me extremely ill. They have taken greater liberties with my character than are juſtifiable; and with my family *too*; which I can leſs forgive.

Sir, Sir, I have done. I beg pardon for this intruſion.

My beloved was then ready to ſink, and thought very hardly of me.

But, pray, Sir, to the immediate purpoſe of your preſent commiſſion; ſince a commiſſion it ſeems to be?

It is a commiſſion, Sir; and ſuch a one, as I thought would be agreeable to all parties, or I ſhould not have given myſelf concern about it.

Perhaps it *may*, Sir, when known. But let me aſk you one previous Queſtion; Do you know Colonel Morden, Sir?

No, Sir. If you mean *perſonally*, I do not. But I have heard my good friend Mr. John Harlowe talk of him with great reſpect; and as a Co-truſtee with him in a certain Truſt.

Lovel. I thought it probable, Sir, that the Colonel might be arrived; that you might be a gentleman of his acquaintance; and that ſomething of an agreeable ſurprize might be intended.

Capt. Had Colonel Morden been in England, Mr. John Harlowe would have known it; and then I ſhould not have been a ſtranger to it.

Lovel. Well but, Sir, have you then any commiſſion to me from Mr. John Harlowe?

Capt. Sir, I will tell you, as briefly as I can, the whole of what I have to ſay; but you'll excuſe me alſo a previous Queſtion, for which curioſity is not my motive; but it is neceſſary to be anſwered before I can proceed; as you will judge when you hear it.

Lovel. What, pray, Sir, is your queſtion?

Capt. Briefly, Whether you are actually, and *bona fide*, married to Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe?

I ſtarted, and, in a haughty tone, Is this, Sir, a queſtion that *muſt* be anſwered before you can proceed in the buſineſs you have undertaken?

I mean no offence, Mr. Lovelace. Mr. Harlowe ſought to me to undertake this office. I have daughters and nieces of my own. I thought it a good office, or I, who have many conſiderable affairs upon my hands, had not accepted of it. I know the world; and will take the liberty to ſay, That if that young Lady—

Captain Tomlinſon, I think you are called?

My name is Tomlinſon.

Why then, Captain Tomlinſon, no *liberty*, as you call it, will be taken well, that is not extremely delicate, when that Lady is mentioned.

When you had heard me out, Mr. Lovelace, and had found, I had ſo behaved, as to make the caution neceſſary, it would have been juſt to have given it.—Allow me to ſay, I know what is due to the character of a woman of virtue, as well as any man alive.

Why, Sir! Why, Captain Tomlinſon, you ſeem warm. If you intend any-thing by this [*O how I trembled!* ſaid the Lady, *when ſhe took notice of this part of our converſation afterwards*] I will only ſay, that this is a privileged place. It is at preſent my home, and an aſylum for any gentleman who thinks it worth his while to enquire after me, be the manner or end of his enquiry what it will.

I know not, Sir, that I have given occaſion for this. I make no ſcruple to attend you *elſewhere*, if I am troubleſome here. I was told, I had a warm young gentleman to deal with: But as I knew my intention, and that my commiſſion was an amicable one, I was the leſs concerned about that. I am

twice your age, Mr. Lovelace, I dare ſay: But I do aſſure you, that if either my meſſage, or my manner, give you offence, I can ſuſpend the one or the other for a day, or for ever, as you like. And ſo, Sir, any time before Eight to-morrow morning, you will let me know your further commands.—And was going to tell me where he might be found.

Captain Tomlinſon, ſaid I, you anſwer well. I love a man of ſpirit. Have you not been in the army?

I have, Sir; but have *turned my ſword into a plough-ſhare*, as the Scripture has it [*There was a clever fellow, Jack!—He was a good man with ſomebody, I warrant!* O what a fine coat and cloak for an hypocrite will a text of Scripture, properly applied, make at any time in the eye of the pious!—How eaſily are the good folks taken in!]—And all my delight, added he, for ſome years paſt, has been in cultivating my paternal Eſtate. I love a brave man, Mr. Lovelace, as well as ever I did in my life. But let me tell you, Sir, that when you come to my time of life, you will be of opinion, that there is not ſo much true bravery in youthful choler, as you may now think there is.

A clever fellow again, Belford!—Ear and heart, both at once, he took in my Charmer!—*'Tis well*, ſhe ſays, *there are ſome men who have wiſdom in their anger.*

Well, Captain, that is reproof for reproof. So we are upon a foot. And now give me the pleaſure of hearing the import of your commiſſion.

Sir, you muſt firſt allow me to repeat my queſtion: Are you really, and *bona fide*, married to Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe? Or are you not yet married?

Bluntly put, Captain. But if I anſwer that I *am*, what then?

Why then, Sir, I ſhall ſay, that you are a man of honour.

That

That I hope I am, whether *you* ſay it or not, Captain Tomlinſon.

Sir, I will be very frank in all I have to ſay on this ſubject---Mr. John Harlowe has lately found out, that you and his Niece are both in the ſame lodgings; that you have been long ſo; and that the Lady was at the Play with you yeſterday was ſe'nnight; and he hopes that you are actually married. He has indeed heard that you *are*; but as he knows your enterpriſing temper, and that you have declared, that you diſdain a relation to their family, he is willing by me to have your marriage confirmed from your own mouth, before he take the ſteps he is inclined to take in his Niece's favour. You will allow me to ſay, Mr. Lovelace, that he will not be ſatisfied with an anſwer that admits of the leaſt doubt.

Let me tell you, Captain Tomlinſon, that it is a high degree of vileneſs for any man to ſuppoſe---

Sir---Mr. Lovelace---don't put yourſelf into a paſſion. The Lady's relations are jealous of the honour of their family. They have prejudices to overcome as well as you---Advantage may have been taken---and the Lady, at the *time*, not to blame.

This Lady, Sir, could give no ſuch advantages: And if ſhe *had*, what muſt the *man* be, Captain Tomlinſon, who could have taken them?---Do you know the Lady, Sir?

I never had the honour to ſee her but once; and that was at Church; and ſhould not know her again.

Not know her again, Sir!---I thought there was not a man living who had once ſeen her, and would not know her among a thouſand.

I remember, Sir, that I thought I never ſaw a finer woman in my life. But, Mr. Lovelace, I believe, you will allow, that it is better that her relations ſhould have wronged *you*, than you the *Lady*.

I hope, Sir, you will permit me to repeat my queſtion.

Enter Dorcas, in a hurry.

A *gentleman*, this minute, Sir, deſires to ſpeak with your Honour---[*My Lady, Sir!---Aſide.*]

Could the dear creature put *Dorcas* upon telling this fib, yet want to ſave *me* one?---

Deſire the gentleman to walk into one of the parlours. I will wait on him preſently.

[*Exit Dorcas.*

The dear creature, I doubted not, wanted to inſtruct me how to anſwer the Captain's home Put. I knew how I intended to anſwer it---Plumb, thou may'ſt be ſure---But Dorcas's meſſage ſtaggered me. And yet I was upon one of my maſter-ſtrokes---Which was, To take advantage of the Captain's enquiries, and to make her *own her marriage before him*, as ſhe had done to the people below; and if ſhe had been brought to that, to induce her, for her Uncle's ſatisfaction, to write him a Letter of gratitude; which of courſe muſt have been ſigned *Clariſſa Lovelace*. I was loth, therefore, thou may'ſt believe, to attend her ſudden commands: And yet, afraid of puſhing matters beyond recovery with her, I thought proper to lead him from the queſtion, to account for himſelf, and for Mr. Harlowe's coming at the knowlege of where we are; and for other particulars which I knew would engage her attention; and which might poſſibly convince her of the neceſſity there was for her to acquieſce in the affirmative I was diſpoſed to give. And this for her own ſake; for what, as I aſked her afterwards, is it to me, whether I am ever reconciled to her family?---A family, Jack, which I muſt for ever deſpiſe.

You think, Captain, that I have anſwered doubtfully to the queſtion you put. You *may* think ſo. And you muſt know, that I have a good deal of pride;

pride; and, only that you are a gentleman, and ſeem in this affair to be governed by generous motives, or I ſhould ill brook being interrogated as to my honour to a Lady ſo dear to me.—But before I anſwer more directly to the point, pray ſatisfy me in a queſtion or two that I ſhall put to *you*.

With all my heart, Sir. Aſk me what queſtions you pleaſe, I will anſwer them with ſincerity and candour.

You ſay, Mr. Harlowe has found out that we were at a Play together: And that we were both in the ſame lodgings—How, pray, came he at his knowlege?—For, let me tell you, that I have for certain conſiderations (not reſpecting myſelf, I will aſſure you) condeſcended, that our abode ſhould be kept ſecret. And this has been ſo ſtrictly obſerved, that even Miſs Howe, though ſhe and my Beloved correſpond, knows not directly whither to ſend to us.

Why, Sir, the perſon who ſaw you at the Play, was a tenant of Mr. John Harlowe. He watched all your motions. When the Play was done, he followed your coach to your lodgings. And early the next day, Sunday, he took horſe, and acquainted his landlord with what he had obſerved.

Lovel. How oddly things come about!—But does any other of the Harlowes know where we are?

Capt. It is an abſolute ſecret to every other perſon of the family; and ſo it is intended to be kept: As alſo that Mr. John Harlowe is willing to enter into treaty with you, by me, if his Niece *be actually married*; for perhaps he is aware, that he ſhall have difficulty enough with ſome people to bring about the deſirable Reconciliation, altho' he could give them this aſſurance.

I doubt it not, Captain---To James Harlowe is all the family folly owing.---Fine fools! [*heroically ſtalking about*] to be governed by one to whom malice, and not genius, gives the buſy livelineſs that diſtin-

guiſhes him from a Natural!---But how long, pray, Sir, has Mr. John Harlowe been in this pacific diſpoſition?

I will tell you, Mr. Lovelace, and the occaſion; and be very explicit upon it, and upon all that concerns you to know of me, and of the commiſſion I have undertaken to execute; and this the rather, as when you have heard me out, you will be ſatisfied, that I am not an officious man in this my preſent addreſs to you.

I am all attention, Captain Tomlinſon.

And ſo I doubt not was my Beloved.

Capt. 'You muſt know, Sir, that I have not been 'many *months* in Mr. John Harlowe's neighbourhood. 'I removed from Northamptonſhire, partly for the 'ſake of better managing one of two Executorſhips, 'which I could not avoid engaging in (the affairs of 'which frequently call me to town, and are part of 'my preſent buſineſs); and partly for the ſake of occupying a neglected farm, which has *lately* fallen 'into my hands. But tho' an acquaintance of no 'longer ſtanding, and that commencing on the Bowling-green [*Uncle John is a great Bowler, Belford*] '(upon my deciſion of a point to every one's ſatisfaction, which was appealed to me by all the gentlemen; and which might have been attended with 'bad conſequences) no two Brothers have a more 'cordial eſteem for each other. You know, Mr. 'Lovelace, that there is a *conſent*, as I may call it, 'in ſome minds, which will unite them ſtronger together in a few hours, than years can do with 'others, whom yet we ſee not with diſguſt.'

Lovel. Very true, Captain.

Capt. 'It was on the foot of this avowed friendſhip on both ſides, that on Monday the 15th, as I 'very well remember, Mr. Harlowe invited himſelf 'home with me. And when there, he acquainted 'me with the whole of the unhappy affair that had

'made

'made them all ſo uneaſy. Till then I knew it on-
'ly by report; for, intimate as we were, I forbore
'to ſpeak of what was ſo near his heart, till he be-
'gan firſt. And then he told me, that he had had
'an application made to him, two or three days be-
'fore, by a gentleman whom he named (*a*), to
'induce him not only to be reconciled himſelf to
'his Niece, but to forward for her a general Re-
'conciliation.

'A like application, he told me, had been made
'to his Siſter Harlowe, by a good woman whom
'every body reſpected; who had intimated, that his
'Niece, if encouraged, would again put herſelf
'into the protection of her friends, *and leave you:*
'But if not, that *ſhe muſt unavoidably be yours.*'

I hope, Mr. Lovelace, I make no miſchief.---You look concerned---You ſigh, Sir.

Proceed, Captain Tomlinſon. Pray proceed.---*And I ſighed ſtill more profoundly.*

Capt. 'They all thought it extremely particular,
'that a Lady ſhould decline marriage with a man ſhe
'had ſo lately gone away with.'

Pray, Captain---*Pray*, Mr. Tomlinſon---No more of this ſubject. My Beloved is an angel. In every-thing unblameable. Whatever faults there have been, have been *theirs* and *mine*. What you would further ſay, is, that the *unforgiving* family rejected her ap-plication. They did. She and I had had a miſun-derſtanding. *The falling out of Lovers*---you know, Captain.---We have been happier ever ſince.

Capt. 'Well, Sir; but Mr. John Harlowe could
'not but better conſider the matter *afterwards*. And
'he deſired my advice how to act in it. He told
'me, that no Father ever loved a Daughter as he
'loved this Niece of his; whom, indeed, he uſed
'to call his *Daughter-niece*. He ſaid, ſhe had really
'been unkindly treated by her Brother and Siſter:

(*a*) See Miſs Howe's Letters, p. 59, 78.

'And as your alliance, Sir, was far from being a 'diſcredit to their family, he would do his endeavour 'to reconcile all parties, if he could be ſure that ye 'were actually man and wife.'

Lovel. And what, pray, Captain, was your advice?

Capt. 'I gave it as my opinion, that if his Niece 'were unworthily treated, and in diſtreſs (as he ap'prehended from the application to him) he would 'ſoon hear of her again: But that it was likely, that 'this application was made without *expecting* it would 'ſucceed; and as a Salvo only, to herſelf, for marry'ing without their conſent. And the rather thought 'I ſo, as he had told me, that it came from a young 'Lady her friend, and not in a direct way *from her'ſelf*; which young Lady was no favourite of the 'family; and therefore would hardly have been em'ployed, had ſucceſs been expected.'

Lovel. Very well, Captain Tomlinſon—Pray proceed.

Capt. 'Here the matter reſted till laſt Sunday even'ing, when Mr. John Harlowe came to me with the 'man who had ſeen you and your Lady (as I preſume 'ſhe is) at the Play; and who had aſſured him, that 'you both lodged in the ſame houſe.—And then the 'application having been ſo lately made, which im'plied, that you were not then married, he was ſo 'uneaſy for his Niece's honour, that I adviſed him 'to diſpatch to town ſome one in whom he could 'confide, to make proper enquiries.'

Lovel. Very well, Captain—And was ſuch a perſon employed on ſuch an errand by her Uncle?

Capt. 'A truſty and diſcreet perſon was accord'ingly ſent; and laſt Tueſday, I think it was (for 'he returned to us on the Wedneſday) he made the 'enquiries among the neighbours firſt [*The very en'quiry, Jack, that gave us alſo much uneaſineſs* (*a*).

(*a*) See p. 235.

'But

'But finding, that none of them could give any ſa-
'tisfactory account, the Lady's woman was come
'at, who declared, that you were actually married.
'But the Enquiriſt keeping himſelf on the reſerve
'as to his employers, the girl refuſed to tell the day,
'or to give him other particulars.'

Lovel. You give a very clear account of every-thing, Captain Tomlinſon. Pray proceed.

Capt. 'The gentleman returned; and on his re-
'port Mr. Harlowe, having ſtill doubts, and being
'willing to proceed on ſome grounds in ſo impor-
'tant a point, beſought me (as my affairs called me
'frequently to town) to undertake this matter.
"You, Mr. Tomlinſon, he was pleaſed to ſay, have
"children of your own: You know the world:
"You know what I drive at: You will proceed,
"I am ſure, with underſtanding and ſpirit: And
"whatever you are ſatisfied with, ſhall ſatisfy me."

Enter Dorcas again in a hurry.

Sir, the gentleman is impatient.

I will attend him preſently.

The Captain then accounted for his not calling in perſon, when he had reaſon to think us here.

He ſaid he had buſineſs of conſequence a few miles out of town, whither he thought he muſt have gone yeſterday, and having been obliged to put off his little journey till this day, and underſtanding that we were within, not knowing whether he ſhould have ſuch another opportunity, he was willing to try his good fortune before he ſet out; and this made him come booted and ſpurred, as I ſaw him.

He dropped a hint in commendation of the people of the houſe; but it was in ſuch a way, as to give no room to ſuſpect that he thought it *neceſſary* to en-quire after the character of perſons who make ſo gen-teel an appearance, as he obſerved they do.

And here let me remark, that my Beloved might

collect another circumſtance in favour of the people below, had ſhe doubted their characters, from the ſilence of her Uncle's Enquiriſt on Tueſday among the neighbours.

Capt. 'And now, Sir, that I believe I have ſatiſ-
'fied you in every thing relating to my commiſſion,
'I hope you will permit me to repeat my queſtion—
'which is—

Enter Dorcas again, out of breath.

Sir, the gentleman will ſtep up to *you.* [*My Lady is impatient. She wonders at your Honour's delay. Aſide.*]

Excuſe me, Captain, for one moment.

I have ſtaid my full time, Mr. Lovelace. What may reſult from my queſtion and your anſwer, whatever it ſhall be, may take us up time.—And you are engaged. Will you permit me to attend you in the morning, before I ſet out on my return?

You will then breakfaſt with me, Captain?

It muſt be early if I do. I muſt reach my own houſe to-morrow night, or I ſhall make the beſt of wives unhappy. And I have two or three places to call at in my way.

It ſhall be by Seven o'clock, if you pleaſe, Captain. We are early folks. And this I will tell you, that if ever I am reconciled to a family ſo implacable as I have always found the Harlowes to be, it muſt be by the mediation of ſo cool and ſo moderate a gentleman as yourſelf.

And ſo, with the higheſt civilities on both ſides, we parted. But for the private ſatisfaction of ſo good a man, I left him out of doubt, that we were man and wife, tho' I did not directly aver it.

LET-

LETTER XLIX.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq;*

Sunday Night.

THIS Captain Tomlinſon is one of the happieſt, as well as one of the beſt men in the world. What would I give to ſtand as high in my Beloved's opinion, as he does! But yet I am as good a man as he, were I to tell my own ſtory, and have equal credit given to it. But the devil ſhould have had him before I had ſeen him on the account he came upon, had I thought I ſhould not have anſwered my principal end in it. I hinted to thee in my laſt what that was.

But to the particulars of the conference between my Fair-one, and me, on her haſty meſſages; which I was loth to come to, becauſe ſhe has had an half triumph over me in it.

After I had attended the Captain down to the very paſſage, I returned to the Dining-room, and put on a joyful air, on my Beloved's entrance into it—O my deareſt creature, ſaid I, let me congratulate you on a proſpect ſo agreeable to your wiſhes! And I ſnatched her hand, and ſmothered it with kiſſes.

I was going on; when, interrupting me, You ſee, Mr. Lovelace, ſaid ſhe, how you have embarraſſed yourſelf, by your obliquities! You ſee, that you have not been able to return a direct anſwer to a plain and honeſt queſtion, tho' upon it depends all the happineſs on the proſpect of which you congratulate me.

You know, my beſt Love, what my prudent, and I will ſay, my *kind* motives were, for giving out, that we were married. You ſee, that I have taken no advantage of it; and that no inconvenience has followed it. You ſee that your Uncle wants only to be aſſured from ourſelves, *that it is ſo*—

Not another word on this ſubject, Mr. Lovelace. I will not only riſque, but I will forfeit, the Reconciliation ſo near my heart, rather than I will go on to countenance a ſtory ſo untrue!

My deareſt ſoul—Would you have me appear—

I would have you appear, Sir, as *you are!* I am reſolved that I will appear to my Uncle's friend, and to my Uncle, as I *am.*

For one week, my deareſt life! Cannot you for one week—only till the Settlements—

Not for one hour, with my own conſent. You don't know, Sir, how much I have been afflicted, that I have appeared to the people below what I am not. But my Uncle, Sir, ſhall never have it to upbraid me, nor will I to upbraid myſelf, that I have wilfully paſſed upon him in falſe lights.

What, my dear, would you have me ſay to the Captain to-morrow morning? I have given him room to think—

Then put him right, Mr. Lovelace. Tell the truth. Tell him what you pleaſe of the favour of your relations to me: Tell him what you will about the Settlements: And if when drawn, you will ſubmit them to his peruſal and approbation, it will ſhew him how much you are in earneſt.

My deareſt life—Do you think, that he would diſapprove of the terms I have offered?

No.

Then may I be accurſed, if I willingly ſubmit to be trampled under-foot by my enemies!

And may I, Mr. Lovelace, never be happy in this life, if I ſubmit to the paſſing upon my Uncle Harlowe a wilful and premeditated falſhood for truth! I have too long laboured under the affliction which the rejection of all my friends has given me, to purchaſe my Reconciliation with them now at ſo dear a price as at that of my veracity.

The women below, my dear—

What are the women below to me? I want not to eſtabliſh myſelf with them. Need they know all that paſſes between my relations and you and me?

Neither are they any-thing to me, Madam. Only, that when, for the ſake of preventing the fatal miſchiefs which might have attended your Brother's projects, I have made them think us married, I would not appear to them in a light which you yourſelf think ſo ſhocking. By my ſoul, Madam, I had rather die, than contradict myſelf ſo flagrantly, after I have related to them ſo many circumſtances of our marriage.

Well, Sir, the women may believe what they pleaſe. That I have given countenance to what you told them, is my error. The many circumſtances which you own *one* untruth has drawn you in to relate, is a juſtification of my refuſal in the preſent caſe.

Don't you ſee, Madam, that your Uncle wiſhes to find that we are married? May not the ceremony be privately over, before his mediation can take place?

Urge this point no farther, Mr. Lovelace. If *you* will not tell the truth, *I* will to-morrow morning (if I ſee Captain Tomlinſon) tell it myſelf. Indeed I will.

Will you, Madam, conſent, that things paſs as before with the people below? This mediation of Tomlinſon *may* come to nothing. Your Brother's ſchemes *may* be purſued; the rather, that now he will know (perhaps from your Uncle) that you are not under a legal protection.—You will, at leaſt, conſent, that things paſs *here* as before?—

To permit this, is to go on in an error, Mr. Lovelace. But as the occaſion for ſo doing (if there *can* be in your opinion an occaſion that will warrant an untruth) will, as I preſume, ſoon be over, I ſhall the leſs

leſs diſpute that point with you. But a new error I will not be guilty of, if I can avoid it.

Can I, do you think, Madam, have any diſhonourable view in the ſtep I ſuppoſed you would not ſcruple to take towards a Reconciliation with your own family? Not for *my own* ſake, you know did I wiſh you to take it; for what is it to me, if I am never reconciled to your family? I want no favours from them.

I hope, Mr. Lovelace, there is no occaſion, in our preſent *not* diſagreeable ſituation, to anſwer ſuch a queſtion. And let me ſay, that I ſhall think my proſpects ſtill more agreeable, if, to-morrow morning, you will not only own the very truth, but give my Uncle's friend ſuch an account of the ſteps you have taken, and are taking, as may keep up my Uncle's favourable intentions towards me. This you may do under what reſtrictions of ſecreſy you pleaſe. Captain Tomlinſon is a prudent man; a promoter of family-peace, you find; and, I dare ſay, may be made a friend.

I ſaw there was no help. I ſaw that the inflexible Harlowe ſpirit was all up in her.—A little witch!—A little—Forgive me, Love, for calling her names! And ſo I ſaid, with an air, We have had too many miſunderſtandings, Madam, for me to wiſh for new ones: I will obey you without reſerve. Had I not thought I ſhould have obliged you by the other method (eſpecially as the Ceremony might have been over, before any-thing could have operated from your Uncle's intentions, and of conſequence no untruth perſiſted in) I would not have propoſed it. But think not, my beloved creature, that you ſhall enjoy, without condition, this triumph over my judgment.

And then, claſping my arms about her, I gave her averted cheek (her charming Lip deſigned) a fervent

kiſs.

kiſs.—And your forgiveneſs of this ſweet freedom [bowing] is that condition.

She was not mortally offended. And now muſt I make out the reſt as well as I can. But this I will tell thee, that altho' her triumph has not diminiſhed my Love for her; yet it has ſtimulated me more than ever to *Revenge*, as thou wilt be apt to call it. But *Victory* or *Conqueſt* is the more proper word.

There is a pleaſure, 'tis true, in ſubduing one of theſe watchful Beauties. But, by my Soul, Belford, men of our caſt take twenty times the pains to be rogues, that it would coſt them to be honeſt; and dearly, with the ſweat of our brows, and to the puzzling of our brains (to ſay nothing of the hazards we run) do we earn our purchaſe; and ought not therefore to be grudged our ſucceſs when we meet with it—Eſpecially as, when we have obtained our end, ſatiety ſoon follows; and leaves us little or nothing to ſhew for it. But this, indeed, may be ſaid of all worldly delights.—And is not that a grave reflection from me?

I was willing to write up to the time. Altho' I have not carried my principal point, I ſhall make ſomething turn out in my Favour from Captain Tomlinſon's errand. But let me give thee this caution; that thou do not pretend to judge of my devices by *parts*; but have patience till thou ſeeſt the *whole*. But once more I ſwear, that I will not be *out-Norris'd* by a pair of novices. And yet I am very apprehenſive at times, of the conſequences of Miſs Howe's Smuggling ſcheme.

My conſcience, I ſhould think, ought not to reproach me for a contrivance, which is juſtified by the contrivances of two ſuch girls as theſe: One of whom (the more excellent of the two) I have always, with her own approbation as I imagine, propoſed for my imitation.

But here, Jack, is the thing that concludes me,

and caſes my heart with adamant: I find by Miſs Howe's Letters, that it is owing to *her*, that I have made no greater progreſs with my blooming Fair-one. She loves me. The Ipecacuanha contrivance convinces me, that ſhe loves me. Where there is Love, there muſt be confidence, or a deſire of having *reaſon* to confide. Generoſity founded on my ſuppoſed generoſity, has taken hold of her heart. Shall I not now ſee (ſince I muſt be for ever unhappy, if I marry her, and leave any trial uneſſayed) what I can make of her Love, and her newly-raiſed confidence?—Will it not be to my glory to ſucceed? And to hers and to the honour of her Sex, if I cannot?—Where then will be the hurt to either, to make the trial? And cannot I, as I have often ſaid, reward her when I will by marriage?

'Tis late, or rather early; for the day begins to dawn upon me. I am plaguy heavy. Perhaps I need not to have told thee that. But will only indulge a doze in my chair for an hour; then ſhake myſelf, waſh and refreſh. At my time of life, with ſuch a conſtitution as I am bleſſed with, that's all that's wanted.

Good night to me!—It cannot be broad day till I am awake.—Aw-w-w-whaugh—Pox of this yawning!

Is not thy Uncle dead yet?

What's come to mine, that he writes not to my laſt?—Hunting after more *wiſdom of nations*, I ſuppoſe! — Yaw-Yaw-Yawn-ing again! — Pen, begone!

LET-

LETTER L.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq;*

Monday, May 29.

NOW have I eſtabliſhed myſelf for ever in my Charmer's heart.

The Captain came at Seven, as promiſed, and ready equipped for his journey. My Beloved choſe not to give us her company till our firſt converſation was over—Aſhamed, I ſuppoſe, to be preſent at that part of it, which was to reſtore her to her *Virgin ſtate* by my confeſſion, after her *Wifehood* had been reported to her Uncle. But ſhe took her cue nevertheleſs, and liſtened to all that paſſed.

The modeſteſt women, Jack, muſt *think*, and think deeply ſometimes. I wonder whether they ever bluſh at thoſe things by themſelves, at which they have ſo charming a knack of bluſhing in company. If not; and if bluſhing be a ſign of grace or modeſty; have not the Sex as great a command over their Bluſhes, as they are ſaid to have over their Tears? This reflection would lead me a great way into female minds, were I diſpoſed to purſue it.

I told the Captain, that I would prevent his queſtion; and accordingly (after I had enjoined the ſtricteſt ſecrecy, that no advantage might be given to James Harlowe; and which he anſwered for as well on Mr. Harlowe's part as his own) I acknowleged nakedly and fairly the whole truth—To wit, 'That 'we were not yet married. I gave him hints of the 'cauſes of procraſtination. Some of them owing to 'unhappy miſunderſtandings: But chiefly to the 'Lady's deſire of previous Reconciliation with her 'friends; and to a delicacy that had no example.'

Leſs nice Ladies than this, Jack, love to have delays, wilful and *ſtudied* delays, *imputed to them* in theſe caſes—Yet are indelicate in their affected delicacy; for

for do they not thereby tacitly confeſs, that they expect to be the greateſt gainers in wedlock; and that there is *ſelf-denial* in the pride they take in delaying?

'I told him the reaſon of our paſſing to the people 'below as married—Yet as under a vow of reſtric- 'tion, as to conſummation, which had kept us 'both to the height, one of *forbearing*, the other of '*vigilant* punctilio; even to the denial of thoſe in- 'nocent freedoms, which betrothed Lovers never 'ſcruple to allow and to take.

'I then communicated to him a copy of my pro- 'poſal of Settlement; the ſubſtance of her written 'anſwer; the contents of my Letter of invitation to 'Lord M. to be her Nuptial-father; and of my 'Lord's generous reply. But ſaid, that having ap- 'prehenſions of delay from his infirmities, and my 'Beloved chuſing by all means (and that from prin- 'ciples of *unrequited* duty) a private Solemnization, 'I had written to excuſe his Lordſhip's preſence; 'and expected an anſwer every hour.

'The Settlements, I told him, were actually 'drawing by Counſellor Williams, of whoſe emi- 'nence he muſt have heard—'

He had.

'And of the truth of this he might ſatisfy himſelf 'before he went out of town.

'When theſe were drawn, approved, and en- 'groſſed, nothing, I ſaid, but ſigning, and the no- 'mination of my happy day, would be wanting. I 'had a pride, I declared, in doing the higheſt juſtice, 'to ſo beloved a creature, of my own voluntary mo- 'tion, and without the intervention of a family from 'whom I had received the greateſt inſults. And 'this being our preſent ſituation, I was contented 'that Mr. John Harlowe ſhould ſuſpend his recon- 'ciliatory purpoſes, till our marriage were actually 'ſolemnized.'

The

The Captain was highly delighted with all I ſaid: Yet owned, that as his dear friend Mr. Harlowe had expreſſed himſelf greatly pleaſed to hear that we were actually married, he could have wiſhed it had been ſo. But, nevertheleſs, he doubted not that all would be well.

He ſaw my reaſons, he ſaid, and approved of them, for making the gentlewomen below [whom again he *underſtood to be good ſort of people*] believe, that the Ceremony had paſſed; which ſo well accounted for what the Lady's maid had told Mr. Harlowe's friend. Mr. James Harlowe, he ſaid, had certainly ends to anſwer in keeping open the breach; and *as* certainly *had formed a deſign to get his Siſter out of my hands.* Wherefore it has much imported his worthy friend to keep this treaty a ſecret, as it did me; at leaſt till he had formed his party, and taken his meaſures. Ill-will and paſſion were dreadful miſrepreſenters. It was amazing to him, that animoſity could be carried ſo high againſt a man capable of views ſo pacific and ſo honourable, and who had ſhewn ſuch a command of his temper, in this whole tranſaction, as I had done. Generoſity, indeed, in every caſe, where love of ſtratagem and intrigue (I would excuſe him) were not concerned, was a part of my character.

He was proceeding, when breakfaſt being ready, in came the Empreſs of my heart, irradiating all around her, as with a glory—A benignity and graciouſneſs in her aſpect, that, tho' natural to it, had been long baniſhed from it.

Next to proſtration lowly bowed the Captain. O how the ſweet creature ſmiled her approbation of him! Reverence from one, begets reverence from another. Men are more of monkeys in imitation, than they think themſelves—Involuntarily, in a manner, I bent my knee—My deareſt life—and made a very fine ſpeech on preſenting the Captain to her. No title, myſelf, to her lip or cheek, 'tis well *he* attempted

attempted not either. He was indeed ready to worſhip her;—could only touch her charming hand.

I have told the Captain, my dear creature—And then I briefly repeated (as if I had ſuppoſed ſhe had not heard it) all I had told him.

He was aſtoniſhed, that any-body could be diſpleaſed one moment with ſuch an angel. He undertook her cauſe as the higheſt degree of merit to himſelf.

Never, I muſt needs ſay, did the angel ſo much *look* the angel. All placid, ſerene, ſmiling, ſelf-aſſured: A more lovely fluſh than uſual heightening her natural graces, and adding charms, even to radiance, to her charming complexion.

After we had ſeated ourſelves, the agreeable ſubject was renewed, as we took our chocolate. How happy ſhould ſhe be in her Uncle's reſtored favour!

The Captain engaged for it—No more delays, he hoped, on *her* part! Let the happy day be but *once* over, all would then be right. But was it improper to aſk for copies of my propoſals, and of her anſwer, in order to ſhew them to his dear friend her Uncle?

As Mr. Lovelace pleaſed—O that the dear creature would always ſay ſo!

It muſt be in ſtrict confidence then, I ſaid. But would it not be better to ſhew her Uncle the draught of the Settlements, when drawn?

And will you *be ſo good*, as to allow of this, Mr. Lovelace?

There, Belford! We were once *The Quarrelſome*, but now we are *The Polite*, *Lovers*.

Indeed, my deareſt creature, I will, *if you deſire it*, and if Captain Tomlinſon will engage, that Mr. Harlowe ſhall keep them abſolutely a Secret; that I may not be ſubjected to the cavil and controul of any others of a family that have uſed me ſo very ill.

Now indeed, Sir, you are very obliging.

Doſt

Doſt think, Jack, that my face did not now alſo ſhine?

I held out my hand (firſt conſecrating it with a kiſs) for hers. *She condeſcended to give it me.* I preſſed it to my lips: You know not, Captain Tomlinſon (with an air) all ſtorms overblown, what a happy man—

Charming couple! [His hands lifted up] How will my good friend rejoice! O that he were preſent! You know not, Madam, how dear you ſtill are to your Uncle Harlowe?—

I am unhappy ever to have diſobliged him!

Not too much of that, however, faireſt, thought I!

The Captain repeated his reſolutions of ſervice, and that in ſo acceptable a manner, that the dear creature wiſhed, that neither he, nor any of his, might ever want a friend of equal benevolence.

Nor any of his, ſhe ſaid; for the Captain brought it in, that he had five children living, by one of the beſt of wives and mothers, whoſe excellent management made him as happy, as if his Eight hundred pounds a year (which was all he had to boaſt of) were Two thouſand.

Without Oeconomy, the oraculous Lady ſaid, *no* Eſtate was large enough. *With* it, the *leaſt* was not too ſmall.

Lie ſtill, teazing villain! lie ſtill—I was only ſpeaking to my Conſcience, Jack.

And let me aſk you, Mr. Lovelace, ſaid the Captain; yet not ſo much from doubt, as that I may proceed upon ſure grounds—You are *willing* to co-operate with my dear friend in a general Reconciliation?

Let me tell you, Mr. Tomlinſon, that if it can be diſtinguiſhed, that my readineſs to make up with a family, of whoſe generoſity I have not had reaſon to think highly, is entirely owing to the value I have for this angel of a woman, I will not only co-operate with

with Mr. John Harlowe, as you aſk; but I will meet Mr. James Harlowe ſenior, and his Lady, *all the way*. And furthermore, to make the Son James and his Siſter Arabella quite eaſy, I will abſolutely diſclaim any further intereſt, whether living or dying, in any of the three Brothers Eſtates; contenting myſelf with what my Beloved's Grandfather has bequeathed to her: For I have reaſon to be abundantly ſatisfied with my own circumſtances and proſpects—Enough rewarded, were ſhe not to bring a ſhilling in dowry, in a woman who has a merit ſuperior to all the goods of fortune.—True as the Goſpel, Belford!—Why had not this Scene a real foundation!

The dear creature, by her eyes, expreſſed her gratitude, before her lips could utter it. O Mr. Lovelace, ſaid ſhe—You have infinitely—And there ſhe ſtopt.

The Captain run over in my praiſe. He was really affected.

O that I had not ſuch *a mixture of Revenge and Pride in my Love*, thought I!—But (my old plea) cannot I make her amends at any time? And is not her virtue now in the height of its probation?—Would ſhe lay aſide, like the friends of my uncontending Roſebud, all thoughts of defiance—Would ſhe throw herſelf upon my mercy, and try me but one fortnight in the Life of Honour—What then?—*I cannot ſay, What then.*—

Do not deſpiſe me, Jack, for my inconſiſtency—In no two letters perhaps agreeing with myſelf—Who expects conſiſtency in men of our character?—But I am mad with Love—Fired by Revenge—Puzzled with my own devices—My invention is my curſe—My pride my puniſhment—Drawn five or ſix ways at once, can *ſhe* poſſibly be ſo unhappy as *I*?—O why, why, was this woman ſo divinely excellent!—Yet how know I that ſhe is? What have been her trials? Have I had the courage to make a ſingle one upon

upon her *perſon*, tho' a thouſand upon her *temper*?—Enow, I hope, to make her afraid of ever diſobliging me more!—

* * * * *

I MUST baniſh Reflection, or I am a loſt man. For theſe two hours paſt have I hated myſelf for my own contrivances. And this not only from what I *have* related to thee; but from what I have *further* to relate. But I have now once more ſteeled my heart. My Vengeance is uppermoſt; *for I have been re-peruſing ſome of Miſs Howe's virulence.* The contempt they have both held me in, I cannot bear—

The happieſt breakfaſt-time, my Beloved owned, that ſhe had ever known *ſince ſhe had left her Father's houſe* [*She might have let this alone*]. The Captain renewed all his proteſtations of ſervice. He would write me word how his dear friend received the account he ſhould give him of the happy ſituation of our affairs, and what he thought of the Settlements, as ſoon as I ſhould ſend him the Draughts ſo kindly promiſed. And we parted with great profeſſions of mutual eſteem; my Beloved putting up vows for the ſucceſs of his generous mediation.

When I returned from attending the Captain down ſtairs, which I did to the outward door, my Beloved met me as I entered the Dining-room; complacency reigning in every lovely feature.

'You ſee me already, *ſaid ſhe*, another creature. 'You know not, Mr. Lovelace, how near my heart 'this hoped-for Reconciliation is. I am now willing 'to baniſh every diſagreeable remembrance. You 'know not, Sir, how much you have obliged me. 'And Oh, Mr. Lovelace, how happy ſhall I be, 'when my heart is lightened from the all-ſinking 'weight of a Father's Curſe! When my dear 'Mamma [You don't know, Sir, half the excel-'lencies of my dear Mamma! and what a kind heart 'ſhe has, when it is left to follow its own impulſes

'—When

'—When this bleſſed Mamma] ſhall once more fold 'me to her indulgent boſom! When I ſhall again 'have Uncles and Aunts, and a Brother and Siſter, 'all ſtriving who ſhall ſhew moſt kindneſs and favour 'to the poor outcaſt, then *no more* an outcaſt—And 'you, Mr. Lovelace, to behold all this, and to be 'received into a family ſo dear to me, with wel-'come—What tho' a little cold at firſt? when they 'come to know you better, and to ſee you oftener, 'no freſh cauſes of diſguſt occuring, and you, as I 'hope, having entered upon a new courſe, all will 'be warmer and warmer Love on both ſides, till 'every one will perhaps wonder, how they came to 'ſet themſelves againſt you.'

Then drying her tears with her handkerchief, after a few moments pauſing, on a ſudden; as if recollecting that ſhe had been led by her joy to an expreſſion of it which ſhe had not intended I ſhould ſee, ſhe retired to her chamber with precipitation; leaving me almoſt as unable to ſtand it as herſelf.

In ſhort, I was—I want words to ſay how I was—My noſe had been made to tingle before; my eyes have before been made to gliſten by this ſoul-moving Beauty; but ſo *very* much affected, I never was—for, trying to check my ſenſibility, it was too ſtrong for me, and I even ſobbed—Yes, by my ſoul, I *audibly* ſobbed, and was forced to turn from her before ſhe had well finiſhed her affecting ſpeech.

I want, methinks, now I have owned the odd ſenſation, to deſcribe it to thee—The thing was ſo ſtrange to me—Something choaking, as it were, in my throat—I know not how—Yet, I muſt needs ſay tho' I am out of countenance upon the recollection, that there was ſomething very pretty in it; and I wiſh I could know it again, that I might have a more perfect idea of it, and be better able to deſcribe it to thee.

But this effect of her joy on ſuch an occaſion gave me

me a high notion of what that Virtue muſt be [What other name can I call it?] which in a mind ſo capable of delicate tranſport, ſhould be able to make ſo charming a creature, in her very bloom, all froſt and ſnow to every advance of Love from the man ſhe hates not. This muſt be all from Education too—Muſt it not, Belford? Can *Education* have ſtronger force in a woman's heart than *Nature?*—Sure it cannot. But if it can, how entirely right are Parents to cultivate their Daughters Minds, and to inſpire them with notions of Reſerve and Diſtance to our Sex; and indeed to make them think highly of their own! For Pride is an excellent Subſtitute, let me tell thee, where Virtue ſhines not out, as the Sun, in its own unborrowed Luſtre.

LETTER LI.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq;*

AND now it is time to confeſs (and yet I know that thy Conjectures are aforehand with my Expoſition) that this Captain Tomlinſon, who is ſo great a favourite with my Charmer, and who takes ſo much delight in healing breaches, and reconciling differences, is neither a greater man nor a leſs, than honeſt Patrick M'Donald, attended by a diſcarded footman of his own finding out.

Thou knoweſt what a various-lifed raſcal he is; and to what better hopes born and educated. But that ingenious knack of Forgery, for which he was expelled the Dublin-Univerſity, and a detection ſince in Evidenceſhip, have been his ruin. For theſe have thrown him from one Country to another; and at laſt, into the way of life, which would make him a fit huſband for Miſs Howe's Townſend with her contrabands. He is, thou knoweſt, admirably qualified for any enterprize that requires adroitneſs and ſolemnity. And can there, after all, be a higher piece

of juſtice, than to keep one Smuggler in readineſs to play againſt another?

'Well but, Lovelace (methinks thou queſtioneſt) 'how cameſt thou to venture upon ſuch a contri-'vance as this, when, as thou haſt told me, the 'Lady uſed to be a month at a time at this Uncle's; 'and muſt therefore, in all probability, know, that 'there was not a Captain Tomlinſon in all the 'neighbourhood; at leaſt no one of the name ſo in-'timate with him, as this man pretends to be?'—

This objection, Jack, is ſo natural a one, that I could not help obſerving to my Charmer, that ſhe muſt ſurely have heard her Uncle ſpeak of this gentleman. No, ſhe ſaid, ſhe never had. Beſides, ſhe had not been at her Uncle Harlowe's for near ten months [*This I had heard her ſay before*]: And there were ſeveral gentlemen who uſed the ſame Green, whom ſhe knew not.

We are all very ready, thou knoweſt, to believe what ſhe likes.

And what was the reaſon, thinkeſt thou, that ſhe had not been of ſo long a time at this Uncle's?—Why, this old ſinner, who imagines himſelf entitled to call me to account for my Freedoms with the Sex, has lately fallen into familiarities, as it is ſuſpected, with his Houſekeeper; who aſſumes airs upon it.—A curſed deluding Sex!—In Youth, Middle Age, or Dotage, they take us all in.

Doſt thou not ſee, however, that this Houſekeeper knows nothing, nor is to know any-thing, of the Treaty of Reconciliation deſigned to be ſet on foot; and therefore the Uncle always comes to the Captain, the Captain goes not to the Uncle? And this I ſurmiſed to the Lady. And then it was a natural ſuggeſtion, that the Captain was the rather applied to, as he is a ſtranger to the reſt of the family—Need I tell thee the meaning of all this?

But this intrigue of the *Antient* is a piece of private hiſtory

hiſtory, the truth of which my Beloved cares not to own, and indeed affects to diſbelieve: As ſhe does alſo ſome puiſny gallantries of her fooliſh Brother; which, by way of recrimination, I have hinted at, without naming my informant in their family.

'Well but, methinks, thou queſtioneſt again, Is 'it not probable that Miſs Howe will make enquiry 'after ſuch a man as Tomlinſon?—And when ſhe 'cannot—'

I know what thou wouldſt ſay—But I have no doubt, that Wilſon will be ſo good, if I deſire it, as to give into my own hands any Letter that may be brought by Collins to his houſe, for a week to come. And now I hope thou art ſatisfied.

I will conclude with a ſhort Story.

'Two neighbouring Sovereigns were at war toge-'ther, about ſome pitiful chuck-farthing thing or 'other; no matter what; *for the leaſt trifles will ſet 'princes and children at loggerheads.* Their armies 'had been drawn up in battalia ſome days, and the 'news of a deciſive action was expected every hour 'to arrive at each court. At laſt, iſſue was joined; 'a bloody battle was fought; and a fellow who had 'been a ſpectator of it, arriving, with the news of a 'complete victory, at the capital of one of the princes 'ſome time before the appointed couriers, the bells 'were ſet a ringing, bonfires and illuminations were 'made, and the people went to bed intoxicated with 'joy and good liquor. But the next day all was re-'verſed: The victorious enemy, purſuing his ad-'vantage, was expected every hour at the gates of 'the almoſt defenceleſs capital. The firſt reporter 'was hereupon ſought for, and found; and being 'queſtioned, pleaded a great deal of merit, in that 'he had, in ſo diſmal a ſituation, taken ſuch a ſpace 'of time from the diſtreſs of his fellow-citizens, and 'given it to feſtivity, as were the hours between the 'falſe good news and the real bad.'

Do thou, Belford, make the application. This I know, that I have given greater joy to my Beloved, than ſhe had thought would ſo ſoon fall to her ſhare. And as the human life is properly ſaid to be chequer-work, no doubt but a perſon of her prudence will make the beſt of it, and ſet off ſo much good againſt ſo much bad, in order to ſtrike as juſt a balance as poſſible.

The Lady, in three ſeveral Letters, acquaints her friend with the moſt material paſſages and converſations contained in thoſe of Mr. Lovelace preceding. Theſe are her words, on relating what the commiſſion of the pretended Tomlinſon was, after the apprehenſions that his diſtant enquiry had given her:

At laſt, my dear, all theſe doubts and fears were cleared up, and baniſhed; and, in their place, a delightful proſpect was opened to me. For it comes happily out (but at preſent it muſt be an abſolute Secret, for reaſons which I ſhall mention in the ſequel) that the gentleman was ſent by my Uncle Harlowe [I thought he could not be angry with me for ever]; all owing to the converſation that paſſed between your good Mr. Hickman and him. For although Mr. Hickman's application was too harſhly rejected at the time, my Uncle could not but think better of it afterwards, and of the arguments that worthy gentleman uſed in my favour.

Who, upon a paſſionate repulſe, would deſpair of having a reaſonable requeſt granted?—Who would not, by gentleneſs and condeſcenſion, endeavour to leave favourable impreſſions upon an angry mind; which, when it comes coolly to reflect, may induce it to work itſelf into a condeſcending temper? To requeſt a favour, as I have often ſaid, is one thing; to challenge it as our due, is another. And what right has a petitioner to be angry at a *repulſe*, if he

he has not a right to *demand* what he ſues for as a *debt?*

She deſcribes Captain Tomlinſon, on his breakfaſt viſit, to be, a grave good ſort of a man. *And in another place,* a genteel man, of great gravity, and a good aſpect; ſhe believes upwards of fifty years of age. 'I liked him, *ſays ſhe,* as ſoon as 'I ſaw him.'

As her proſpects are now, as ſhe ſays, more favourable than heretofore, ſhe wiſhes, that her hopes of Mr. Lovelace's ſo-often-promiſed reformation were better grounded than ſhe is afraid they can be.

We have both been extremely puzzled, my dear, *ſays ſhe,* to reconcile ſome parts of Mr. Lovelace's character with other parts of it: His good with his bad; ſuch of the former in particular, as, His generoſity to his tenants; His bounty to the innkeeper's Daughter; His readineſs to put me upon doing kind things by my good Norton, and others.

A ſtrange mixture in his mind, as I have told him! For he is certainly (as I have reaſon to ſay, looking back upon his paſt behaviour to me in twenty inſtances) *a hard-hearted man.*—Indeed, my dear, *I have thought more than once, that he had rather ſee me in tears, than give me reaſon to be pleaſed with him.*

My Couſin Morden ſays, that free livers are remorſeleſs (*a*). And ſo they muſt be in the very nature of things.

Mr. Lovelace is a proud man. We have both long ago obſerved, that he is. And I am truly afraid, that his very Generoſity is more owing to his *Pride*

(*a*) See p. 33. See alſo Mr. Lovelace's own confeſſion of the delight he takes in a woman's tears, in different parts of his Letters.

and his *Vanity*, than that *Philanthropy* (ſhall I call it?) which diſtinguiſhes a beneficent mind.

Money he values not, but as a means to ſupport his Pride and his Independence. And it is eaſy, as I have often thought, for a perſon to part with a *ſecondary* appetite, when, by ſo doing, he can promote or gratify a *firſt*.

I am afraid, my dear, that there muſt have been ſome fault in his Education. His natural byas was not, I fanſy, ſufficiently attended to. He was inſtructed perhaps (as his power was likely to be large) to do good and beneficent actions; but not, I doubt, from *proper motives*.

If he *had*, his Generoſity would not have ſtopt at *Pride*, but would have ſtruck into *Humanity*; and then would he not have contented himſelf with doing praiſe-worthy things by Fits and Starts, or, as if relying on the doctrine of Merits, he hoped by a good action to atone for a bad one (*a*); but he would have been uniformly noble, and done the good for its *own* ſake.

O my dear! what a Lot have I drawn! *Pride* this poor man's *virtue*; and *Revenge* his other predominating quality!---This one conſolation, how-

(*a*) That the Lady judges rightly of him in this place, ſee Vol. I. p. 234, 235. where, giving the motive for his Generoſity to his Roſebud, he ſays—'As I make it my Rule, whenever I have committed a very 'capital enormity, to do ſome good by way of atonement; and as I 'believe I am a pretty deal indebted on that ſcore; I intend to join 'an hundred pounds to Johnny's Aunt's hundred pounds, to make one 'innocent couple happy.'—Beſides which motive, he had a further view to anſwer in that inſtance of his generoſity; as may be ſeen Vol. II. Letters xxv. xxvi. xxvii. See alſo the Note Vol. II. p. 157, 158.

To ſhew the conſiſtence of his actions, as they now appear, with his views and principles, as he lays them down in his *firſt Letters*, it may not be amiſs to refer the Reader to his Letters Vol. I. Numb. xxxiv. xxxv.

See alſo Vol. I. p. 192—195. and p. 272—274. for Clariſſa's early opinion of Mr. Lovelace.—Whence the Coldneſs and Indifference to him, which he ſo repeatedly accuſes her of, will be accounted for, more to *her* glory, than to *his* honour.

ever,

ever, remains: He is not an Infidel, and Unbeliever: Had he been an *Infidel*, there would have been no room at all for hope of him; but (priding himſelf, as he does, in his fertile invention) he would have been utterly abandoned, irreclaimable, and a ſavage.

When ſhe comes to relate thoſe occaſions, which Mr. Lovelace in his narrative acknowleges himſelf to be affected by, ſhe thus expreſſes herſelf:

He endeavoured, as once before, to conceal his emotion. But why, my dear, ſhould theſe men (for Mr. Lovelace is not ſingular in this) think themſelves above giving theſe beautiful proofs of a feeling heart: Were it in my power again to chuſe, or to refuſe, I would reject the man with contempt, who ſought to ſuppreſs, or offered to deny, the power of being viſibly affected upon *proper* occaſions, as either a ſavage-hearted creature, or as one who was ſo ignorant of the principal glory of the human nature, as to place his pride in a barbarous inſenſibility.

Theſe lines tranſlated from Juvenal by Mr. Tate, I have been often pleaſed with:

Compaſſion proper *to* mankind *appears:*
Which nature witneſs'd, when ſhe lent us Tears.
Of tender ſentiments WE *only give*
Theſe proofs: To weep is OUR *prerogative:*
To ſhew by pitying looks, and melting eyes,
How with a ſuff'ring friend we ſympathize.
Who can all ſenſe of others ills eſcape,
Is but a brute at beſt, in human ſhape.

It cannot but yield me ſome pleaſure, hardly as I have ſometimes thought of the people of the houſe, that ſuch a good man as Captain Tomlinſon had ſpoken well of them, upon enquiry.

And here I ſtop a minute, my dear, to receive, in fancy, your kind congratulation.

My next, I hope, will confirm my preſent, and open ſtill more agreeable proſpects. Mean time be aſſured, that there cannot poſſibly any good fortune befal me, which I ſhall look upon with equal delight to that I have in your friendſhip.

My thankful compliments to your good Mr. Hickman, to whoſe kind intervention I am ſo much obliged on this occaſion, conclude me, my deareſt Miſs Howe,

Your ever affectionate and grateful

CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER LII.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq;*

Tueſday, May 30.

I Have a Letter from Lord M. Such an one as I would wiſh for, if I intended matrimony. But as matters are circumſtanced, I cannot think of ſhewing it to my Beloved.

My Lord regrets, 'that he is not to be the Lady's 'Nuptial Father. He ſeems apprehenſive that I have 'ſtill, ſpecious as my reaſons are, ſome miſchief in 'my head.'

He graciouſly conſents, that I may marry when 'I pleaſe; and offers one or both of my Couſins to 'aſſiſt my Bride, and to ſupport her ſpirits on the 'occaſion; ſince, as he underſtands, ſhe is ſo much 'afraid to venture with me.

'Pritchard, he tells me, has his final orders to 'draw up deeds for aſſigning over to me in perpe-'tuity 1000 *l. per annum*; which he will execute the 'ſame hour that the Lady in perſon owns her mar-'riage.'

He conſents, 'that the jointure be made from my 'own Eſtate.'

He wiſhes 'that the Lady would have accepted 'of his draught; and commends me for tendering it

'to her. But reproaches me for pride in not keep-
'ing it myſelf. *What the right-ſide gives up, the*
'*left*, he ſays, *may be the better for.*'

The girls, the *left-ſided* girls, he means.

With all my heart. If I can have my Clariſſa, the devil take every thing elſe.

A good deal of other ſtuff writes this ſtupid Peer; ſcribbling in ſeveral places half a dozen lines, apparently for no other reaſon, but to bring in as many muſty words in an Old Saw.

If thou aſkeſt, 'How I can manage, ſince my 'Beloved will wonder, that I have not an anſwer 'from my Lord to ſuch a Letter as I wrote to him; 'and if I own I have one, will expect that I ſhould 'ſhew it to her, as I did my Letter?'—This I anſwer—That I can be informed by Pritchard, that my 'Lord has the gout in his right-hand; and has or-'dered him to attend me in form, for my particular 'orders about the transfer:' And I can ſee Pritchard, thou knoweſt, at the King's Arms, or where-ever I pleaſe, *at an hour's warning*; *tho' he be at M. Hall, I in town*; and he, by word of mouth, can acquaint me with every-thing in my Lord's Letter *that is neceſſary for my Charmer to know.*

Whenever it ſuits me, *I can reſtore the old Peer to his right-hand*, and then can make him write a much more ſenſible Letter than this that he has now ſent me.

Thou knoweſt, that an adroitneſs in the Art of *Manual Imitation*, was one of my earlieſt attainments. It has been ſaid, on this occaſion, that had I been a *bad* man in *meum* and *tuum* matters, I ſhould not have been fit to live. As to the girls, we hold it no ſin to cheat them. And are we not told, that in being *well deceived* conſiſts the whole of human happineſs?

Wedneſday, May 31.

ALL ſtill happier and happier. A very high honour done me: A Chariot, inſtead of a Coach, permitted, purpoſely to indulge me in the Subject of ſubjects.

Our diſcourſe in this ſweet Airing turned upon our future manner of life. The Day is baſhfully promiſed me. *Soon* was the anſwer to my repeated urgency. Our Equipage, our Servants, our Liveries, were parts of the delightful ſubject. A deſire that the wretch who had given me intelligence out of the family (honeſt Joſeph Leman) might not be one of our menials; and her reſolution to have her faithful Hannah, whether recovered or not; were ſignified; and both as readily aſſented to.

Her wiſhes, from my attentive behaviour, when with her at St. Paul's (*a*), that I would often accompany her to the Divine Service, were gently intimated, and as readily engaged for. I aſſured her, that I ever had reſpected the Clergy in a body; and ſome individuals of them (her Dr. Lewen for one) highly: And that were not going to Church an act of Religion, I thought it [as I told thee once] (*b*) a moſt agreeable ſight to ſee Rich and Poor, all of a *company*, as I might ſay, aſſembled once a week in one place, and each in his or her beſt attire, to worſhip the God that made them. Nor could it be a hardſhip upon a man liberally educated, to make *one* on ſo ſolemn an occaſion, and to hear the harangue of a man of Letters (tho' far from being the principal part of the ſervice, as it is too generally looked upon to be) whoſe ſtudies having taken a different turn from his own, he muſt always have ſomething new to ſay.

She ſhook her head, and repeated the word *New*: But looked as if willing to be ſatisfied for the pre-

(*a*) See Vol. III. p. 325, 326. (*b*) Ibid. p. 324.

ſent

ſent with this anſwer. To be ſure, Jack, ſhe means to do great deſpight to his Satanic Majeſty in her hopes of reforming me. No wonder therefore if he exerts himſelf to prevent her, and to be revenged—But how came this in?—I am ever of party againſt myſelf.—One day, I fanſy, I ſhall hate myſelf on recollecting what I am about at this inſtant. But I muſt ſtay till then. We muſt all of us do ſomething to repent of.

The Reconciliation-proſpect was enlarged upon. If her Uncle Harlowe will but pave the way to it, and if it can be brought about, ſhe ſhall be happy.—Happy, with a ſigh, *as it is now poſſible ſhe can be!*—

She won't forbear, Jack!

I told her, that I had heard from Pritchard, juſt before we ſet out on our Airing, and expected him in town to-morrow from Lord M. to take my directions. I ſpoke with gratitude of my Lord's kindneſs to me; and with pleaſure of Lady Sarah's, Lady Betty's, and my two Couſins Montague's veneration for her: As alſo of his Lordſhip's concern that his gout hindered him from writing a reply *with his own hand* to my laſt.

She pitied my Lord. She pitied poor Mrs. Fretchville too; for ſhe had the goodneſs to enquire after her. The dear creature pitied every-body that ſeemed to want pity. Happy in her own proſpects, ſhe had leiſure to look abroad, and wiſhes every-body equally happy.

It is likely to go very hard with Mrs. Fretchville. Her Face, which ſhe had valued herſelf upon, will be utterly ruined. 'This good, however, as I could 'not but obſerve, ſhe may reap from ſo great an 'evil—As the greater malady generally ſwallows up 'the leſs, ſhe may have a grief on this occaſion, 'that may diminiſh the other grief, and make it 'tolerable.'

I had a gentle reprimand for this light turn on ſo heavy an evil—'For what was the loſs of Beauty to 'the loſs of a good Huſband?'—Excellent creature!

Her hopes (and her pleaſure upon thoſe hopes) that Miſs Howe's Mother would be reconciled to her, were alſo mentioned. *Good* Mrs. Howe was her word, for a woman ſo covetous, and ſo remorſleſs in her covetouſneſs, that no one elſe will call her *good*. But this dear creature has ſuch an extenſion in her Love, as to be capable of valuing the moſt inſignificant animal related to thoſe whom ſhe reſpects. *Love me, and love my dog*, I have heard Lord M. ſay.—Who knows, but that I may in time, in compliment to myſelf, bring her to think well of *thee*, Jack?

But what am I about?—Am I not all this time arraigning my own heart?—I know I am, by the remorſe I feel in it, while my pen bears teſtimony to her excellence. But yet I muſt add (for no ſelfiſh conſideration ſhall hinder me from doing juſtice to this admirable creature) that in this converſation ſhe demonſtrated ſo much prudent knowlege in everything that relates to that part of the domeſtic management which falls under the care of a Miſtreſs of a Family, that I believe ſhe has no equal of her years in the world.

But, indeed, I know not the ſubject on which ſhe does not talk with admirable diſtinction; inſomuch that could I but get over my prejudices againſt Matrimony, and reſolve to walk in the dull beaten path of my anceſtors, I ſhould be the happieſt of men—And if I cannot, perhaps I may be ten times more to be pitied than ſhe.

My heart, my heart, Belford, *is not to be truſted*—I break off, to re-peruſe ſome of Miſs Howe's virulence.

*** ***

CURSED Letters, theſe of Miſs Howe, Jack!—Do thou turn back to thoſe of mine, where I take notice of them—I proceed— Upon

Upon the whole, my Charmer was all gentleneſs, all eaſe, all ſerenity, throughout this ſweet excurſion. Nor had ſhe reaſon to be otherwiſe: For it being the firſt time that I had the honour of her company alone, I was reſolved to encourage her, by my reſpectfulneſs, to *repeat the favour*.

On our return, I found the Counſellor's Clerk waiting for me, with a draught of the Marriage-ſettlements.

They are drawn, with only the neceſſary variations, from thoſe made for my Mother. The original of which (now returned by the Counſellor) as well as the new draughts, I have put into my Beloved's hands.

Theſe Settlements of my Mother made the Lawyer's work eaſy; nor can ſhe have a better precedent; the great Lord S. having ſettled them, at the requeſt of my Mother's relations; all the difference, my Charmer's are 100 *l. per annum* more than my Mother's.

I offered to read to her the old deed, while ſhe looked over the draught; for ſhe had refuſed her preſence at the examination with the Clerk: But this ſhe alſo declined.

I ſuppoſe ſhe did not care to hear of ſo many children, firſt, ſecond, third, fourth, fifth, ſixth, and ſeventh Sons, and as many Daughters, *to be begotten upon the body of the ſaid Clariſſa Harlowe*.

Charming matrimonial Recitativoes!—tho' it is always ſaid *lawfully begotten* too—As if a man could beget children *unlawfully* upon the body of his own Wife.—But thinkeſt thou not that theſe arch rogues the Lawyers hereby intimate, that a man may have children by his Wife *before* marriage?—This muſt be what they mean. Why will theſe ſly fellows put an honeſt man in mind of ſuch rogueries?—But hence, as in numberleſs other inſtances, we ſee, that *Law* and *Goſpel* are two very different things.

Dorcas, in our abſence, tried to get at the wainſcot-

ſcot-box in the dark cloſet. But it cannot be done without violence. And to run a riſque of conſequence *now*, for mere curioſity-ſake, would be inexcuſeable.

Mrs. Sinclair and the Nymphs are all of opinion, that I am now ſo much a favourite, and have ſuch a viſible ſhare in her confidence, and even in her affections, that I may do what I will, and plead for excuſe violence of *paſſion*; which, they will have it, makes violence of *action* pardonable with their Sex; as well as an *allowed extenuation* with the *unconcerned of both Sexes*; and they all offer their helping hands. Why not? they ſay: Has ſhe not paſſed for my wife before them all?—And is ſhe not in a fine way of being reconciled to her friends? And was not the want of that Reconciliation the pretence for poſtponing the Conſummation.

They again urge me, ſince it is ſo difficult to make *Night* my friend, to an attempt in the *Day*. They remind me, that the ſituation of their houſe is ſuch, that no noiſes can be heard out of it; and ridicule me for making it neceſſary for a lady to be undreſſed. *It was not always ſo with me*, poor old man! Sally told me; ſaucily flinging her handkerchief in my face.

LETTER LIII.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq*;

Friday, June 2.

NOtwithſtanding my ſtudied-for politeneſs and complaiſance for ſome days paſt; and though I have wanted courage to throw the maſk quite aſide; yet I have made the dear creature more than once look about her, by the warm, tho' decent expreſſion of my paſſion. I have brought her to own, that I am *more* than indifferent with her: But as to LOVE, which I preſſed her to acknowlege, *What need of acknowlegement*

knowlegements of that ſort, when a woman conſents to marrying?—And once repulſing me with diſpleaſure, *The proof of true Love I was vowing for her, was* RESPECT, *not* FREEDOM. And offering to defend myſelf, ſhe told me, that all the conception ſhe had been able to form of a faulty paſſion, was, that it muſt demonſtrate itſelf as mine ſought to do.

I endeavoured to juſtify my paſſion, by laying over-delicacy at her door. Over-delicacy, ſhe ſaid, was not *my* fault, if it were *hers*. She muſt plainly tell me, that I appeared to her incapable of diſtinguiſhing what were the requiſites of a pure mind. Perhaps, had the *libertine* preſumption to imagine, that there was no difference in *Heart*, nor any but what proceeded from difference of *Education* and *Cuſtom*, between the Pure and the Impure—And yet Cuſtom *alone*, as ſhe obſerved, if I *did* ſo think, would make a Second Nature, as well in *good* as in *bad* habits.

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I HAVE juſt now been called to account for ſome innocent liberties which I thought myſelf entitled to take before the women; as they ſuppoſe us to be married, and now within view of conſummation.

I took the lecture very hardly; and with impatience wiſhed for the happy day and hour when I might call her all my own, and meet with no check from a niceneſs that had no example.

She looked at me with a baſhful kind of contempt. I thought it *contempt*, and required the reaſon for it; not being conſcious of offence, as I told her.

This is not the firſt time, Mr. Lovelace, ſaid ſhe, that I have had cauſe to be diſpleaſed with you, when *you*, perhaps, have not thought yourſelf exceptionable.—But, Sir, let me tell you, that the Married State, in my eye, is a State of Purity, and [I *think* ſhe told me] not of *Licentiouſneſs*; ſo, at leaſt, I underſtood her.

Marriage-Purity, Jack!—Very comical, 'faith—

Yet,

Yet, ſweet dears, half the female world ready to run away with a Rake, *becauſe* he is a Rake; and for no *other* reaſon; nay, every other reaſon *againſt* their choice of ſuch a one.

But have not you and I, Belford, ſeen young wives, who would be thought modeſt; and when maids, were fantaſtically ſhy; permit freedoms in public from their uxorious huſbands, which have ſhewn, that both of them have forgotten what belongs either to prudence or decency? While every modeſt eye has ſunk under the ſhameleſs effrontery, and every modeſt face been covered with bluſhes for thoſe who could *not* bluſh.

I once, upon ſuch an occaſion, propoſed to a circle of a dozen, thus ſcandalized, to withdraw; ſince they muſt needs ſee that as well the *Lady*, as the Gentleman, wanted to be in private. This motion had its effect upon the amorous pair; and I was applauded for the check given to their licentiouſneſs.

But, upon another occaſion of this ſort, I acted a little more in character. For I ventured to make an attempt upon a Bride, which I ſhould not have had the courage to make, had not the unbluſhing paſſiveneſs with which ſhe received her fond huſband's public toyings (looking round her with triumph rather than with ſhame, upon every Lady preſent) incited my curioſity to know if the ſame complacency might not be ſhewn to a private friend. 'Tis true, I was in honour obliged to keep the ſecret. But I never ſaw the turtles bill afterwards, but I thought of Number Two to the ſame female; and in my heart thanked the fond huſband for the leſſon he had taught his wife.

From what I have ſaid, thou wilt ſee, that I approve of my Beloved's exception to *public* Loves. That, I hope, is all the charming Icicle means by *Marriage-Purity*. But to return.

From

From the whole of what I have mentioned to have paſſed between my Beloved and me, thou wilt gather, that I have not been a mere dangler, a Hickman, in the paſſed days, though not abſolutely active, and a Lovelace.

The dear creature now conſiders herſelf as my Wife-elect. The *unſaddened* heart, no longer prudiſh, will not now, I hope, give the ſable turn to every addreſs of the man ſhe diſlikes not. And yet ſhe muſt keep up ſo much reſerve, as will juſtify paſt inflexibilites. 'Many and many a pretty ſoul would yield, 'were ſhe not afraid that the man ſhe favoured 'would think the worſe of her for it.' This is alſo a part of the Rake's Creed. But ſhould ſhe reſent ever ſo ſtrongly, ſhe cannot now break with me; ſince, if ſhe does, there will be an end of the Family Reconciliation; and that in a way highly diſcreditable to herſelf.

Saturday, June 3.

Just returned from Doctors-Commons. I have been endeavouring to get a Licence. Very true, Jack. I have the mortification to find a difficulty, as the Lady is of rank and fortune, and as there is no conſent of father or *next friend*, in obtaining this *all-fettering* inſtrument.

I made report of this difficulty. 'It is very right, '*ſhe ſays*, that ſuch difficulties ſhould be made.'—But not to a man of my known fortune, ſurely, Jack, tho' the woman were the daughter of a Duke.

I aſked, if ſhe approved of the Settlements? She ſaid, She had compared them with my Mother's, and had no objection to them. She had written to Miſs Howe upon the ſubject, ſhe owned; and to inform her of our preſent ſituation (*a*).

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(*a*) As this Letter of the Lady to Miſs Howe contains no new matter, but what may be collected from thoſe of Mr. Lovelace, it is omitted.

Just

JUST now, in high good-humour, my Beloved returned me the draughts of the ſettlements; a copy of which I had ſent to Captain Tomlinſon. She complimented me, 'that ſhe never had any doubt of my 'honour in caſes of this nature.'

In matters between man and man nobody ever had, thou knoweſt.

I had need, thou wilt ſay, to have ſome good qualities.

Great faults and great virtues are often found in the ſame perſon. In nothing *very* bad, but as to women: And did not one of them begin with me (*a*)?

We have held, that women have no Souls. I am a very Turk in this point, and willing to believe they have not. And if ſo, to whom ſhall I be accountable for what I do to them? Nay, if Souls they have, as there is no Sex in Etherials, nor *need* of any, what plea can a Lady hold of injuries done her in her Lady-*State*, when there is an end of her Lady-*ſhip*?

LETTER LIV.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq*;

Monday, June 5.

I Am now almoſt in deſpair of ſucceeding with this charming Froſt-piece by Love or Gentleneſs.—A copy of the draughts, as I told thee, has been ſent to Captain Tomlinſon; and that by a ſpecial meſſenger. Engroſſments are proceeding with. I have been again at the Commons.—Should in all probability have procured a Licence by Mallory's means, had not Mallory's friend the proctor been ſuddenly ſent for to Cheſhunt, to make an old Lady's Will. Pritchard has told me by word of mouth, *though my Charmer ſaw him not*, all that was neceſſary for her to know in the Letter my Lord wrote, which I could not ſhew her; and taken my directions about the

(*a*) See Vol. I. p. 197.

Eſtate

Eſtates to be made over to me on my Nuptials.—Yet, with all theſe favourable appearances, no conceding moment to be found, no improveable tenderneſs to be raiſed.

But never, I believe, was there ſo true, ſo delicate a modeſty in the human mind as in that of this Lady. And this has been my ſecurity all along; and, in ſpite of Miſs Howe's advice to her, will be ſo ſtill; ſince, if her Delicacy be a fault, ſhe can no more overcome it than I can my averſion to Matrimony. Habit, habit, Jack, ſeeſt thou not? may ſubject us both to weakneſſes. And ſhould ſhe not have charity for me, as I have for her?

Twice indeed with rapture, which once ſhe called rude, did I ſalute her; and each time reſenting the freedom, did ſhe retire; tho', to do her juſtice, ſhe favoured me again with her preſence at my firſt entreaty, and took no notice of the cauſe of her withdrawing.

Is it policy to ſhew ſo open a reſentment for innocent liberties, which, in her ſituation, ſhe muſt ſo ſoon forgive?

Yet the woman who reſents not initiatory freedoms muſt be loſt. For Love is an encroacher. Love never goes backward. Love is always aſpiring. Always *muſt* aſpire. Nothing but the higheſt act of Love can ſatisfy an indulged Love. And what advantages has a Lover who values not breaking the peace, over his Miſtreſs who is ſolicitous to keep it!

I have now at this inſtant wrought myſelf up, for the dozenth time, to a half-reſolution. A thouſand agreeable things I have to ſay to her. She is in the Dining-room. Juſt gone up. She always expects me when there.

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HIGH diſpleaſure!—followed by an abrupt departure.

I ſat down by her. I took both her hands in mine.

I would

I would *have* it ſo. All gentle my voice. Her Father mentioned with reſpect. Her Mother with reverence. Even her Brother amicably ſpoken of. I never thought I could have wiſhed ſo ardently, as I told her I did wiſh, for a Reconciliation with her family.

A ſweet and grateful fluſh then overſpread her fair face; a gentle ſigh now-and-then heaved her handkerchief.

I perfectly longed to hear from Captain Tomlinſon. It was impoſſible for the Uncle to find fault with the draught of the Settlements. I would not, however, be underſtood, by ſending them down, that I intended to put it in her Uncle's power to delay my happy Day. When, when, was it to be?

I would haſten again to the Commons; and would not return without the Licence.

The Lawn I propoſed to retire to, as ſoon as the happy Ceremony was over. This day and that day I propoſed.

It was time enough to name the Day, when the Settlements were completed, and the Licence obtained. Happy ſhould ſhe be, could the kind Captain Tomlinſon obtain her *Uncle's preſence privately.*

A good hint!—It may perhaps be improved upon—Either for a *delay* or a *pacifier*.

No new delays for Heaven's ſake, I beſought her; and reproached her gently for the paſt. Name but the Day—(an *early* day, I hoped it would be, in the following week)—that I might hail its approach, and number the tardy hours.

My cheek reclined on her ſhoulder—kiſſing her hands by turns. Rather baſhfully than angrily reluctant, her hands ſought to be withdrawn; her ſhoulder avoiding my reclined cheek—Apparently loth, and more loth to quarrel with me; her downcaſt eye confeſſing more than her lips could utter. Now ſurely, thought I, is my time to try if ſhe can

can forgive a ſtill bolder freedom than I had ever yet taken.

I then gave her ſtruggling hands liberty. I put one arm round her waiſt: I imprinted a kiſs on her ſweet lip, with a *Be quiet* only, and an averted face, as if ſhe feared another.

Encouraged by ſo gentle a repulſe, the tendereſt things I ſaid; and then, with my other hand, drew aſide the handkerchief that concealed the Beauty of beauties, and preſſed with my burning lips the moſt charming breaſt that ever my raviſhed eyes beheld.

A very contrary paſſion to that which gave her boſom ſo delightful a ſwell, immediately took place. She ſtruggled out of my encircling arms with indignation. I detained her reluctant hand. Let me go, ſaid ſhe. *I ſee there is no keeping terms with you.* Baſe encroacher! Is this the deſign of your flattering ſpeeches? Far as matters have gone, I will for ever renounce you. You have an odious heart. Let me go, I tell you.—

I was forced to obey, and ſhe flung from me, repeating *baſe*, and adding *flattering*, encroacher.

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In vain have I urged by Dorcas for the promiſed favour of dining with her. She would not dine *at all*. She *could not*.

But why makes ſhe every inch of her perſon thus ſacred?—So near the time too, that ſhe muſt ſuppoſe, that all will be my own by deed of purchaſe and ſettlement?

She has read, no doubt, of the Art of the Eaſtern Monarchs, who ſequeſter themſelves from the eyes of their ſubjects, in order to excite their adoration, when, upon ſome ſolemn occaſions, they think fit to appear in public.

But let me aſk thee, Belford, whether (on theſe ſolemn occaſions) the preceding cavalcade; here a great officer, and there a great miniſter, with their Satellites,

Satellites, and glaring equipages; do not prepare the eyes of the wondering beholders, by degrees, to bear the blaze of Canopy'd Majeſty (what tho' but an ugly old man perhaps himſelf? yet) glittering in the collected riches of his vaſt Empire?

And ſhould not my Beloved, for her own ſake, deſcend, by *degrees*, from *Goddeſs-hood* into *Humanity!* If it be *Pride* that reſtrains her, ought not that pride to be puniſhed? If, as in the Eaſtern Emperors, it be *Art* as well as *Pride*, *Art* is what ſhe of all women need not uſe. If *Shame*, what a ſhame to be aſhamed to communicate to her adorer's ſight the moſt admirable of her perſonal graces?

Let me periſh, Belford, if I would not forego the brighteſt diadem in the world, for the pleaſure of ſeeing a Twin Lovelace at each charming breaſt, drawing from it his firſt ſuſtenance; the pious taſk, for phyſical reaſons (*a*), continued for one month and no more!

I now, methinks, behold this moſt charming of women in this ſweet office: Her conſcious eye now dropt on one, now on the other, with a ſigh of maternal tenderneſs, and then raiſed up to my delighted eye, full of wiſhes, for the ſake of the pretty varlets, and for her own ſake, that I would deign to legitimate; that I would condeſcend to put on the nuptial fetters.

LETTER LV.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq*;

Monday Afternoon.

A Letter received from the worthy Captain Tomlinſon, has introduced me into the preſence of my Charmer ſooner than perhaps I ſhould otherwiſe have been admitted. Sullen

(*a*) In Pamela, Vol. IV. Letter VI. theſe reaſons are given, and are worthy of every Parent's conſideration, as is the whole Letter, which contains the debate between Mr. B. and his Pamela, on the important ſubject of Mothers being nurſes to their own children.

Sullen her brow, at her firſt entrance into the Dining-room. But I took no notice of what had paſſed, and her anger of itſelf ſubſided.

'The Captain, after letting me know, that he 'choſe not to write, till he had the promiſed draught 'of the Settlements, acquaints me, that his friend 'Mr. John Harlowe, in their firſt conference (which 'was held as ſoon as he got down) was extremely 'ſurpriſed, and even grieved (*as he feared he would 'be*) to hear that we were not married. The world, 'he ſaid, who knew my character, would be very 'cenſorious, were it owned, that we had lived ſo 'long together unmarried in the ſame lodgings; 'altho' our marriage were now to be ever ſo pub-'licly celebrated.

'His Nephew James, he was ſure, would make 'a great handle of it againſt any motion that might 'be made towards a Reconciliation; and with the 'greater ſucceſs, as there was not a family in the 'kingdom more jealous of their honour than theirs.'

This is true of the Harlowes, Jack: They have been called *The proud Harlowes:* And I have ever found, that all *young Honour* is ſupercilious and touchy.

But ſeeſt thou not how right I was in my endeavour to perſuade my Fair-one to allow her Uncle's friend to think us married; eſpecially as he came *prepared* to believe it; and as her Uncle *hoped* it was ſo?—But nothing on earth is ſo perverſe, as a woman when ſhe is ſet upon carrying a point, and has a *meek* man, or one who loves his *peace*, to deal with.

My Beloved was vexed. She pulled out her handkerchief: But was more inclined to blame me, than herſelf.

Had you kept your word, Mr. Lovelace, and left me when we came to town—And there ſhe ſtopt; for ſhe knew, that it was her own fault that we were not

not married before we left the country; and how could I leave her *afterwards, while her Brother was plotting to carry her off by violence?*

Nor has this Brother yet given over his machinations.

For, as the Captain proceeds, 'Mr. John Harlowe owned to him (but in confidence) that his 'Nephew is at this time buſied in endeavouring to 'find out where we are; being aſſured (as I am not 'to be heard of at any of my relations, or at my 'uſual lodgings) that we are together. And that we 'are not married, is plain, as he will have it, *from 'Mr. Hickman's application ſo lately made to her Uncle; and which was ſeconded by Mrs. Norton to her 'Mother.* And her Brother cannot bear that I 'ſhould enjoy ſuch a triumph unmoleſted.'

A profound ſigh, and the handkerchief again lifted to the eye. But did not the ſweet ſoul deſerve this turn upon her for felonioufly reſolving to rob me of herſelf, had the application made by Hickman ſucceeded?

I read on to the following effect:

'Why (aſked Mr. Harlowe) was it ſaid to his other 'enquiring friend, that we *were* married; and that 'by his Niece's woman, who ought to know? Who 'could give convincing reaſons, no doubt'—

Here again ſhe wept; took a turn croſs the room; then returned—Read on, ſaid ſhe—

Will you, my deareſt life, read it yourſelf?

I will take the Letter with me, by-and-by—I cannot *ſee* to read it juſt now, wiping her eyes.—Read on—Let me hear it all—that I may know *your* ſentiments upon this Letter, as well as give *my own.*

'The Captain then told Uncle John, the reaſons 'that induced me to give out that we were married; 'and the conditions, on which my Beloved was 'brought to countenance it; which had kept us at 'the moſt punctilious diſtance.

'But

'But ſtill, Mr. Harlowe objected my character. 'And went away diſſatisfied. And the Captain was 'alſo ſo much concerned, that he cared not to write 'what the reſult of his firſt conference was.

'But in the next, which was held on receipt of 'the Draughts, at the Captain's houſe (as the for-'mer was, for the greater ſecrecy) when the old 'gentleman had read them, and had the Captain's 'opinion, he was much better pleaſed. And yet he 'declared, that it would not be eaſy to perſuade *any* '*other* perſon of his family to believe ſo favourably 'of the matter, as he was *now* willing to believe, 'were they to know that we had lived ſo long toge-'ther unmarried.

'And then the Captain ſays, his dear friend 'made a propoſal:—It was this—*That we ſhould* '*marry out of hand, but as privately as poſſible, as in-*'*deed he found we intended* (for he could have no ob-'jection to the Draughts)—*But yet, he expected to* '*have preſent one truſty friend of his own, for his bet-*'*ter ſatisfaction*'—

Here I ſtopt, with a deſign to be angry—But ſhe deſiring me to read on, I obeyed.

'—*But that it ſhould paſs to every one living, ex-*'*cept to that truſty perſon, to himſelf, and to the Cap-*'*tain, that we were married from the time that we* '*had lived together in one houſe; and that this time* '*ſhould be made to agree with that of Mr. Hickman's* '*application to him from Miſs Howe.*'

This, my deareſt life, ſaid I, is a very conſiderate propoſal. We have nothing to do, but to caution the people below properly on this head. I did not think your Uncle Harlowe capable of hitting upon ſuch a charming expedient as this. But you ſee how much his heart is in the Reconciliation.

This was the return I met with—You have always, as a mark of your politeneſs, let me know, how *meanly* you think of every one of my family.

Yet, thou wilt think, Belford, that *I could forgive her for the reproach.*

'The Captain does not know, he ſays, how this 'propoſal will be reliſhed by us. But, for his part, 'he thinks it an expedient that will obviate many 'difficulties, and may poſſibly put an end to Mr. 'James Harlowe's further deſigns: And on this ac-'count he has, *by the Uncle's advice*, already de-'clared to two ſeveral perſons, by whoſe means it 'may come to that young gentleman's ears, that 'he [Captain Tomlinſon] has very great reaſon to 'believe, that we were married ſoon after Mr. Hick-'man's application was rejected.

'And this, Mr. Lovelace (ſays the Captain) will 'enable you to pay a compliment to the family, that 'will not be unſuitable to the generoſity of ſome of 'the declarations you were pleaſed to make to the 'Lady before me (and which Mr. John Harlowe may 'make ſome advantage of in favour of a Reconcilia-'tion); in that you have not demanded your Lady's 'Eſtate ſo ſoon as you were entitled to make the 'demand.' An excellent contriver, ſurely, ſhe muſt think this worthy Mr. Tomlinſon to be!

But the Captain adds, 'that if either the Lady or 'I diſapprove of his report of our Marriage, he will 'retract it. Nevertheleſs, he muſt tell me, that Mr. 'John Harlowe is very much ſet upon this way of 'proceeding; as the only one, in his opinion, capa-'ble of being improved into a general Reconcilia-'tion. But if we do acquieſce in it, he beſeeches my 'Fair-one not to ſuſpend my Day, that he may be 'authorized in what he ſays, as to the truth of the 'main fact [*How conſcientious this good man!*]: Nor 'muſt it be expected, he ſays, that her Uncle will 'take one ſtep towards the wiſhed-for Reconcilia-'tion, till the *Solemnity is actually over.*'

He adds, 'that he ſhall be very ſoon in town on 'other affairs; and then propoſes to attend us, and

'give

'give us a more particular account of all that has 'paſſed, or ſhall further paſs, between Mr. Harlowe 'and him.'

Well, my deareſt Life, what ſay you to your Uncle's expedient? Shall I write to the Captain, and acquaint him, that we have no objection to it?

She was ſilent for a few minutes. At laſt, with a ſigh, See, Mr. Lovelace, ſaid ſhe, what you have brought me to, by treading after you in ſuch crooked paths!—See what diſgrace I have incurred!—Indeed you have not acted like a wiſe man.

My beloved creature, do you not remember, how earneſtly I beſought the honour of your hand before we came to town?—Had I been *then* favoured—

Well, well, Sir—There has been much amiſs ſomewhere; that's all I will ſay at preſent. And ſince what's paſt cannot be recalled, my Uncle muſt be obeyed, I think.

Charmingly dutiful!—I had nothing then to do, that I might not be behind-hand with the worthy Captain and her Uncle, but to preſs for the Day. This I fervently did. But (as I might have expected) ſhe repeated her former anſwer; to wit, That when the Settlements were completed; when the Licence was actually obtained; it would be time enough to name the Day: And, O Mr. Lovelace, ſaid ſhe, turning from me with a grace inimitably tender, her handkerchief at her eyes, what a happineſs, if my dear Uncle could be prevailed upon to be perſonally a Father, on this occaſion, to *the poor fatherleſs girl!*—

What's the matter with me!—Whence this dew-drop!—A tear!—As I hope to be ſaved, it is a tear, Jack!—Very ready methinks!—Only on reciting!—But her lovely image was before me, in the very attitude ſhe ſpoke the words—And indeed at the time ſhe ſpoke them, theſe lines of Shakeſpeare came into my head:

Thy heart is big. Get thee apart, and weep!
Paſſion, I ſee, is catching:—For my eyes,
Seeing thoſe Beads of Sorrow ſtand in thine,
Begin to water—

I withdrew, and wrote to the Captain to the following effect—'I deſired, that he would be ſo good 'as to acquaint his dear friend, that we entirely ac- 'quieſced with what he had propoſed; and had al- 'ready *properly* cautioned the gentlewoman of the 'houſe, and their ſervants, as well as our own: 'And to tell him, That if he would in perſon give 'me the bleſſing of his dear Niece's hand, it would 'crown the wiſhes of both. In this caſe, I conſented, 'that his own Day, *as I preſumed it would be a ſhort 'one*, ſhould be ours: That by this means the ſecret 'would be with fewer perſons: That I myſelf, as 'well as he, thought the ceremony could not be too 'privately performed; and this not only for the ſake 'of the wiſe end he had propoſed to anſwer by it, 'but becauſe I would not have Lord M. think him- 'ſelf ſlighted; ſince that nobleman, as I had told 'him [the Captain] had once intended to be our 'Nuptial-father; and actually made the offer; but 'that we had declined to accept of it, and that for 'no other reaſon than to avoid a public wedding; 'which his beloved Niece would not come into, 'while ſhe was in diſgrace with her friends—But 'that, if he choſe not to do us this honour, I wiſhed 'that Captain Tomlinſon might be the truſty perſon 'whom he would have to be preſent on the happy 'occaſion.'

I ſhewed this Letter to my Fair-one. She was not diſpleaſed with it. So, Jack, we cannot now move too faſt, as to Settlements and Licence: The Day is her *Uncle's Day*, or *Captain Tomlinſon's*, perhaps, as ſhall beſt ſuit the occaſion. Miſs Howe's Smuggling-Scheme is now ſurely provided againſt in all events.

But

But I will not by anticipation make thee a judge of all the benefits that may flow from this my elaborate contrivance. Why will theſe girls put me upon my *maſter-ſtrokes?*

And now for a little Mine which I am getting ready to ſpring. The *firſt* that I have ſprung, and at the rate I go on (now a *reſolution*, and now a *remorſe*) perhaps the *laſt* that I ſhall attempt to ſpring.

A *little* Mine, I call it. But it may be attended with great effects. I ſhall not, however, abſolutely depend upon the ſucceſs of it, having much more effectual ones in reſerve. And yet great engines are often moved by ſmall ſprings. A little ſpark falling by accident into a powder-magazine, hath done more execution in a ſiege, than an hundred cannon.

Come the worſt, the *hymenial torch*, and a *white ſheet*, muſt be my *Amende Honorable*, as the French have it.

LETTER LVI.

Mr. BELFORD, *To* ROBERT LOVELACE, *Eſq;*

Tueſday, June 6.

UNſucceſsful as hitherto my application to you has been, I cannot for the heart of me forbear writeing once more in behalf of this admirable woman: And yet am unable to account for the zeal which impels me to take her part with an earneſtneſs ſo ſincere.

But all her merit thou acknowlegeſt; all thy own vileneſs thou confeſſeſt, and even glorieſt in it: What hope then of moving ſo hardened a man?—Yet, as it is not too late, and thou art nevertheleſs upon the Criſis, I am reſolved to try what another Letter will do. It is but my writing in vain, if it do no good; and if thou wilt let me prevail, I know thou wilt hereafter think me richly entitled to thy thanks.

To *argue* with thee would be folly. The caſe can-

not require it. I will only *entreat* thee, therefore, that thou wilt not let ſuch an Excellence loſe the reward of her vigilant virtue.

I believe there never were Libertines ſo vile, but purpoſed, at ſome future period of their lives, to ſet about reforming; and let me beg of thee, that thou wilt, in this great article, make thy future Repentance as eaſy, as ſome time hence thou wilt wiſh thou *hadſt* made it.

If thou proceedeſt, I have no doubt, that this affair will end tragically, one way or other. It *muſt*. Such a woman muſt intereſt both gods and men in her cauſe. But what I moſt apprehend, is, that with her own hand, in reſentment of the perpetrated outrage, ſhe (like another Lucretia) will aſſert the purity of her heart: Or, if her piety preſerve her from this violence, that waſting grief will ſoon put a period to her days. And in either caſe, will not the remembrance of thy *ever-during* guilt, and *tranſitory* triumph, be a torment of torments to thee?

'Tis a ſeriouſly ſad thing, after all, that ſo fine a creature ſhould have fallen into ſuch vile and remorſeleſs hands: For, from thy Cradle, as I have heard thee own, thou ever delightedſt to ſport with and torment the animal, whether bird or beaſt, that thou lovedſt, and hadſt a power over.

How different is the caſe of this fine woman from that of any other whom thou haſt ſeduced!—I need not mention to thee, nor inſiſt upon the ſtriking difference: Juſtice, gratitude, thy intereſt, thy vows, all engaging thee; and thou certainly loving her, as far as thou art capable of Love, above all her Sex. She not to be drawn aſide by Art, or to be made to ſuffer from Credulity, nor for want of Wit and Diſcernment (that will be another cutting reflection to ſo fine a mind as hers): The contention between you only unequal, as it is between naked innocence and armed guilt. In every-thing elſe, as thou owneſt, her talents greatly

greatly ſuperior to thine!—What a fate will hers be, if thou art not at laſt overcome by thy reiterated remorſes!

At firſt, indeed, when I was admitted into her preſence (*a*) (and till I obſerved her meaning air, and heard her ſpeak) I ſuppoſed that ſhe had no very uncommon *Judgment* to boaſt of: For I made, as I thought, but *juſt* allowances for her bloſſoming youth, and for that lovelineſs of perſon, and for that eaſe and elegance in her dreſs, which I imagined muſt have taken up half her time and ſtudy to cultivate; and yet I had been prepared by thee to entertain a very high opinion of her ſenſe and her reading. Her choice of this gay fellow, upon ſuch hazardous terms (thought I) is a confirmation that her *Wit* wants that maturity which only *years* and *experience* can give it. Her *Knowlege* (argued I to myſelf) muſt be all *Theory*; and the complaiſance ever conſorting with an age ſo green and ſo gay, will make ſo inexperienced a Lady at leaſt forbear to ſhew herſelf *diſguſted* at freedoms of diſcourſe in which thoſe preſent of her own Sex, and ſome of ours (ſo learned, ſo well read, and ſo travelled) allow themſelves.

In this preſumption, I ran on; and having the advantage, as I conceited, of all the company but you, and being deſirous to appear in her eyes a mighty clever fellow, I thought I *ſhewed away*, when I ſaid any fooliſh things that had more ſound than ſenſe in them; and when I made ſilly jeſts, which attracted the ſmiles of thy Sinclair, and the ſpecious Partington: And that Miſs Harlowe did not ſmile too, I thought was owing to her youth or affectation, or to a mixture of both, perhaps to a greater command of her features.—Little dreamt I, that I was incurring her contempt all the time.

But when, as I ſaid, I heard her ſpeak, which ſhe did not till ſhe had fathomed us all; when I heard

(*a*) See Vol. III. p. 353.

her ſentiments on two or three ſubjects, and took notice of that ſearching eye, darting into the very inmoſt cells of our frothy brains; by my faith, it made me look about me; and I began to recollect, and be aſhamed of all I had ſaid before; in ſhort, was reſolved to ſit ſilent, till every one had talked round, to keep my folly in countenance. And then I raiſed the ſubjects that ſhe *could* join in, and which ſhe *did* join in, ſo much to the confuſion and ſurprize of every one of us!—For even thou, Lovelace, ſo noted for ſmart wit, repartee, and a vein of raillery, that delighteth all who come near thee, ſatteſt in palpable darkneſs, and lookedſt about thee, as well as we.

One inſtance only, of this, ſhall I remind thee of?

We talked of *Wit*, and of *Wit*, and aimed at it, bandying it like a ball from one to another, and reſting it chiefly with thee, who wert always proud enough and vain enough of the attribute; and then more eſpecially as thou hadſt aſſembled us, as far as I know, principally to ſhew the Lady thy ſuperiority over us; and us thy triumph over her. And then Tourville (who is always ſatisfied with Wit at *ſecond-hand*; Wit upon memory; other mens Wit) repeated ſome verſes, as applicable to the ſubject; which two of us applauded, tho' full of *double entendre*. Thou, ſeeing the Lady's ſerious air on one of thoſe repetitions, appliedſt thyſelf to her, deſiring her notions of Wit: A quality, thou ſaidſt, which every one prized, whether flowing from himſelf, or found in another.

Then it was that ſhe took all our attention. It was a quality much talked of, ſhe ſaid, but, ſhe believed, very little underſtood. At leaſt, if ſhe might be ſo free as to give her judgment of it from what had paſſed in the preſent converſation, ſhe muſt ſay, that Wit with men was one thing; with women, another.

This ſtartled us all:—How the women looked!—How they purſed in their mouths; a broad ſmile the moment before, upon each, from the verſes they had heard

heard repeated, ſo well underſtood, as we ſaw, by their looks! While I beſought her to let us know, for our inſtruction, what Wit was with *Women:* For ſuch I was ſure it *ought* to be with *Men.*

Cowley, ſhe ſaid, had defined it prettily by negatives. Thou deſiredſt her to repeat his definition.

She did; and with ſo much graceful eaſe, and beauty, and propriety of accent, as would have made bad poetry delightful.

A thouſand diff'rent ſhapes it bears;
Comely in thouſand ſhapes appears.
'Tis not a tale, *'tis not a* jeſt,
Admir'd with laughter *at a* feaſt,
Nor florid talk, *which muſt this title gain:*
The proofs of Wit for ever muſt remain.
Much leſs can that have any place
At which a virgin hides her face.
Such droſs the fire muſt purge away:—'Tis juſt
The author bluſh there, where the reader muſt.

Here ſhe ſtopt, looking round her upon us all with conſcious ſuperiority, as I thought. Lord, how we ſtared! Thou attemptedſt to give us thy definition of Wit, that thou mighteſt have ſomething to ſay, and not ſeem to be ſurpriſed into ſilent modeſty.

But, as if ſhe cared not to truſt thee with the ſubject, referring to the ſame author as for his more poſitive deciſion, ſhe thus, with the ſame Harmony of voice and accent, emphatically decided upon it.

Wit, *like a luxuriant vine,*
Unleſs to Virtue's *prop it join,*
Firm and erect, tow'rd heaven bound,
Tho' it with beauteous leaves and pleaſant fruit be crown'd,
It lies deform'd, and rotting on the ground.

If thou recollecteſt this part of the converſation, and how like fools we looked at one another; how much

it put us out of conceit with ourſelves, and made us fear her, when we found our converſation thus excluded from the very character which our vanity had made us think unqueſtionably ours; and if thou profiteſt properly by the recollection; thou wilt be of my mind, that there is not ſo much Wit in Wickedneſs as we had flattered ourſelves there was.

And after all, I have been of opinion ever ſince *that* converſation, that the Wit of all the Rakes and Libertines I ever converſed with, from the brilliant Bob Lovelace down to little Johnny Hartop the punſter, conſiſts moſtly in ſaying bold and ſhocking things, with ſuch courage as ſhall make the modeſt bluſh, the impudent laugh, and the ignorant ſtare.

And why doſt thou think I mention theſe things, ſo mal à-propos, as it may ſeem!—Only, let me tell thee, as an inſtance (among many that might be given from the ſame evening's converſation) of this fine Woman's ſuperiority in thoſe talents which ennoble Nature, and dignify her Sex—Evidenced not only to each of us, as we offended, but to the flippant Partington, and the groſſer, but egregiouſly hypocritical Sinclair, in the correcting eye, the diſcouraging bluſh, in which was mixed as much diſpleaſure as modeſty, and ſometimes, as the occaſion called for it (for we were ſome of us hardened above the ſenſe of feeling *delicate* reproof) by the ſovereign contempt, mingled with a diſdainful kind of pity, that ſhewed at once her own conſcious worth, and our deſpicable worthleſſneſs.

O Lovelace! what then was the triumph, even in my eye, and what is it ſtill upon reflection, of *true* modeſty, of *true* wit, and *true* politeneſs, over frothy jeſt, laughing impertinence, and an obſcenity ſo ſhameful, even to the guilty, that they cannot hint at it but under a double meaning!

Then, as thou haſt ſomewhere obſerved *(a)*, all

(*a*) See p. 224.

her

her correctives *avowed* by her Eye. Not poorly, like the generality of her Sex, affecting ignorance of meanings too obvious to be concealed; but ſo reſenting, as to ſhew each impudent laugher, the offence given to, and taken by, a Purity, that had miſtaken its way, when it fell into ſuch company.

Such is the woman, ſuch is the angel, whom thou haſt betrayed into thy power, and wouldſt deceive and ruin.—Sweet creature! did ſhe but know how ſhe is ſurrounded (as I then thought, as well as now think) and what is *intended*, how much ſooner would death be her choice, than ſo dreadful a ſituation!—'And 'how effectually would her Story, were it generally 'known, warn all the Sex againſt throwing them-'ſelves into the power of ours, let our vows, oaths, 'and proteſtations, be what they will!'

But let me beg of thee, once more, my dear Lovelace, if thou haſt any regard for thine own honour, for the honour of thy family, for thy future peace, or for my opinion of thee (who yet pretend not to be ſo much moved by principle, as by that dazling merit which ought ſtill more to attract *thee*) to be prevailed upon—to be—to be *humane*, that's all—Only, that thou wouldeſt not diſgrace our common humanity!

Hardened as thou art, I know, that they are the abandoned people in the houſe who keep thee up to a reſolution againſt her. O that the ſagacious Fair-one (with ſo much innocent charity in her own heart) had not ſo reſolutely held thoſe women at diſtance!—That, as ſhe *boarded* there, ſhe had oftener *tabled* with them! Specious as they are, in a week's time, ſhe would have ſeen thro' them; they could not have been always ſo guarded, as they were when they ſaw her but ſeldom, and when they *prepared* themſelves to ſee her; and ſhe would have fled their houſe as a place infected. And yet, perhaps, with ſo determined an enterprizer, this diſcovery might have accelerated her ruin.

I know that thou art nice in thy Loves. But are

there not hundreds of women, who, tho' not utterly abandoned, would be taken with thee for mere *perſonal* regards! Make a Toy, if thou wilt, of Principle with reſpect to ſuch of the Sex as regard it as a Toy; but rob not an angel of thoſe Purities, which, in her own opinion, conſtitute the difference between angelic and brutal qualities.

With regard to the paſſion itſelf, the leſs of Soul in either man or woman, the more ſenſual are they. Thou, Lovelace, haſt a Soul, tho' a corrupted one; and art more intent (as thou even glorieſt) upon the preparative ſtratagem, than upon the end of conquering.

See we not the natural bent of idiots and the crazed? The very appetite is *Body*; and when we ourſelves are moſt fools, and crazed, then are we moſt eager in theſe purſuits. See what fools this paſſion makes the wiſeſt men! What ſnivellers, what dotards, when they ſuffer themſelves to be run away with by it!—An *unpermanent paſſion!* Since, if (aſhamed of its *more proper* name) we muſt call it *Love*, *Love gratified*, *is Love ſatisfied*—*And Love ſatisfied*, *is indifference begun.* And this is the caſe where *conſent* on one ſide adds to the obligation on the other. What then but remorſe can follow a forcible attempt?

Do not even chaſte Lovers chuſe to be alone in their Courtſhip preparations, aſhamed to have even a child to witneſs to their fooliſh actions, and more fooliſh expreſſions? Is this deified paſſion, in its greateſt altitudes, fitted to ſtand the day? Do not the Lovers, when mutual conſent awaits their Wills, retire to coverts, and to darkneſs, to complete their wiſhes? And ſhall ſuch a ſneaking paſſion as this, which can be ſo eaſily gratified by viler objects, be permitted to debaſe the nobleſt?

Were not the delays of thy vile purpoſes owing more to the awe which her majeſtic virtue has inſpired thee with, than to thy want of adroitneſs in villainy

[I

[I *muſt* write my free ſentiments in this-caſe; for have I not *ſeen* the angel?]; I ſhould be ready to cenſure ſome of thy contrivances and pretences to ſuſpend the expected day, as *trite*, *ſtale*, and (to me, who know thy intention) *poor*; and too often reſorted to, as nothing comes of them, to be gloried in; particularly that of Mennell, the vapouriſh Lady, and the ready-furniſhed Houſe.

She muſt have thought ſo too, at times, and in her heart deſpiſed thee for them, or love thee (ungrateful as thou art!) to her misfortune; as well as entertain hope againſt probability. But this would afford another warning to the ſex, were they to know her Story; 'as it would ſhew them what poor pretences 'they muſt *ſeem* to be ſatisfied with, if once they 'put themſelves into the power of a deſigning man.'

If *Trial* only was thy end, as once was thy pretence (*a*), enough ſurely haſt thou tried this paragon of virtue and vigilance. But I knew thee too well, to expect, at the *time*, that thou wouldeſt ſtop there. 'Men of our caſt put no other bound to their views 'upon any of the Sex, than what want of power 'compels them to put.' I knew that from one advantage gained, thou wouldeſt proceed to attempt another. Thy habitual averſion to wedlock, too, well I knew; and indeed thou avoweſt thy hope to bring her to *Cohabitation*, in that very Letter in which thou pretendeſt *Trial* to be thy principal view (*b*).

But do not even thy own frequent and involuntary remorſes, when thou haſt time, place, company, and every other circumſtance, to favour thee in thy wicked deſign, convince thee, that there can be no room for a hope ſo preſumptuous?—Why then, ſince thou wouldeſt chuſe to marry her rather than loſe her, wilt thou make her hate thee for ever?

But if thou dareſt to meditate *perſonal* trial, and art

(*a*) See Vol. III. Let. xiv. (*b*) See Vol. III. p. 87. See alſo Letters xii, xiii, of that Volume.

ſincere

ſincere in thy reſolution to reward her, as ſhe behaves in it, let me beſeech thee to remove her from this vile houſe. That will be to give her and thy conſcience fair play. So entirely now does the ſweet deluded excellence depend upon her ſuppoſed happier proſpects, that thou needeſt not to fear that ſhe will fly from thee, or that ſhe will wiſh to have recourſe to that ſcheme of Miſs Howe, which has put thee upon what thou calleſt thy *maſter-ſtrokes*.

But whatever be thy determination on this head; and if I write not in time, but that thou haſt actually pulled off the maſk; let it not be one of thy devices, if thou wouldeſt avoid the curſes of every heart, and hereafter of thy own, to give her, no not for one hour, (be her reſentment ever ſo great) into the power of that villainous woman, who has, if poſſible, leſs remorſe than thyſelf; and whoſe *trade* it is to break the reſiſting ſpirit, and utterly to ruin the heart unpractiſed in evil.—O Lovelace, Lovelace, how many dreadful Stories could this horrid woman tell the Sex! And ſhall that of a Clariſſa ſwell the guilty Liſt?

But this I might have ſpared. Of this, devil as thou art, thou canſt not be capable. Thou couldſt not enjoy a triumph ſo diſgraceful to thy wicked Pride, as well as to Humanity.

Shouldeſt thou think, that the melancholy ſpectacle hourly before me has made me more ſerious than uſual, perhaps thou wilt not be miſtaken. But nothing more is to be inferred from hence (were I even to return to my former courſes) but that whenever the time of cool reflection comes, whether brought on by our own diſaſters, or by thoſe of others, we ſhall undoubtedly, if capable of thought, and if we have time for it, think in the ſame manner.

We neither of us are ſuch fools as to diſbelieve a Futurity, or to think, whatever be our practice, that we came hither by chance, and for no end but to do all the miſchief we have it in our power to do. Nor

am

am I aſhamed to own, that in the prayers which my poor Uncle makes me read to him, in the abſence of a very good Clergyman who regularly attends him, I do not forget to put in a Word or two for myſelf.

If, Lovelace, thou laugheſt at me, thy ridicule will be more conformable to thy *actions* than to thy *belief*. —*Devils believe and tremble.* Canſt thou be more abandoned than they?

And here let me add, with regard to my poor old man, that I often wiſh thee preſent but for one half-hour in a day, to ſee the dregs of a gay life running off in the moſt excruciating tortures, that the Colic, the Stone, and the Surgeon's knife, can unitedly inflict, and to hear him bewail the diſſoluteneſs of his paſt life, in the bittereſt anguiſh of a ſpirit every hour expecting to be called to its laſt account.—Yet, by all his confeſſions, he has not to accuſe himſelf, in Sixty-ſeven years of life, of half the *very* vile enormities, which you and I have committed in the laſt Seven only.

I conclude with recommending to your ſerious conſideration all I have written, as proceeding from the heart and ſoul of

Your aſſured Friend,

JOHN BELFORD.

LETTER LVII.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq;*

Tueſday Afternoon, June 6.

DIfficulties ſtill to be got over in procuring this plaguy Licence. I ever hated, and ever ſhall hate, theſe ſpiritual Lawyers, and their Court.

And now, Jack, if I have not ſecured *victory*, I have a *retreat*.

But hold—Thy ſervant with a Letter—

*** ***

A confounded *long* one, tho' not a *narrative* one—

Once

Once more in behalf of the Lady!—Lie thee down, oddity! What canſt thou write that can have force upon me at this Criſis?—And have I not, as I went along, made thee to ſay all that was neceſſary for thee to ſay?

*** ***

YET once more, I will take thee up.

Trite, *ſtale*, *poor* (ſayeſt thou) are ſome of my contrivances? That of the widow particularly!—I have no patience with thee. Had not that contrivance its effect at the time, for a procraſtination?—And had I not then reaſon to fear, that the Lady would find enough to make her diſlike this houſe? And was it not right (intending what I intended) to lead her on from time to time, with a notion, that a houſe of her own would be ready for her ſoon, in order to induce her to continue here till it was?

Trite, *ſtale*, and *poor!*—Thou art a ſilly fellow, and no judge, when thou ſayeſt this. Had I not, like a blockhead, revealed to thee, as I *went along*, the ſecret purpoſes of my heart, but had kept all in, till the event had explained my myſteries, I would have defied thee to have been able, any more than the Lady, to have gueſſed at what was to befal her, till it had actually come to paſs. Nor doubt I, in this caſe, that, inſtead of preſuming to reflect upon her for credulity, as *loving me to her misfortune*, and for *hoping againſt probability*, thou wouldeſt have been readier, by far, to cenſure her for Nicety and Overſcrupulouſneſs. And, let me tell thee, that had ſhe loved me as I wiſhed her to love me, ſhe could not poſſibly have been ſo very apprehenſive of my deſigns, nor ſo ready to be influenced by Miſs Howe's precautions, as ſhe has always been, although my general character made not for me with her.

But in thy opinion, I ſuffer for that Simplicity in my contrivances, which is their principal excellence. No Machinery make I neceſſary. No unnatural Flights

Flights aim I at. All pure Nature, taking advantage of Nature, as Nature tends; and ſo ſimple my devices, that when they are known, thou, even *thou*, imagineſt, thou couldeſt have thought of the ſame. And indeed thou ſeemeſt to *own*, that the ſlight thou putteſt upon them, is owing to my letting thee into them before-hand—undiſtinguiſhing, as well as ungrateful as thou art!

Yet, after all, I would not have thee think, that I do not know my weak places. I have formerly told thee, that it is difficult for the ableſt general to ſay what he *will* do, or what he *can* do, when he is obliged to regulate his motions by thoſe of a watchful enemy (*a*). If thou giveſt due weight to this conſideration, thou wilt not wonder that I ſhould make many marches and countermarches, ſome of which may appear to a ſlight obſerver unneceſſary.

But let me curſorily enter into debate with thee on this ſubject, now I am within ſight of my journey's end.

Abundance of impertinent things thou telleſt me in this Letter; ſome of which thou hadſt from myſelf; others that I knew before.

All that thou ſayeſt in this charming creature's praiſe, is ſhort of what I have ſaid and written, on the inexhauſtible ſubject.

Her virtue, her reſiſtance, which are her *merits*, are my *ſtimulatives*. Have I not told thee ſo twenty times over?

Devil, as theſe girls between them call me, what of devil am I, but in my *Contrivances?* I am not more a devil, than others, in the *End* I aim at; for when I have carried my point, it is ſtill but *one* ſeduction. And I have perhaps been ſpared the guilt of *many* ſeductions in the time.

What of uncommon would there be in this caſe, but for her watchfulneſs?—As well as I love intrigue and ſtratagem, doſt think, that I had not rather have gained my end with leſs trouble and leſs guilt?

(*a*) See Vol. III. p. 185.

The man, let me tell thee, who is as wicked as he *can* be, is a worſe man than I am. Let me aſk any Rake in England, if, reſolving to carry his point, he would have been *ſo long about it?* or have had *ſo much compunction* as I have had?

Were every Rake, nay, were every Man, to ſet down, as I do, and write all that enters into his head, or into his heart, and to accuſe himſelf with equal freedom and truth, what an army of miſcreants ſhould I have to keep me in countenance!

It is a maxim with ſome, that if they are left alone with a woman, and make not an attempt upon her, ſhe will think herſelf affronted—Are not ſuch men as theſe worſe than I am? What an opinion muſt they have of the whole Sex?

Let me defend the Sex I ſo dearly love. If theſe Elder brethren of ours think they have general reaſon for their aſſertion, they muſt have kept very bad company, or muſt judge of womens hearts by their own. She muſt be an abandoned woman, who will not ſhrink as a Snail into its ſhell, at a *groſs* and *ſudden* attempt. A modeſt woman muſt be naturally *cold*, *reſerved*, and *ſhy*. She cannot be *ſo much*, and *ſo ſoon* affected, as Libertines are apt to imagine. She muſt, *at leaſt*, have ſome confidence in the *honour* and *ſilence* of a man, before deſire can poſſibly put forth in her, to encourage and meet his flame. For my own part, I have been always decent in the company of women, till I was *ſure* of them. Nor have I ever offered a *great* offence, till I have found *little* ones paſſed over; and that they ſhunned me not, when they knew my character.

My divine Clariſſa has puzzled me, and beat me out of my play: At one time, I hoped to overcome by *intimidating* her; at another, by *Love*; by the amorous *See-ſaw*, as I have called it (*a*). And I have only now to join *Surprize* to the other two, and ſee what can be done by all three. And

(*a*) See Vol. III. p. 75.

And whoſe property, I pray thee, ſhall I invade, if I purſue my ſchemes of Love and Vengeance? Have not thoſe who have a right to her, renounced that right? Have they not wilfully expoſed her to dangers? Yet muſt know, that ſuch a woman would be conſidered as lawful prize, by as many as could have the opportunity to attempt her?—And had they not thus cruelly expoſed her, is ſhe not a *Single woman?* And need I tell thee, Jack, that men of our caſt, the *beſt* of them [the *worſt* ſtick at nothing] think it a great grace and favour done to the married men, if they leave them their Wives to themſelves; and compound for their Siſters, Daughters, Wards, and Nieces? Shocking as theſe principles muſt be to a reflecting mind, yet ſuch thou knoweſt are the principles of thouſands (who would not act ſo generouſly, as I have acted by almoſt all of the Sex, over whom I have obtained a power); and as often carried into practice, as their opportunities or courage will permit.—Such therefore have no right to blame *me.*

Thou repeatedly pleadeſt her ſufferings from her family. But I have too often anſwered this plea, to need to ſay any more now, than that ſhe has not ſuffered for *my ſake.* For has ſhe not been made the victim of the malice of her rapacious Brother and envious Siſter, who only waited for an occaſion to ruin her with her other relations; and took this *as the firſt* to drive her out of the houſe; and as it happened, into my arms?—Thou knoweſt how much *againſt her inclination.*

As for her *own* ſins, how many has the dear creature to anſwer for to *Love* and to *me!*—Twenty times, and twenty times twenty, has ſhe not told me, that ſhe refuſed not the odious Solmes in favour to me? And as often has ſhe not offered to renounce me for the Single Life, if the Implacables would have received her on that condition?—Of what repetitions does thy weak pity make me guilty?

To

To look a little farther back: Canſt thou forget what my ſufferings were from this haughty Beauty in the whole time of my attendance upon her proud motions, in the purlieus of Harlowe-Place, and at the little White Hart at Neale, as we called it?—Did I not threaten vengeance upon her then (and had I not reaſon?) for diſappointing me of a promiſed interview?

O Jack! what a night had I in the bleak coppice adjoining to her Father's paddock! My linen and wig frozen; my limbs abſolutely numbed; my fingers only ſenſible of ſo much warmth, as enabled me to hold a pen; and that obtained by rubbing the ſkin off, and by beating with my hands my ſhivering ſides! Kneeling on the hoar moſs on one knee, writing on the other, if the ſtiff ſcrawl could be called writing! My feet, by the time I had done, ſeeming to have taken root, and actually unable to ſupport me for ſome minutes!—Love and Rage kept then my heart in motion [and only Love and Rage could do it] or how much more than I *did* ſuffer, muſt I have ſuffered!

I told thee, at my melancholy return, what were the contents of the Letter I wrote (*a*). And I ſhewed thee afterwards, her tyrannical Anſwer to it (*b*). Thou, then, Jack, lovedſt thy friend; and pitiedſt thy poor ſuffering Lovelace. Even the affronted God of Love approved then of my threatened vengeance againſt the fair promiſer; tho' now with thee, in the Day of my power, forgetful of the Night of my ſufferings, he is become an advocate for her.

Nay, was it not he himſelf that brought to me my adorable *Nemeſis*; and both together put me upon this very vow, 'That I would never reſt till I had 'drawn in this goddeſs-daughter of the Harlowes to 'cohabit with me; and that in the face of all their 'proud family?'

Nor

(*a*) See Vol. II. p. 122. (*b*) Ibid. p. 124.

Nor canſt thou forget this vow.—At this inſtant I have thee before me, as then thou ſorrowfully lookedſt. Thy ſtrong features glowing with compaſſion for me; thy lips twiſted; thy forehead furrowed; thy whole face drawn out from the ſtupid round into the ghaſtly oval; every muſcle contributing its power to complete the aſpect grievous; and not one word couldſt thou utter, but *Amen* to my vow.

And what of diſtinguiſhing Love, or Favour, or Confidence, have I had from her ſince, to make me forego this vow?

I *renewed* it not, indeed, afterwards; and actually, for a long ſeaſon, was willing to forget it; till repetitions of the ſame faults revived the remembrance of the former. And now adding to thoſe the contents of ſome of Miſs Howe's virulent Letters, ſo lately come at, what canſt thou ſay for the Rebel, conſiſtent with thy loyalty to thy Friend?

Every man to his genius and conſtitution. Hannibal was called *The father of warlike ſtratagems.* Had Hannibal been a private man, and turned his plotting head againſt the *other Sex*; or had I been a general, and turned mine againſt ſuch of my fellow-creatures of *my own*, as I thought myſelf entitled to conſider as my enemies, becauſe they were born and lived in a different climate; Hannibal would have done leſs miſchief; Lovelace more.—That would have been the difference.

Not a Sovereign on earth, if he be not a *good man*, and if he be of a warlike temper, but muſt do a thouſand times more miſchief than I. And why? Becauſe he has it in his *power* to do more.

An honeſt man, perhaps thou'lt ſay, will not wiſh to have it in his power to do hurt. He *ought not*, let me tell him: For, if he have it, a thouſand to one but it makes him both wanton and wicked.

In what, then, am I ſo *ſingularly* vile?

In

In my *Contrivances*, thou wilt ſay (for thou art my echo) if not in my propoſed *End* of them.

How difficult does every man find it, as well as I, to forego a predominant paſſion! I have three paſſions that ſway me by turns; all imperial ones. Love, Revenge, Ambition, or a deſire of conqueſt.

As to this particular contrivance of Tomlinſon and the Uncle, which perhaps thou wilt think a black one; that had been ſpared, had not theſe *innocent* Ladies put me upon finding a huſband for their Mrs. Townſend: That device, therefore, is but a *preventive* one. Thinkeſt thou, that I could bear to be outwitted? And may not this very contrivance ſave a world of miſchief? for, doſt thou think, I would have tamely given up the Lady to Townſend's Tars?

What meaneſt thou, except to overthrow thy own plea, when thou ſayeſt, *that men of our caſt know no other bound to their wickedneſs, but want of power*; yet knoweſt this Lady to be in mine?

Enough, ſayeſt thou, *have I tried this paragon of virtue.* Not ſo; for I have not tried her at all—All I have been doing, is but *preparation to a trial.*

But thou art concerned for the *means* that I may have recourſe to in the *trial*, and for my *veracity.*

Silly fellow!—Did ever any man, thinkeſt thou, deceive a woman, but at the expence of his veracity? How, otherwiſe, can he be ſaid to *deceive?*

As to the *means*, thou doſt not imagine, that I expect a *direct* conſent. My main hope is but in a yielding reluctance; without which I will be ſworn, whatever Rapes have been attempted, none ever were committed, one perſon to one perſon. And good Queen Beſs of England, had ſhe been living, and appealed to, would have declared herſelf of my mind.

It would not be amiſs for the Sex to know, what our opinions are upon this ſubject. I love to warn them.

them. I wiſh no man to ſucceed with them but myſelf. I told thee once, that *though a Rake, I am not a Rake's friend* (*a*).

Thou ſayeſt, that I ever hated wedlock. And true thou ſayeſt. And yet *as* true, when thou telleſt me, that I *would rather marry than loſe this Lady*. And *will ſhe deteſt me for ever*, thinkeſt thou, if I try her, and ſucceed not?—Take care—Take care, Jack!—Seeſt thou not, that thou warneſt me, that I do not try without reſolving to conquer?

I muſt add, that I have for ſome time been convinced, that I have done wrong, to ſcribble to thee ſo freely as I have done (and the more ſo, if I make the Lady legally mine); for has not every Letter I have written to thee, been a Bill of Indictment againſt myſelf? I may partly curſe my vanity for it; and I think I will refrain for the future; for thou art really very impertinent.

A *good* man, I own, might urge many of the things thou urgeſt; but, by my ſoul, they come very aukwardly from thee. And thou muſt be ſenſible, that I can anſwer every tittle of what thou writeſt, upon the foot of the *maxims we have long held and purſued*.—By the ſpecimen above, thou wilt ſee that I can.

And pr'ythee tell me, Jack, what but this that follows would have been the epitome of mine and my Beloved's Story, *after ten years Cohabitation*, had I never written to thee upon the ſubject, and had I not been my own accuſer?

'Robert Lovelace, a notorious woman-eater, 'makes his addreſſes in an honourable way to Miſs 'Clariſſa Harlowe; a young Lady of the higheſt 'merit—Fortunes on both ſides out of the queſtion.

'After encouragement given, he is inſulted by 'her violent Brother; who thinks it his intereſt to 'diſcountenance the match; and who at laſt chal-

'lenging

(*a*) See Vol. III. p. 87.

'lenging him, is obliged to take his worthleſs life at 'his hands.

'The family, as much enraged, as if he had *taken* 'the life he *gave*, inſult him perſonally, and find out 'an odious Lover for the young Lady.

'To avoid a forced marriage, ſhe is prevailed up-'on to take a ſtep, which throws her into Mr. Love-'lace's protection.

'Yet, diſclaiming any paſſion for him, ſhe re-'peatedly offers to renounce him for ever, if, on 'that condition, her relations will receive her, and 'free her from the addreſs of the man ſhe hates.

'Mr. Lovelace, a man of ſtrong paſſions, and, 'as ſome ſay, of great pride, thinks himſelf under 'very little obligation to her on this account; and 'not being naturally fond of marriage, and having 'ſo much reaſon to hate her relations, endeavours to 'prevail upon her to live with him, what he calls '*the life of honour:* And at laſt, by ſtratagem, art, 'and contrivance, prevails.

'He reſolves never to marry any other woman: 'Takes a pride to have her called by his name: 'A Church-rite all the difference between them: 'Treats her with deſerved tenderneſs. Nobody 'queſtions their marriage but thoſe proud relations 'of hers, whom he wiſhes to queſtion it. Every 'year a charming Boy. Fortunes to ſupport the 'increaſing family with ſplendor. A tender Father. 'Always a warm Friend; a generous Landlord, 'and a punctual Paymaſter. Now-and-then how-'ever, perhaps, indulging with a new object, in or-'der to bring him back with greater delight to his 'charming Clariſſa—His only fault Love of the Sex '—Which nevertheleſs the women ſay, will cure 'itſelf—Defenſible *thus far*, that he breaks no con-'tracts by his rovings.'—

And what is there ſo very greatly amiſs, AS THE WORLD GOES, in all this?

Let me aver, that there are thouſands and ten thouſands, who have worſe Stories to tell than this would appear to be, had I not intereſted thee in the progreſs to my great end. And beſides, thou knoweſt that the character I gave myſelf to Joſeph Leman, as to my treatment of my miſtreſſes, is pretty near the truth (*a*).

Were I to be as much in earneſt in my defence, as thou art warm in my arraignment, I could convince thee, by other arguments, obſervations, and compariſons. [*Is not all human good and evil comparative?*] that tho' from my ingenuous temper (writing only to Thee, who art maſter of every ſecret of my heart) I am ſo ready to accuſe myſelf in my narrations; yet I have ſomething to ſay *for* myſelf *to* myſelf, as I go along; tho' no one elſe perhaps that was not a Rake, would allow any weight to it.—And this caution might I give to thouſands, who would ſtoop for a ſtone to throw at me: 'See that 'your own *predominant paſſions*, whatever they be, 'hurry you not into as much wickedneſs, as *mine* do 'me. See, if ye happen to be better than I in ſome 'things, that ye are not worſe in others; and in 'points too, that may be of more extenſive bad 'conſequence, than that of ſeducing a girl (and 'taking care of her afterwards) who *from her cra-'dle is armed with cautions againſt the deluſions of 'men.*' And yet I am not ſo partial to my own follies as to think lightly of *this* fault, when I allow myſelf to think.

Another grave thing will I add, now my hand is in: 'So dearly do I love the Sex, that had I found, 'that a character for virtue had been generally *ne-'ceſſary* to recommend me to them, I ſhould have 'had a much greater regard to my morals as to the 'Sex, than I have had.'

To ſum up all—I am ſufficiently appriſed, that

(*a*) See Vol. III. p. 229.

men of worthy and honeſt hearts, who never allowed themſelves in *premeditated* evil, and who take into the account the excellencies of this fine creature, will and muſt not only condemn, but *abhor* me, were they to know as much of me as thou doſt. But, methinks, I would be glad to eſcape the cenſure of thoſe men, and of thoſe women too, who have never known what capital trials and temptations are; of thoſe who have no genius for enterprize; of thoſe who want rather courage than will; and moſt particularly of thoſe, who have only kept their ſecret better than I have kept, or wiſh to keep, mine. Were theſe exceptions to take place, perhaps, Jack, I ſhould have ten to acquit, to one that would condemn me. Have I not often ſaid, *That human nature is a rogue?*

*** ***

I THREATENED above to refrain writing to thee. But take it not to heart, Jack—I muſt write on, and cannot help it.

LETTER LVIII.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq;*

Wedneſday Night, 11 *o'Clock.*

FAITH, Jack, thou hadſt half undone me with thy nonſenſe, tho' I would not own it in my yeſterday's Letter: My Conſcience of thy party before.—But I think I am my own man again.

So near to execution my Plot; ſo near ſpringing my Mine; all agreed upon between the women and me; or I believe thou hadſt overthrown me.

I have time for a few lines preparative to what is to happen in an hour or two; and I love to write to the *moment*.

We have been extremely happy. How many agreeable days have we known together!—What may the next two hours produce!

When I parted with my Charmer (which I did, with infinite reluctance, half an hour ago) it was upon her promiſe, that ſhe would not ſit up to write or read. For ſo engaging was the converſation to me (and indeed my behaviour throughout the whole of it was confeſſedly agreeable to her) that I inſiſted, if ſhe did not directly retire to reſt, that ſhe ſhould add another happy hour to the former.

To have ſat up writing or reading half the night, as ſhe ſometimes does, would have fruſtrated my view, as thou wilt obſerve, when my little plot unravels.

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WHAT—What—What now!—Bounding villain! wouldſt thou choak me!—

I was ſpeaking to my heart, Jack!—It was then at my throat.—And what is all this for?—Theſe ſhy women, how, when a man thinks himſelf near the mark, do they *tempeſt* him!

*** ***

Is all ready, Dorcas? Has my Beloved kept her word with me?—Whether are theſe billowy heavings owing more to Love or to Fear? I cannot tell for the ſoul of me, of which I have moſt. If I can but take her before her apprehenſion, before her eloquence, is awake—

Limbs, why thus convulſed?—Knees, till now ſo firmly knit, why thus relaxed? Why beat you thus together? Will not theſe trembling fingers, which twice have refuſed to direct the pen, fail me in the arduous moment?

Once again, Why and for what all theſe convulſions? This project is not to end in *Matrimony*, ſurely!

But the conſequences muſt be greater than I had thought of till this moment—My Beloved's deſtiny or my own may depend upon the iſſue of the two next hours!

I will recede, I think!—

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SOFT, O virgin ſaint, and ſafe as ſoft, be thy ſlumbers!

I will now once more turn to my friend Belford's Letter. Thou ſhalt have fair play, my Charmer. I will re-peruſe what thy advocate has to ſay for thee. Weak arguments will do, in the frame I am in!—

But, what, what's the matter!—What a *double*—But the uproar abates!—What a *double coward* am I?---Or is it that I am taken in a cowardly minute? for Heroes have their fits of *fear*; Cowards their *brave* moments; and Virtuous Women, all but my Clariſſa, their moment *critical*---

But thus coolly enjoying thy reflections in a hurricane!---Again the confuſion is renewed!---

What! Where!---How came it!---

Is my Beloved ſafe?---

O wake not too roughly my Beloved!---

LETTER LIX.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq*;

Thurſday Morning, Five o'clock (June 8.)

NOW is my Reformation ſecured; for I never ſhall love any other woman! O ſhe is all variety! She muſt be ever new to me! *Imagination* cannot form; much leſs can the Pencil paint; nor can the Soul of painting, *Poetry*, deſcribe an angel ſo exquiſitely, ſo elegantly lovely!---But I will not by anticipation pacify thy impatience. Altho' the ſubject is too hallowed for profane contemplation, yet ſhalt thou have the whole before thee as it paſſed: And this not from a ſpirit wantoning in deſcription upon ſo rich a ſubject; but with a deſign to put a bound to thy roving thoughts. It will be iniquity

greater than a Lovelace ever was guilty of, to carry them farther than I ſhall acknowlege.

Thus then connecting my laſt with the preſent, I lead to it.

Didſt thou not, by the concluſion of my former, perceive the conſternation I was in, juſt as I was about to re-peruſe thy Letter, in order to prevail upon myſelf to recede from my purpoſe of awaking in terrors my ſlumbering charmer? And what doſt think was the matter?

I'll tell thee—

At a little after Two, when the whole houſe was ſtill, or ſeemed to be ſo, and, as it proved, my Clariſſa in bed, and faſt aſleep; I alſo in a manner undreſſed (as indeed I was for an hour before) and in my gown and ſlippers, tho', to oblige thee, writing on;—I was alarmed by a trampling noiſe over head, and a confuſed buz of mixed voices, ſome louder than others, like ſcolding, and little ſhort of ſcreaming. While I was wondering what could be the matter, down ſtairs ran Dorcas, and at my door, in an accent rather frightedly and hoarſly inward, than ſhrilly clamorous, ſhe cried out, Fire! Fire! And this the more alarmed me, as ſhe ſeemed to endeavour to cry out louder, but could not.

My pen (its laſt ſcrawl a benediction on my Beloved) dropt from my fingers; and up ſtarted I; and making but three ſteps to the door, opening it, I cried out, Where! Where! almoſt as much terrified as the wench: While ſhe, more than half-undreſt, her petticoats in her hand, unable to ſpeak diſtinctly, pointed up ſtairs.

I was there in a moment, and found all owing to the careleſſneſs of Mrs. Sinclair's cook-maid, who having ſat up to read the ſimple *Hiſtory of Doraſtus and Faunia* when ſhe ſhould have been in bed, had ſet fire to an old pair of callico window-curtains.

She had had the preſence of mind, in her fright,

to tear down the half-burnt vallens, as well as curtains, and had got them, tho' blazing, into the chimney, by the time I came up; ſo that I had the ſatisfaction to find the danger happily over.

Mean time Dorcas, after ſhe had directed me upſtairs, not knowing the worſt was over, and expecting every minute the houſe would be in a blaze, out of tender regard for her Lady [*I ſhall for ever love the wench for it*] ran to her door, and rapping loudly at it, in a recovered voice, cried out, with a ſhrillneſs equal to her Love, *Fire! Fire!—The houſe is on fire! —Riſe, Madam!—This inſtant riſe—if you would not be burnt in your bed!*

No ſooner had ſhe made this dreadful outcry, but I heard her Lady's door, with haſty violence, unbar, unbolt, unlock, and open, and my Charmer's voice ſounding like that of one going into a fit.

Thou mayeſt believe that I was greatly affected. I trembled with concern for her, and haſtened down faſter than the alarm of fire had made me run up, in order to ſatisfy her, that all the danger was over.

When I had *flown down* to her chamber-door, there I beheld the moſt charming creature in the world, ſupporting herſelf on the arm of the gaſping Dorcas, ſighing, trembling, and ready to faint, with nothing on but an under-petticoat, her lovely boſom half-open, and her feet juſt ſlipt into her ſhoes. As ſoon as ſhe ſaw me, ſhe panted, and ſtruggled to ſpeak; but could only ſay, Oh, Mr. Lovelace! and down was ready to ſink.

I claſped her in my arms with an ardor ſhe never felt before: My deareſt Life! fear nothing: I have been up—The danger is over—The fire is got under—And how, fooliſh devil! [to Dorcas] could you thus, by your hideous yell, alarm and frighten my angel!

O Jack! how her ſweet boſom, as I claſped her to mine, heaved and panted! I could even diſtinguiſh her

her dear heart flutter, flutter, flutter againſt mine; and for a few minutes, I feared ſhe would go into fits.

Leſt the half-lifeleſs Charmer ſhould catch cold in this undreſs, I lifted her to her bed, and ſat down by her upon the ſide of it, endeavouring with the utmoſt tenderneſs, as well of action as expreſſion, to diſſipate her terrors.

But what did I get by this my generous care of her, and by my *ſucceſsful* endeavour to bring her to herſelf? —Nothing (ungrateful as ſhe was!) but the moſt paſſionate exclamations: For we had both already forgotten the occaſion, dreadful as it was, which had thrown her into my arms: I, from the joy of incircling the almoſt diſrobed body of the lovelieſt of her Sex; ſhe, from the greater terrors that aroſe from finding herſelf in my arms, and both ſeated on the bed, from which ſhe had been ſo lately frighted.

And now, Belford, reflect upon the diſtance at which the watchful Charmer had hitherto kept me: Reflect upon my Love, and upon my Sufferings for her: Reflect upon her Vigilance, and how long I had laid in wait to elude it; the awe I had ſtood in, becauſe of her frozen virtue and over-niceneſs; and that I never before was ſo happy with her; and then think how ungovernable muſt be my tranſports in thoſe happy moments!—And yet, in my own account, I was both decent and generous.

But, far from being affected, as I wiſhed, by an addreſs ſo fervent (although from a man for whom ſhe had ſo lately owned a regard, and with whom, but an hour or two before, ſhe had parted with ſo much ſatisfaction) I never ſaw a bitterer, or more moving grief, when ſhe came fully to herſelf.

She appealed to Heaven againſt my *treachery*, as ſhe called it; while I, by the moſt ſolemn vows, pleaded my own equal fright, and the reality of the danger that had alarmed us both.

She conjured me, in the moſt ſolemn and affecting manner, by turns threatening and ſoothing, to quit her apartment, and permit her to hide herſelf from the light, and from every human eye.

I beſought her pardon, yet could not avoid offending; and repeatedly vowed, that the next morning's Sun ſhould witneſs our eſpouſals: But, taking, I ſuppoſe, all my proteſtations of this kind as an indication that I intended to proceed to the laſt extremity, ſhe would hear nothing that I ſaid; but redoubling her ſtruggles to get from me, in broken accents, and exclamations the moſt vehement, ſhe proteſted, that ſhe would not ſurvive what ſhe called a treatment ſo diſgraceful and villainous; and, looking all wildly round her, as if for ſome inſtrument of miſchief, ſhe eſpied a pair of ſharp-pointed ſciſſars on a chair by the bed-ſide, and endeavoured to catch them up, with deſign to make her words good on the ſpot.

Seeing her deſperation, I begged her to be pacified; that ſhe would hear me ſpeak but one word; declaring that I intended no diſhonour to her: And having ſeized the ſciſſars, I threw them into the chimney; and ſhe ſtill inſiſting vehemently upon my diſtance, I permitted her to take the chair.

But, O the ſweet diſcompoſure!—Her bared ſhoulders, and arms ſo inimitably fair and lovely: Her ſpread hands croſſed over her charming neck; yet not half concealing its gloſſy beauties: The ſcanty coat, as ſhe roſe from me, giving the whole of her admirable ſhape, and fine-turn'd limbs: Her eyes running over, yet ſeeming to threaten future vengeance: And at laſt her lips uttering what every indignant look and glowing feature portended; exclaiming as if I had done the worſt I could do, and vowing never to forgive me; wilt thou wonder if I reſumed the incenſed, the already too-much-provoked Fair-one?

I did; and claſped her once more to my boſom:

But,

But, conſidering the delicacy of her frame, her force was amazing, and ſhewed how much in earneſt ſhe was in her reſentment; for it was with the utmoſt difficulty that I was able to hold her: Nor could I prevent her ſliding through my arms, to fall upon her knees: Which ſhe did at my feet: And there, in the anguiſh of her ſoul, her ſtreaming eyes lifted up to my face with ſupplicating ſoftneſs, hands folded, diſhevelled hair; for her night head-dreſs having fallen off in her ſtruggling, her charming treſſes fell down in naturally ſhining ringlets, as if officious to conceal the dazling beauties of her neck and ſhoulders; her lovely boſom too heaving with ſighs, and broken ſobs, as if to aid her quivering lips, in pleading for her—In this manner, but when her grief gave way to her ſpeech, in words pronounced with that emphatical propriety, which diſtinguiſhes this admirable creature in her elocution from all the women I ever heard ſpeak; did ſhe implore my compaſſion, and my honour.

'Conſider me, *dear* Lovelace,' [*dear* was her charming word!] 'on my knees I beg you to con-
'ſider me, as a poor creature who has no protector
'but You; who has no defence but your Honour:
'By that Honour! By your Humanity! By all you
'have vowed! I conjure you not to make me abhor
'myſelf!—Not to make me vile in my own eyes!'

I mentioned the morrow as the happieſt day of my life.

Tell me not of to-morrow. If indeed you mean me honourably, *Now*, This very inſtant NOW! you muſt ſhew it, and begone! You can never in a whole long life repair the evils you may NOW make me ſuffer.

Wicked wretch!--Inſolent villain!--Yes, ſhe called me inſolent villain, altho' ſo much in my power! And for what?—only for kiſſing (*with paſſion indeed*) her inimitable neck, her lips, her cheeks, her fore-

head, and her ſtreaming eyes, as this aſſemblage of beauties offered itſelf at once to my raviſhed ſight; ſhe continuing kneeling at my feet as I ſat.

If I *am* a villain, Madam—And then my graſping, but trembling hand—I hope I did not hurt the tendereſt and lovelieſt of all her beauties—If I *am* a villain, Madam—

She tore my ruffle, ſhrunk from my happy hand, with amazing force and agility, as with my other arm I would have incircled her waiſt.

Indeed you are!—The worſt of villains!—Help! dear bleſſed people! and ſcreamed—No help for a poor creature!—

Am I then a villain, Madam?—*Am* I then a villain, ſay you?—and claſped both my arms about her, offering to raiſe her to my bounding heart.

O no!—And yet you are!—And again I was her *dear* Lovelace!—Her hands again claſped over her charming boſom:—Kill me! Kill me!—If I am odious enough in your eyes, to deſerve this treatment; and I will thank you!—Too long, much too long, has my life been a burden to me!—Or, wildly looking all around her, give me but the means, and I will inſtantly convince you, that my Honour is dearer to me than my Life!

Then, with ſtill folded hands, and freſh-ſtreaming eyes, I was her *bleſſed* Lovelace; and ſhe would thank me with her lateſt breath, if I would permit her to make that preference, or free her from further indignities.

I ſat ſuſpended for a moment: By my Soul, thought I, thou art, upon full proof, an angel and no woman! Still, however cloſe claſping her to my boſom, as I had raiſed her from her knees, ſhe again ſlid through my arms, and dropt upon them:—'See, 'Mr. Lovelace!—Good God! that I ſhould live to 'ſee this hour, and to bear this treatment!—See at 'your feet a poor creature, imploring your pity,

'who,

'who, for your ſake, is abandoned of all the world!
'Let not my Father's curſe thus dreadfully operate!
'Be not *you* the inflicter, who have been the *cauſe*
'of it: But ſpare me, I beſeech you ſpare me!—
'For how have I deſerved this treatment from you?
'—For *your own ſake*, if not for *my ſake*, and as you
'would that God Almighty, in your laſt hour,
'ſhould have mercy upon *you*, ſpare me!'—

What heart but muſt have been penetrated?

I would again have raiſed the dear ſuppliant from her knees; but ſhe would not be raiſed, till my ſoftened mind, ſhe ſaid, had yielded to her prayer, and bid her riſe to be innocent.

Riſe then, my angel! Riſe, and be what you are, and all you wiſh to be! Only pronounce me pardoned for what has paſſed, and tell me you will continue to look upon me with that eye of favour and ſerenity which I have been bleſſed with for ſome days paſt, and I will ſubmit to my beloved conquereſs, whoſe power never was at ſo great an height with me, as now, and retire to my apartment.

God Almighty, ſaid ſhe, hear your prayers in your moſt arduous moments, as you have heard mine! And now leave me, this moment leave me, to my own recollection: In *that* you will leave me to miſery enough, and more than you ought to wiſh to your bittereſt enemy.

Impute not every-thing, my beſt Beloved, to deſign, for deſign it was not—

O Mr. Lovelace!

Upon my Soul, Madam, the fire was real—[*And ſo it was, Jack!*]--The houſe, my deareſt Life, might have been conſumed by it, as you will be convinced in the morning by ocular demonſtration.

O Mr. Lovelace!—

Let my paſſion for you, Madam, and the unexpected meeting of you at your chamber-door, in an attitude ſo charming—

Leave me, leave me, this moment!—I beſeech you leave me; looking wildly and in confuſion about her, and upon herſelf.

Excuſe me, deareſt creature, for thoſe liberties, which, innocent as they were, your too great delicacy may make you take amiſs—

No more! No more!---Leave me, I beſeech you! Again looking upon herſelf, and around her, in a ſweet confuſion---Begone! Begone!---

Then weeping, ſhe ſtruggled vehemently to withdraw her hands, which all the while I held between mine.---Her ſtruggles!---O what additional charms, as I now reflect, did her ſtruggles give to every feature, every limb, of a perſon ſo ſweetly elegant and lovely!

Impoſſible, my deareſt Life, till you pronounce my pardon!---Say but you forgive me!--Say but you forgive me!

I beſeech you, begone! Leave me to myſelf, that I may think what I *can* do, and what I *ought* to do.

That, my deareſt creature, is not enough. You muſt tell me, that I am forgiven; that you will ſee me to-morrow, as if nothing had happened.

And then I claſped her again in my arms, hoping ſhe would not forgive me---

I will---I do forgive you.--Wretch that you are!

Nay, my Clariſſa! And is it ſuch a reluctant pardon, mingled with a word ſo upbraiding, that I am to be put off with, when you are thus [claſping her cloſe to me] in my power?

I do, I *do* forgive you!

Heartily?

Yes, heartily!

And freely?

Freely!

And will you look upon me to-morrow as if nothing had paſſed?

Yes, yes!

I can-

I cannot take theſe peeviſh affirmatives, ſo much like intentional negatives!---Say you will, upon your honour.

Upon my honour, then---O now, begone! begone!---And never---never---

What, never, my angel!---Is this forgiveneſs?

Never, ſaid ſhe, let what has paſſed be remembered more!

I inſiſted upon one kiſs to ſeal my pardon---And retired like a fool, a woman's fool, as I was!---I ſneakingly retired!---Couldſt thou have believed it?

But I had no ſooner entered my own apartment, than, reflecting upon the opportunity I had loſt, and that all I had gained was but an encreaſe of my own difficulties; and upon the ridicule I ſhould meet with below upon a weakneſs ſo much out of my uſual character; I repented, and haſtened back, in hope, that through the diſtreſs of mind which I left her in, ſhe had not ſo ſoon faſtened the door; and I was fully reſolved to execute all my purpoſes, be the conſequence what it would; for, thought I, I have already ſinned beyond *cordial* forgiveneſs, I doubt; and if fits and deſperation enſue, I can but marry at laſt, and then I ſhall make her amends.

But I was juſtly puniſhed; for her door was faſt: And hearing her ſigh and ſob, as if her heart would burſt, My beloved creature, ſaid I, rapping gently [her ſobbings then ceaſing] I want but to ſay three words to you, which muſt be the moſt acceptable you ever heard from me. Let me ſee you but for one moment.

I thought I heard her coming to open the door, and my heart leapt in that hope; but it was only to draw another bolt, to make it ſtill the faſter; and ſhe either could not or would not anſwer me, but retired to the further end of her apartment, to her cloſet probably: And more like a fool than before, again I ſneaked away.

This

This was my Mine, my Plot! And this was all I made of it!

I love her more than ever!—And well I may!—Never ſaw I poliſhed ivory ſo beautiful as her arms and ſhoulders; never touched I velvet ſo ſoft as her ſkin: Her virgin boſom—O Belford, ſhe is all perfection! Then ſuch an elegance!—In her ſtruggling loſing her ſhoe (but juſt ſlipt on, as I told thee) her pretty foot equally white and delicate as the hand of any other woman, or even as her own hand!

But ſeeſt thou not that I have a claim of merit for a grace that every-body hitherto had denied me? And that is, for a capacity of being moved by prayers and tears—Where, where, on this occaſion, was the *Callus*, where the Flint, by which my heart was ſaid to be ſurrounded?

This, indeed, is the firſt inſtance, in the like caſe, that ever I was wrought upon. But why? *Becauſe I never before encountered a reſiſtance ſo much in earneſt:* A reſiſtance, in ſhort, ſo irreſiſtible.

What a triumph has her Sex obtained in my thoughts by this trial, and this reſiſtance?

But if ſhe can *now* forgive me—*Can!*—She *muſt*. Has ſhe not upon her honour already done it?—But how will the dear creature keep that part of her promiſe, which engages her to ſee me in the morning, as if nothing had happened?

She would give the world, I fanſy, to have the firſt interview over!—She had not beſt reproach me—Yet *not* to reproach me!—What a charming puzzle!—Let her break her word with me at her peril. Fly me ſhe cannot—No appeals lie from my tribunal—What friend has ſhe in the world, if my compaſſion exert not itſelf in her favour?—And then the worthy Captain Tomlinſon, and her Uncle Harlowe, will be able to make all up for me, be my *next* offence what it will.

As to thy apprehenſions of her committing any raſhneſs

raſhneſs upon herſelf, whatever ſhe might have done in her paſſion if ſhe could have ſeized upon her ſciſſars, or found any other weapon, I dare ſay, there is no fear of that from her *deliberate* mind. A man has trouble enough with theſe truly pious, and truly virtuous girls [*Now I believe there are ſuch*]; he had need to have ſome benefit *from*, ſome ſecurity *in*, the rectitude of their minds.

In ſhort, I fear nothing in this Lady but Grief: Yet that's a ſlow worker, you know; and gives time to pop in a little Joy between its Sullen Fits.

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I. II. *Lovelace, To Belford.* Tells him how much the Lady diſlikes the confraternity; Belford as well as the reſt. Has had a warm debate with her in their behalf. Looks upon her refuſing a ſhare in her bed to Miſs Partington, as ſuſpecting and defying him. Threatens her.——Savagely glories in her grief, on receiving Mrs. Howe's prohibitory Letter: *Which appears to be inſtigated by himſelf.*

III. *Belford, To Lovelace.* His and his compeers high admiration of Clariſſa. They all join to entreat him to do her juſtice.

IV. V. *Lovelace. In anſwer.* He endeavours to palliate his purpoſes by familiar inſtances of cruelty to birds, *&c.*——Further characteriſtic reaſonings in ſupport of his wicked deſigns. The paſſive condition to which he wants to bring the Lady.

VI. *Belford. In Reply.* Still warmly argues in behalf of the Lady. Is obliged to attend a dying Uncle; and intreats him to write from time to time an account of all his proceedings.

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Her heavy reflections upon the contents. Her generous prayer.

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IX. *Lovelace, To Belford.* Will write a Play. The title of it, The Quarrelſome Lovers. *Perſeveran ce his glory: Patience his hand-maid.* Attempts to get a Letter the Lady had dropt as ſhe ſat. Her high indignation upon it. Further plots. Paul Wheatly who; and for what employed. Sally Martin's reproaches. Has overplotted himſelf. Human nature a well-known rogue.

X. *Clariſſa, To Miſs Howe.* Acquaints her with their preſent quarrel. Finds it imprudent to ſtay with him. Re-urges the application to her Uncle. Cautions her Sex with regard to the danger of being miſled by the eye.

XI. *Miſs Howe. In Anſwer.* Approves of her leaving Lovelace. New ſtories of his wickedneſs. Will have her Uncle ſounded. Comforts her. How *much her caſe differs from that of any other female fugitive.* She will be an Example, *as well as* a Warning. A picture of Clariſſa's happineſs before ſhe knew Lovelace. Brief ſketches of her exalted character. *Adverſity her ſhining time.*

XII. *Clariſſa. In Reply.* Has a conteſt with Lovelace about going to church. He obliges her again to accept of his company to St. Paul's.

XIII. *Miſs Howe, To Mrs. Norton.* Deſiring her to try to diſpoſe Mrs. Harlowe to forward a Reconciliation.

XIV. *Mrs. Norton. In Anſwer.*

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XXXV. *Lovelace, To Belford.* Meets the Lady at breakfaſt. Flings the tea-cup and ſawcer over his head. The occaſion. Alarms and terrifies her by his free addreſs. *Romping*, the uſe of it to a Lover. Will try if ſhe will not yield to *nightly ſurprizes*. A lion-hearted Lady where her honour is concerned. *Muſt have recourſe to his maſter-ſtrokes.* Fable of the Sun and North Wind. Mrs. Fretchville's houſe an embarraſs. He gives that *pretended* Lady the Small-Pox. Other contrivances in his head *to bring Clariſſa back, if ſhe ſhould get away.* Miſs Howe's ſcheme of Mrs. Townſend is, he ſays, a ſword hanging over his head. *He muſt change his meaſures to render it abortive.* He is of the true *Lady-make.* What that is. Another converſation between them. Her apoſtrophe to her Father. He is temporally moved. Dorcas gives him notice of a paper ſhe has come at, and is tranſcribing. In order to detain the Lady, he preſſes for the day. *Miſs* Howe he fanſies in love with him. And why. He ſees Clariſſa does not *hate* him.

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XLI. *Lovelace, To Belford.* The Lady now *comes to him at the firſt word.* Triumphs in her *ſweetneſs of temper*, and on her *patience with him.* Puts his writings into Counſellor Williams's hands, to prepare Settlements. Shall *now be doubly armed.* Boaſts of his contrivances in petto. Brings patterns to her. Propoſes Jewels. Admires her for her prudence with regard to what he puts her upon doing for her Norton. *What his Wife muſt Do and Be.* She declines a public Wedding. Her dutiful reaſons. She is willing to diſpenſe with Lord M.'s preſence. He writes to Lord M. accordingly.

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XLII. *Lovelace, To Belford.* His projected plot to revenge himſelf upon Miſs Howe.

XLIII. *From the ſame.* Freſh contrivances croud in upon him. He ſhall be very ſick on the morrow. And why. Women below impertinently reproachful. He will be no man's ſucceſſor. Will not take up with harlots. His ſtory of the French Marquiſe.

XLIV. *From the ſame.* An agreeable airing with the Lady. Delightfully eaſy ſhe. Obſequiouſly reſpectful he. *Miſs Howe's plot now no longer his terror.* Gives the particulars of their agreeable converſation while abroad

XLV. *From the ſame.* An account of his Ipecacuanha-plot. Inſtructs Dorcas how to act ſurprize and terror. Monoſyllables and Triſyllables to what likened. Politeneſs lives not in a ſtorm. Proclamation-criers. *The lady now he ſees loves him.* Her generous tenderneſs for him. He has now credit for a new ſcore. *Defies Mrs. Townſend.*

XLVI. *Clariſſa, To Miſs Howe.* Acknowleges *tenderneſs for Lovelace.* Love for a man of errors puniſhable.

XLVII. *Lovelace, To Belford.* Suſpicious enquiry after him and the Lady by a ſervant in livery from one Captain Tomlinſon. Her terrors on the occaſion. His alarming management. She reſolves not to ſtir abroad. *He exults upon her not being willing to leave him.*

XLVIII. XLIX. *From the ſame.* Arrival of Captain Tomlinſon, with a pretended commiſſion from Mr. John Harlowe, to ſet on foot a general Reconciliation, provided he can be convinced that they are actually married. Different converſations on this occaſion.——The Lady inſiſts that the truth be told to Tomlinſon. She carries her point, tho' to the diſappointment of one of his private views. He forms great hopes of ſucceſs from the effects of his Ipecacuanha contrivance.

L. *From the ſame.* He makes ſuch a fair repreſentation to Tomlinſon of the ſituation between him and the Lady, behaves ſo plauſibly, and makes an overture ſo generous, *that ſhe is all kindneſs and unreſerve to him.* Her *affecting exultation on her amended proſpects.* His unuſual ſenſibility upon it. Reflection on the good effects of Education. Pride an excellent ſubſtitute to virtue.

LI. *From the ſame.* Who Tomlinſon is. Again makes Belford object,

ject, in order to explain his deſigns by anſwering the objections. John Harlowe a ſly ſinner. Hard-hearted reaſons for giving the Lady a gleam of joy. Illuſtrated by a ſtory of two Sovereigns at war.

Extracts from Clariſſa's Letter to Miſs Howe. She rejoices in her preſent agreeable proſpects. Attributes much to Mr. Hickman. Deſcribes Captain Tomlinſon. Gives a character of Lovelace [*Which is neceſſary to be attended to; eſpecially by thoſe who have thought favourably of him for ſome of his liberal actions, and hardly of her for the diſtance ſhe at firſt kept him at*].

LII. *Lovelace, To Belford.* Letter from Lord M. His further arts and precautions. *His happy day promiſed to be ſoon.* His opinion of the clergy, and of going to church. *She pities every-body who wants pity. Loves every-body.* He owns he ſhould be the happieſt of men, could he get over his prejudices againſt Matrimony. Draughts of Settlements. Ludicrouſly accounts for the reaſon why ſhe refuſes to hear them read to her. Law and Goſpel two different things. Sally flings her handkerchief in his face.

LIII. *From the ſame.* Has made the Lady more than once look about her. She owns *that he is more than indifferent to her.* Checks him with ſweetneſs of temper for his encroaching freedoms. Her proof of true Love. He ridicules the notion of Marriage-purity. Severely reflects upon public freedoms between Men and their Wives. Advantage he once made upon ſuch an occaſion. Has been after a Licence. Difficulty in procuring one. *Great faults and great virtues often in the ſame perſon.* He is willing to believe that women have no ſouls. His whimſical reaſons.

LIV. *From the ſame.* Almoſt deſpairs of ſucceeding (as he had hoped) by Love and Gentleneſs. Praiſes her modeſty. His encroaching freedoms reſented by her. THE WOMAN, he obſerves, WHO RESENTS NOT INITIATORY FREEDOMS, MUST BE LOST. He reaſons, in his free way, upon her delicacy. Art of the Eaſtern Monarchs.

LV. *From the ſame.* A Letter from Captain Tomlinſon makes all up. Her Uncle Harlowe's pretended propoſal, big with art and plauſible deluſion. She acquieſces in it. He writes to the pretended Tomlinſon, on an affecting hint of hers, requeſting that her Uncle Harlowe would *in perſon* give his Niece to him; or permit Tomlinſon to be his *proxy* on the occaſion.——And now for a little mine, he ſays, which he has ready to ſpring.

LVI. *Belford, To Lovelace.* Again earneſtly expoſtulates with him in the Lady's favour. Remembers and applauds the part ſhe bore in the converſation at his collation. The frothy wit of Libertines how deſpicable. Cenſures the folly, the weakneſs, the groſſneſs, the unpermanency of *ſenſual Love.* Calls ſome of his contrivances trite, ſtale, and poor. Beſeeches him to remove her from the vile houſe. *How many dreadful ſtories could the horrid Sinclair tell the Sex!* Serious reflection on the dying State of his Uncle.

LVII. *Lovelace, To Belford.* Cannot yet procure a Licence. Has ſecured a retreat, if not victory. Defends in anger the ſimplicity of his inventive contrivances. Enters upon his general defence, compared with the principles and practices of *other Libertines.* Heroes and warlike Kings worſe men than he. Epitome of his and the Lady's ſtory after

after ten years cohabitation. Caution to thoſe who would cenſure him. Had the Sex made *Virtue a recommendation to their favour*, he ſays, he ſhould have had a greater regard to his morals than he has had.

LVIII. *Lovelace, To Belford.* Preparative to his ſpringing his little mine, as he calls it. Loves to write *to the moment.* Alarm begins. Affectedly terrified.

LIX. *From the ſame.* The Lady frighted out of her bed by dreadful cries of Fire. She awes him into decency. On an extorted promiſe of forgiveneſs, he leaves her. Repenting, he returns; but finds her door faſtened. What a triumph has her Sex obtained by her Virtue! But how will ſhe ſee him next morning, as he has made her promiſe? Exults in the puzzle he has given her.

END of VOL. IV.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM